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A STUDY OF LOCAL OPTION.

THE idea that the sale of intoxicating liquors stands on the same footing as any other business is one not widely entertained in the United States, except among the persons who are directly interested in the liquor trade. Public sentiment, as crystallized into legislation in the several states, agrees in regarding the business as "extra-hazardous" to the community, and in singling it out for exceptional treatment. Sometimes it squeezes it for revenue, sometimes it surrounds it with restrictions, sometimes it forbids it altogether.

Three of the New England states, Maine, New Hampshire, and Vermont, wholly prohibit the sale of intoxicating liquors for use as a beverage. The three others remit to the voters of the several cities and towns the responsibility of determining whether licenses for the sale of liquor shall be granted or withheld in their respective communities. This is "Local Option." It may result in local prohibition, or in local license; but the principle in either case is the same, that, whatever method may be adopted, it shall have behind it the expressed will of a majority of the local voters. The laws of the three states are alike in this, that they allow frequent opportunities for a revision of judgment. The decision, when made, does not stand for any long period. In Connecticut and Massachusetts, the question is brought each year before the voters automatically, at the town and municipal elections; in Rhode Island,

it may be brought up any year in any town or city on petition of a certain percentage of the local electorate.

The Local Option law of Massachusetts, in particular, invites study as a method of dealing with the liquor problem that has endured the test of practical application for twenty years. It was enacted after the state had experimented with statutory prohibition and with a general license law. Those systems, opposites in other respects, were alike in this, that they ignored local conditions and preferences, and applied precisely the same regulations to the small towns and the great cities. When the idea is once firmly grasped that what is good for Gosnold may not necessarily be the best thing for Boston, and vice versa, it is only a short step, logically, to the conclusion that Gosnold and Boston may wisely be left each to determine the question for itself. The Local Option law of Massachusetts sprang from a tardy recognition of the fact that each community is best fitted to decide for itself whether it does or does not want saloons; and that the conditions of law enforcement are simplified when the same body of voters which has decided upon one system or the other elects the officers who are charged with the duty of carrying out the decision. To those people who would rather extirpate the liquor traffic on paper, at the cost of whatever farces of non-enforcement, than restrict it and minimize its evil consequences by prac-

tical measures, the Local Option system must always be objectionable because it results in certain instances in giving to saloons the sanction of law. But to others the system presents itself as a wise extension of the general principle of self-government. It is significant that, while in each of the three New England states which have adopted prohibition there is increasing restiveness under the exactions of that system and the scandals which arise from it, there are no manifestations of discontent in the Local Option states. In Massachusetts, the alternative of constitutional prohibition was submitted to the people in April, 1889, and was rejected by a majority of nearly 46,000. On the other hand, persistent efforts to modify the law in favor of the liquor interests have failed in legislature after legislature.

The Massachusetts Local Option law, as has been already remarked, takes the town or city as the unit for the determination of the question. The only apparent exception is the proposal to introduce "District Option" in Boston, upon which a referendum is to be taken in that city next month. If the Act submitted by the legislature should be accepted by a majority of the voters, the vote on the license question in Boston, beginning with the municipal election of 1903, will be taken by districts, each of the eight districts into which the city is divided by the Act determining for itself whether saloons shall be licensed within its limits. But the exception instituted by this Act is apparent rather than real. The lines of the eight districts are not drawn arbitrarily, but represent approximately the lines of the municipalities which have been absorbed in Boston. The idea underlying this proposition is to restore to the communities which joined their fortunes with those of Boston the liberty of action on the saloon question that they would have had if they had retained their independent corporate existence.

The question annually submitted to the voters of Massachusetts cities and towns is beautifully concrete. It is put in these words: "Shall licenses be granted for the sale of intoxicating liquors in this town?" — or city, as the case may be. To this the voter answers "Yes" or "No" by marking a cross against the word which expresses his judgment. No question of general theories, or of personal habits, or of political predilections is involved. Moral considerations may or may not determine the voter's action, but the question is first of all a local one. A man who might vote "No" in Gosnold may vote "Yes" in Boston. Men of absolutely abstemious habits may vote "Yes" because they think that the town or city needs the revenue which may be derived from license fees; while men who scarcely draw a sober breath may vote "No" because they do not want their own property depreciated by the proximity of saloons.

The Massachusetts Local Option law must be viewed in connection with a considerable quantity of restrictive legislation, which from time to time has been added to it. The path of the intending saloon keeper, in communities that have voted for license, is by no means unobstructed. To begin with, he encounters eager competition from his fellows. The number of places which may be licensed is limited by law to one for each 500 of the population in Boston, and one for each 1000 of the population in places outside of Boston. The supply of licenses is naturally never equal to the demand. Again, the law fixes a minimum fee of \$1000 for a license which carries saloon privileges. The actual price charged soars upward from that figure, as local exigencies may require, but there is no maximum limit, and an attempt in this year's legislature to fix one at \$2400 failed. Moreover, the theory of the law is that liquor should be consumed only in connection with food, and the would be saloon keeper must have, as a peg on which to

hang his liquor license, a license as a common victualer, and must furnish his premises with the appliances necessary for cooking and serving food. Finally, if the saloon keeper is prepared to meet these requirements, another obstacle presents itself. His application for a license must be advertised, and when that is done, any owner of real estate situated within twenty-five feet of the premises described may file an objection to the granting of the license. This objection is final, unless voluntarily withdrawn. No tribunal exists, from the licensing board up to the Supreme Court, that can overrule it. Moreover, in no case may a saloon be established within four hundred feet of a public school.

After the saloon keeper has surmounted all these obstacles and is ready for business, other restrictions embarrass his operations and diminish his profits. He must not sell after eleven o'clock at night or before six o'clock in the morning, or at any time on Sunday; he must not sell to an habitual drunkard, or to a person who is at the time intoxicated, or to one who has been wholly or partly supported by charity, or to a minor; nor must he allow a minor to loiter about his premises. He must not sell adulterated liquors. He must not maintain screens or other obstructions that interfere with a clear view of the licensed premises from without. He must not sell on election days or on legal holidays; he must not employ in his business persons who are under eighteen years of age; and he must not sell to persons who use intoxicating liquors to excess, after he has received a written notice from the husband, wife, parent, child, guardian, or employer of such persons, requesting him not to sell to them. This list of prohibitions is not exhaustive, but it will suffice to show that the lot of a licensed saloon keeper in Massachusetts is not free from anxieties. If he is convicted of violating the law in any particular he is liable to

a fine and imprisonment, and his conviction of itself makes his license void, which is often the heaviest part of the penalty.

In communities which vote no-license, all sales of liquor for use as a beverage are illegal. This prohibition applies to distilled spirits, ale, porter, strong beer, lager beer, cider, wines, and any beverage containing more than one per cent of alcohol. The law relents a little toward farmers by permitting them to sell cider that they make from their own apples, provided the cider itself is not drunk on the premises. A similar exception is made of native wines; these also can be sold by those who make them, on the premises where they are made, but not to be drunk on the premises. Druggists are allowed to sell pure alcohol for medicinal, mechanical, or chemical purposes. They may be, and usually are, granted what is known as a sixth-class license, for a nominal fee of one dollar, under which they may sell liquors for either of the foregoing purposes; but the purchaser is required to sign a declaration of the use for which the liquor is designed, and the druggist must always be ready to produce his record of sales with the signatures of purchasers. These provisions are designed to meet the actual needs of a community for liquors as a medicine. The privilege, as might be expected, is often abused. No climatic or hygienic conditions can explain the multiplication of drug stores in no-license communities. But the fact that in one year recently three druggists from a single city served terms in the county jail for illegal liquor selling shows that Nemesis sometimes gets upon the track of offenders of this class.

The law is undeniably so framed as to dip the scale toward no-license rather than license. Thus, a tie vote is equivalent to a negative vote. Again, the law provides that, where the vote is for license, the local authorities "may" not "shall" grant licenses. Almost

every year there are towns that vote for license, the selectmen of which use the discretion that the law allows them by refusing to grant licenses. Two years ago there were five towns which were thus kept "dry" in spite of their vote for license. Sometimes selectmen avail themselves of the latitude allowed as to license fees, by fixing the fee deliberately at a sum which they are sure no one can afford to pay.

There is a tendency toward a stable equilibrium in the voting. If the record of particular cities and towns, chosen at random, is traced back for a series of years, it will usually be found that after a period of oscillation, one method or the other has commended itself to the voters as on the whole best for that community, and has been adhered to with considerable steadiness. There are license cities — Worcester, Lawrence, Lowell, and Fall River, for example — which have made one or two experiments with no-license, prompted perhaps by some passing caprice, only to return to license at the next election. There are no-license cities, such as Brockton, which have reverted to license for a single year, only to give a larger vote than ever against the saloons after a year's experience with them. But in general the proportion of changes in each year's voting is small. Last year, out of 353 towns and cities in the state, there were only thirty-seven which changed their position on this question. Of these, nineteen changed from no-license to license, and eighteen changed from license to no-license, the first group almost exactly balancing the other numerically. In the year preceding, there were fifteen changes to license and twenty changes to no-license. A comparison of these changes, in detail, shows that, in a considerable number of instances, the same communities figure in them. Of the nineteen no-license communities which in 1901 changed to license, nine had shifted the preceding year from license to no-license; and of

the eighteen license towns and cities which in 1901 changed to no-license, six the preceding year had shifted from no-license to license. It is fortunate that the number of these pendulum communities which swing back and forth between the two systems is so small, for they do not secure the best results of either system. The saloons which get a footing in license years in these communities are not likely to be so well conducted as if their tenure were more secure. The men who keep them know that the chances are that they will be turned out at the next election, and they do a reckless business with the idea of making the most of it while it lasts. On the other hand, in the no-license years, there will not be, and in the nature of things there cannot be expected to be, the rigorous enforcement of the laws against saloons which may be looked for where the no-license policy represents the deliberate and continuous judgment of the voters.

The annual no-license campaigns infuse an interesting element into elections in Massachusetts cities and towns. Sometimes they are carried on only with the machinery of moral agitation. Churches and temperance organizations, separately or together, appeal to the moral sentiment of the community with the familiar temperance arguments; and stirring rallies, in the weeks immediately preceding the election, arouse voters who are hostile to the saloons to active exertions against them. But in the cities and larger towns, the moral agitation usually is supplemented and made more effective by the work of citizens' committees. These are organized without reference to distinctions of race, creed, political affiliation, or social position. Catholics and Protestants, Republicans, Democrats, Prohibitionists, and all shades of independents fraternize in them. The campaigns are political, yet not political. They are political, in that the committees follow the usual methods of political committees.

They make a personal canvass of voters. They attend to all details of registration and naturalization. They publish campaign papers addressed to the local issue, under such catching titles as *The Frozen Truth*, *The Eye-Opener*, *Hot Shot*, etc. They send out circulars and appeals to different classes of voters. They give special attention to new residents and to young men just becoming voters. On election day, they supply the voting places with "checkers," workers and carriages, and "round up" tardy or forgetful voters with an energy and thoroughness that rival the best work of party campaign committees. Yet the no-license campaigns are non-political in that they are kept wholly apart from personal or partisan contests. It is a point of honor with the committees that no candidate or party shall benefit by their activities at the expense of any other. It can hardly be doubted that such campaigns, unselfish, democratic, and educational, are of great value to the communities concerned, even aside from the main question at issue. They break down religious and other barriers, divert attention from petty strifes, and afford opportunity for high civic effort, free from any taint of self-seeking.

The real test of the efficiency of the Local Option system is its application in the larger towns and cities. In the small towns, especially those of comparatively homogeneous population of the New England stock, the law-abiding instincts of the people might be trusted to secure the enforcement of prohibition, whether local or general. But in the cities it is a different matter. Local Option has not been put to this test in Rhode Island or Connecticut. In Rhode Island, the reluctant legislature that enacted the law loaded it with the provision to which reference has already been made, which requires the presentation of a petition signed by a certain percentage of voters before the question is submitted. To

circulate and sign such a petition involves a certain measure of odium and calls for moral courage. It is partly perhaps in consequence of this obstacle that none of the larger places in Rhode Island have voted for no-license, although there have been several spirited campaigns in Providence. In Connecticut, there is no such obstacle. The question comes up automatically, as in Massachusetts. Yet the larger towns shrink from the experiment. This year, out of ninety-four Connecticut towns which voted for no-license, the largest was Stonington, with a population of 8540. But in Massachusetts there is a chance to study the workings of no-license under the Local Option system, in cities of considerable size. This year, out of thirty-three cities, thirteen are under no-license, and in some years the number has been larger. Nor is it only the smaller cities which are included in the list. Of the thirteen, six have a population of more than 25,000 each. Brockton, which, with a single break, has voted for no-license since 1886, has a population of 40,063; Somerville, which has never voted for license, has 61,643; and Cambridge, which has voted against saloons for sixteen consecutive years, has a population of 91,886.

One of the most important questions relating to the practical workings of no-license under the Local Option system is its effect upon drunkenness. Does the closing of the saloons affect appreciably the amount of drunkenness in the community? Comparisons of any given city or town under no-license with another city or town of equal population under license might be misleading; since the arrests for drunkenness, which afford the only test, are influenced by local conditions or the temper of the authorities, or other causes which make comparisons futile. But a comparison of the same town or city in successive years — one year under one system, and the next year under the other —

furnishes a basis for accurate judgment. Evidence of this sort is all one way, and it seems to be conclusive.

To begin with, the Massachusetts Bureau of Statistics of Labor, in 1895, under special instructions from the legislature, made an investigation of the relation of the liquor traffic to pauperism, crime, and insanity. In connection with this investigation, it collected statistics which showed 36.24 arrests for drunkenness to every 1000 of the population in license cities and towns; and only 9.94 such arrests to every 1000 of the population in no-license communities. The striking difference between the license and no-license groups of communities, although the total population in each group was about the same, was exaggerated by the fact that Boston was included in the license group, while a large part of the other group was composed of rural communities. There were, however, in that year, five cities which at the preceding December election had changed their saloon policy; and as the license year begins on the first of May, these cities were for a part of the year under license, and for a part of the year under no-license. The tables prepared by the Bureau of Statistics show that in Haverhill the average number of arrests for drunkenness per month under license was 81.63, under no-license, 26.50; in Lynn, under license, 315, under no-license, 117.63; in Medford, under license, 20.12, under no-license, 13.25; in Pittsfield, under license, 93.25, under no-license, 36.75; and in Salem, under license, 140.50; under no-license, 29.63.

In this connection, the experience of Brockton is interesting. That city, in December, 1897, after voting against saloons for eleven years consecutively, voted by a majority of thirteen for license. During the no-license year beginning May 1, 1897, the arrests for drunkenness in Brockton numbered 435, and for assaults forty-four. During the license year beginning May 1, 1898, the

arrests for drunkenness mounted up to 1627, and for assaults to ninety-nine. One year of this was enough for Brockton. The next December, the city voted by 2132 majority to return to no-license, and immediately the arrests for drunkenness, for the year beginning May 1, 1899, dropped to 455, and those for assaults to sixty-six.

Here also are some recent figures, from the reports of the city marshals of Salem and Waltham, showing the arrests for drunkenness, month by month, in license and no-license years, 1900 and 1901:—

	Salem.		Waltham.	
	1900. License.	1901. No-License.	1900. License.	1901. No-License.
May,	122	23	57	14
June,	113	19	34	9
July,	141	40	78	14
August,	122	28	62	18
Sept.	101	29	48	14
Oct.	130	27	66	19
	729	166	345	88

Such comparisons might be multiplied, but it is unnecessary. There is no escaping the conclusion that the closing of the saloons, under the Local Option system, which brings the support of local sentiment to the enforcement of the law, does sensibly diminish the volume of drunkenness. And it follows that the associated moral questions are answered by the same comparisons. The report of the Massachusetts Bureau established the fact that more than two fifths of the pauperism in the state is directly attributable to drunkenness; that at least one fourth of the cases of insanity originate from the same cause; and that, disregarding convictions directly for drunkenness, intemperance is responsible for one half of the remaining cases of crime. If the closing of the saloons under no-license, in the communities referred to above, reduced the amount of open drunkenness by three fourths, it is impossible that it should not have had a somewhat proportionate effect, even though more remote

and less tangible, in diminishing the burdens of the community from pauperism, insanity, and crime.

Corroborative evidence in support of this inference is found in the experience of Quincy. In 1881, the last year of license in that city, the sum paid in the relief of pauperism was \$15,415.07. In 1901, the amount was \$13,455.86. In the interval, the population had increased 120 per cent, or from 10,885 to 23,899; but the amount expended for the poor department, instead of increasing with the population, decreased twelve per cent. While the cost of poor support in Quincy, in 1901, was \$0.56 per capita, in the license cities of Chicopee, Marlboro, and Newburyport, all of them smaller than Quincy, it was \$1.22, \$1.30, and \$1.77 respectively.

Such figures as these go far to explain why it is that, in communities which have given no-license a trial for a sufficient period to test its results, the ranks of those who begin the agitation against the saloons from moral motives are steadily reinforced by conservative citizens who are convinced that, merely for financial and economic reasons, it is better to close the saloons than to license them. It is true that the revenue that may be derived from license fees offers a considerable inducement to the adoption of the license policy. Although the number of places that may be licensed is limited, the price which may be exacted for each license is limited only to "what the traffic will bear," and three fourths of the sum, in each case, goes into the city or town treasury, the remainder being taken by the state. But if, aside from all moral considerations, the open saloons cost the community more, in the depreciation of property and in burdens imposed upon the public in the police and poor departments and elsewhere, than the revenue represented by the license fees, it is manifestly no economy to license them.

There is perhaps no city where data bearing upon these aspects of the ques-

tion have been more carefully prepared or more effectively presented than in Cambridge. Last year, the no-license campaign organ of Cambridge, *The Frozen Truth*, invited attention to a comparison of conditions during the ten years of license from 1875 to 1885 with those of the following fifteen years under no-license. Briefly summarized, the comparison shows that the growth of the population and the increase in the number of new houses annually erected were nearly twice as great in the no-license as in the license years; that the valuation of the city, which during the license period actually diminished \$3,000,000, increased more than \$36,000,000 during the fifteen years of no-license; and that the average annual gain in the savings-banks deposits was nearly three times as great in the no-license as in the license years. It may be that these comparisons are not wholly scientific, and that not all of the changes recorded may fairly be assumed to be fruits of no-license; but, taken together, they point strongly in one direction. Their effect upon public sentiment in Cambridge may be read in the fact that, while the no-license majorities in the first five years of the experiment averaged 571, in the last five years they have averaged 1793, or more than three times the earlier figure.

It is not necessary to enter into further details. The experience of Cambridge, Quincy, and other cities where no-license has been voted and enforced for a period of years fully attests the efficiency of that system. The present year finds thirteen of the thirty-three cities of Massachusetts and 238 of its 320 towns voluntarily under local prohibition through the expressed will of their voters; and in these communities, as a consequence of the expressed will of the voters, there is an average of effective and impartial law enforcement far above anything that could be looked for under statutory or constitutional prohibition.

The question suggests itself whether the license cities and towns are not in a worse condition than they would be under a general license law, inasmuch as, in addition to the normal local burden of drunkenness and the evils attendant upon it, they have to bear a part of the burden of places which close the saloons within their own limits, but whose thirsty citizens seek the saloons and later bring up in the courts of neighboring cities. Boston, for example, is surrounded by a nearly complete cordon of no-license territory; and the cynical witticism which described "the Cambridge idea" as "no-license for Cambridge and rapid transit to Boston" has enough truth in it to give it a sting. In other license cities and towns, similar conditions exist, though in a less degree. But it may be said of these places that the general regulations and prohibitions of the Massachusetts law applicable to license communities make up a body of restrictive legislation, state-imposed, far in excess of anything that the towns or cities affected would voluntarily frame for themselves, and probably all that can be enforced in

them. It may be said, further, that the remedy is in their own hands, and that, whenever they weary of serving the uses of moral sewerage for adjoining communities, they can close their saloons by their own votes. The remedy for them, if remedy there is, lies in the infusion of a sterner purpose into their own citizens rather than in the application of further pressure from without. The principle that a stream rises no higher than its source applies in politics and government as well as elsewhere. Under American institutions the source of government is the people; and a law which very far outruns the wishes of the people is likely to become at the best a dead letter and at the worst a public scandal.

The Massachusetts Local Option system may not be perfect; but it is doubtful whether there has yet been devised a plan of dealing with the liquor traffic which, on the whole, works better, is more in accord with American ideals of self-government, or is more stimulating in its continually recurring presentation of moral standards to the individual judgment and conscience.

Frank Foxcroft.

WIDE MARGINS.

PRINT not my Book of Days, I pray,
On meagre page, in type compact,
Lest the Great Reader's calm eye stray
Skipping through from fact to fact;

But let there be a liberal space,
At least 'twixt lines where ill is writ,
That I with tempering hand may trace
A word to dull the edge of it.

And save for me a margin wide
Where I may scribble at my ease
Elucidative note and guide
Of most adroit apologies!

Meredith Nicholson.

MONTAIGNE.

I.

THERE have been greater men in literature than Montaigne, but none have been more successful. His reputation is immense; he is in men's mouths as often as Dante or Cervantes. We look at that intelligent, contemplative, unimpassioned face, with its tired eyes, and wonder that he should have achieved fame as immortal as that of the fierce Italian or the noble Spaniard. In the affairs of fame luck plays its part. Sometimes a man's genius keeps step with his country and his time; he gains power from sympathy, his muscles harden, his head clears, as he runs a winning race. Another man will fail in the enervating atmosphere of recognition and applause; he needs obstacles, the whip and spur of difficulty. Montaigne was born under a lucky star. Had fate shown him all the kingdoms of the world and all time, and given him the choice when and where to live, he could not have chosen better.

Montaigne's genius is French in every fibre; he embodies better than any one other man the French character. In this world nationality counts for much, both at home and abroad. Frenchmen enjoy their own; they relish French nature, its niceties, its strong personality. Sluggish in turning to foreign things, they are not prone to acquire tastes, but whatever is native to them they cultivate, study, and appreciate with rare subtlety. They enjoy Montaigne as men enjoy a work of art, with the satisfaction of comprehension.

In truth, all men like a strong national flavor in a book. Montaigne typifies what France has been to the world: he exhibits the characteristic marks of French intelligence; he represents the French mind. Of course such representation is false in many measures. A nation is

too big to have her character completely shown forth by one man. Look at the cathedrals of the Ile-de-France; read the lives of Joan of Arc and St. Francis of Sales, of the Jesuits in Canada; remember Liberty, Fraternity, Equality, and that it was, as M. de Vogüé says, the mad caprice of France which raised Napoleon to his high estate; and we realize how fanciful it is to make one man typify a nation. Nevertheless, it is common talk that France takes ideas and makes them clear; that she unravels the tangled threads of thought, eliminating disorder; that she is romantic; that she is not religious; that she shrugs her shoulders at the vague passions of the soul; that she is immensely intelligent; that she is fond of pleasure; and that her favorite diversion is to sit beside the great boulevard of human existence and make comments, fresh, frank, witty, wise.

In these respects Montaigne is typical. He does not create new ideas, he is no explorer; he takes the notions of other men, holds them up to the light, turns them round and about, gazing at them. He is intellectually honest; he dislikes pretense. At bottom, too, he is romantic: witness his reverence for Socrates, his admiration of the Stoics, his desire for the citizenship of Rome. He has the French cast of mind that regards men, primarily, not as individuals, but rather as members of society. He has the sense of behavior. "All strangeness and peculiarity in our manners and ways of life are to be avoided as enemies to society. . . . Knowledge of how to behave in company is a very useful knowledge. Like grace and beauty, it conciliates at the very beginning of acquaintance, and in consequence opens the door for us to learn by the example of others, and to set an example ourselves, if we have anything worth teaching."

Montaigne is not religious, — certainly not after the fashion of a Bishop Brooks or a Father Hecker. He is a pagan rather than a Christian. He likes gayety, wit, agreeable society; he is fond of conversation. He boards his subject like a sociable creature, he is a born talker, he talks away obscurity. He follows his subject as a young dog follows a carriage, bounding off the road a hundred times to investigate the neighborhood. His loose-limbed mind is easy, light, yet serious. He pares away the rind of things, smelling the fruit joyously, not as if employed in a business of funereal looks, but in something human and cheerful. He has good taste.

Montaigne had good luck not only in his country, but also in his generation. He lived at the time when the main current of Latin civilization was diverting from Italy to France. In the beginning of the sixteenth century, Italy was the intellectual head of the Latin world, her thought and art were the moulding forces of modern civilization. When the seventeenth century opened, France had assumed the primacy. The great culmination of the Italian Renaissance came close to the time of Montaigne's birth; when he died, Italy was sinking into dependence in thought and servility in art, whereas France was emerging from her civil wars, under the rule of one of the greatest of Frenchmen, ready to become the dominant power, politically and intellectually, in Europe. Coming at this time, Montaigne was a pioneer. His was one of the formative minds which gave to French intelligence that temper which has enabled it to do so much for the world in the last three hundred years. He showed it a great model of dexterity, lightness, and ease.

Not only did Montaigne help fashion the French intelligence in that important period, but he did much to give that intelligence a tool by which it could put its capacities to use. It is from Montaigne that French prose gets a buoyant

lightness. He has been called one of the great French poets. Had it not been for Montaigne and his contemporaries, the depressing influence of the seventeenth century would have hardened the language, taking out its grace, and making it a clever mechanical contrivance. His influence has been immense. It is said that an hundred years after his death his *Essays* were to be found on the bookshelves of every gentleman in France. French critics trace his influence on Pascal, La Bruyère, Rousseau, Montesquieu, Sainte-Beuve, and Renan. To-day, no one can read M. Anatole France or M. Jules Lemaitre without saying to himself, "This is fruit from the same rich stock."

There are reasons besides these, which have given Montaigne his great position in the world's literature. The first is his habit of mind. He is a considerer, an examiner, a skeptic. He prowls about the beliefs, the opinions and usages, of men, and, taking up a thought, lifts from it, one by one, as if he were peeling an artichoke, the envelopes of custom, of prejudices, of time, of place. He holds up the opinion of one school, praising and admiring it; and then the contradictory opinion of another school, praising and admiring that. In his scales he balances notion against notion, man against man, usage against usage. It was his great usefulness that, in a time when important men put so much trust in matters of faith that they constructed theologies of adamant and burnt dissenters, he calmly announced the relativity of knowledge. He was no student mustily thinking in a dead language, but a gentleman in waiting to the king, knight of the Order of St. Michael, writing in fresh, poetic French, with all the captivation of charm, teaching the fundamental principles of doubt and uncertainty; for if there be doubt there will be tolerance, if there be uncertainty there will be liberality. He laid the axe to the root of religious bigotry and civil intolerance.

"Things apart by themselves have, it may be, their weight, their dimensions, their condition; but within us, the mind cuts and fashions them according to its own comprehension. . . . Health, conscience, authority, knowledge, riches, beauty, and their contraries, strip off their outward semblances at the threshold of the mind, and receive at its hands new garments, of such dyes as it please."

The emphasis of self is at the base of modern life. The art of the Renaissance sprung from the passion for self-expression. The Reformation took self as the hammer which broke the yoke of the Roman Church. Self stood on its feet and faced God; what need of priests and intermediaries? Montaigne is a great exponent of this spirit. A man of letters and a philosopher, he did not find in duty an explanation of life, but he realized the significance of this imperious self, this I, I, I, that proclaims itself to be at the bottom of everything. Step by step, as he goes from Plato to Cicero, from Cicero to Seneca, from Seneca to Plutarch, he discovers humanity taking individual form; compressed into the likeness of a single man, it puts on familiar features, it speaks with a well-known voice, and, at the same time, philosophy turns and shapes itself in the mould of a single human mind: that face, that voice, that mind, are his own. Start how he will, every road twists and winds back to himself. As if by compulsion, like a man under the spell of another's will, he gradually renounces all other study. In self is to be found the philosophy of life. If we once firmly accept the notion that we know nothing but ourselves, then the universe outside becomes a shadowy collection of vapors, mysterious, hypothetical, and self-hardens into the only reality. Here is a basis for a religion or a philosophy. So speculating, the philosopher opened the eyes of the artist. If self be the field of philosophy, it is the opportunity of the artist. Never had a man of letters sat to

himself for his own portrait. Montaigne is the "prince of egotists," because he is a philosopher and a great artist. He is a skeptic, but he points a way to positive doctrine. He is a man of letters, but he teaches the primary rules of civil and religious liberty. He is a member of the Holy Church, Apostolic and Roman, but he lays the foundation of a philosophy open to Reformer and infidel. Profoundly interested in the questions lying at the base of life, he is one of the greatest artists of the Renaissance.

II.

Montaigne was a Gascon, of a family of merchants. His great-grandfather, Ramon Eyquem, founded the family fortunes by trade, and bettered them by a prudent marriage. He became one of the richest merchants of Bordeaux, dealing in wine and salt fish, and bought the estate of Montaigne, a little seigniory near the river Dordogne, not very far from the city. His son, Grimon, also prospered, and in his turn left to his son, Pierre, Montaigne's father, so good a property that Pierre was enabled to give up trade, and betake himself to arms. Pierre served for several years in Italy, under Francis I. On his return he married Antoinette de Louppes, or Lopes, a rich lady of Spanish descent, with some Jewish blood in her veins. He was an active, hard-working, conscientious, capable man, devoting himself to public affairs. He held one office after another in the city of Bordeaux, and finally was elected mayor. He took especial interest in education, improving the schools, and making changes for the better in the college. His interest amounted to a hobby, if we may judge from his method of educating his son. His years in Italy had opened his mind, and though no scholar himself, he was a great admirer of the new learning, and sought the company of scholars. Evidently, he was a man who liked to think, and was not afraid to put his ideas into

practice. He enlarged the seignior of Montaigne and rebuilt the château. His son says of him that he was the best father that ever was ; that he was ambitious to do everything that was honorable, and had a very high regard for his word.

Michel was born on the last day of February, 1533. He was the third of eleven children ; the two elder died in infancy. His education began at once. Still a baby, he was put in charge of some peasants who lived near the château, in order that his earliest notions should be of simple things. His god-parents were country folk ; for Pierre Eyquem deemed it better that his son should early learn to make friends "with those who stretch their arms toward us rather than with those who turn their backs on us." The second step in education was to direct Michel's mind so that it should naturally take the heroic Roman mould. His father thought that this result would be more likely to follow if the baby spoke Latin. He was therefore put into the hands of a learned German, who spoke Latin very well, and could speak no French. There were also two other scholars in attendance on the little boy, — less learned, however, — who took turns with the German in accompanying him. They also spoke nothing but Latin in Michel's presence. "As for the rest of the household, it was an inviolable rule that neither my father nor mother, nor the man servant nor the maid servant, should speak when I was by, except some Latin words which they had learned on purpose to talk with me." This rule was so well obeyed that not only his father and mother learned enough Latin to understand it and to speak it a little, but also the servants who waited on him. In fact, they all became so very Latin that even the people in the village called various implements and utensils by their Latin names. Montaigne was more than six years old before he heard any French spoken ; he spoke Latin as if it were his native tongue.

At six Montaigne was sent to the College of Guyenne, in Bordeaux, where his Latin began to get bad, and served no better purpose than to make his studies so easy that he was quickly put into the higher classes. He stayed at college till he had completed the course in 1546, when he was thirteen years old. He says that he took no knowledge of any value away with him. This statement must be taken with a grain of salt, for he had been under the care of very famous scholars, and instead of wasting his time over poor books or in idleness he had read the best Latin authors. He did not even know the name of Amadis of Gaul, but fell upon Ovid, Virgil, Terence, and Plautus. After them he read the Italian comedies. This reading was done on the sly, the teachers winking at it. "Had they not done so," he says, "I should have left college with a hatred for books, like almost all the young nobility."

Whether or not, so bred, Montaigne became more like Scipio and Cato Major, his father's interest in education no doubt stimulated his own. In all the shrewdness of the *Essays* there is no more definite and practical teaching than his advice on education, especially in his asseverations of its large purposes. "There is nothing so noble," he says, "as to make a man what he should be ; there is no learning comparable to the knowledge of how to live this life aright and according to the laws of nature." Montaigne laid down, clearly and sharply, principles that sound commonplace to-day : that the object of education is to make, not a scholar, but a man ; that education shall concern itself with the understanding rather than with the memory ; that mind and body must be developed together. It would be easy to quote pages. "To know by heart is not to know ; it is only holding on to what has been put into the custody of the memory. . . . We receive as bailiffs the opinions and learning of others ; we must make

them our own. . . . We learn to say Cicero says this, Plato thinks this, these are Aristotle's words; but we, what do *we* say? What do we do? What is our opinion? . . . If the mind does not acquire a better temper, if the judgment does not become more sound, I had as lief the schoolboy should pass his time playing tennis: his body, at least, would be more supple. See him come back after years spent: there is nothing so unfit for use; all that you see more than he had before is that his Latin and Greek leave him more silly and conceited than when he left home. He ought to have brought back a full mind: he brings it back blown out; instead of having it bigger, it is only puffed up. . . . It is also an opinion accepted by everybody that a boy ought not to be brought up round his parents' knees. Natural affection makes them too tender and too soft; they are not able to punish his faults, nor to see him nourished hardily, as he should be, and run risks. They won't let him come back sweating and dusty from exercise, drink hot, drink cold, nor see him on a horse backwards, nor facing a rough fencer foil in hand, nor with his first gun. There's no help for it: if you wish to make a man, you must not spare him such matters of youth. You must often break the rules of medicine. It is not enough to make his soul firm; his muscles must be firm, too. The soul is too hard pressed if she be not supported well, and has too much to do if she must furnish strength for both."

Montaigne himself must have learned the value of exercise, for he became a great horseman, more at home on horseback than on foot. Till the time of ill health he seems to have had a vigorous body; he could sit in the saddle for eight or ten hours, and survived a very severe fall, though he "vomited buckets of blood."

Of Montaigne's life after leaving the college we know little or nothing. He must have studied law, — perhaps at the University of Toulouse, perhaps in Bor-

deaux. But matters other than the classics or civil law, and more profitable to a great critic of life, must have been rumbling in his ears, making him begin to speculate on the opinions and customs of men, and their reasonableness. Already troubles prophetic of civil war were afoot.

III.

In 1554 the king established a Court of Aids at Périgueux. Pierre Eyquem was appointed one of the magistrates, but before he took his seat he was elected mayor of Bordeaux, and resigned his position as member of the court in favor of his son, who, under the system then prevalent, became magistrate in his stead. Montaigne was twenty-one years old. After a year or two the Court of Aids was annulled, and its magistrates were made members of the Parlement of Bordeaux. Here Montaigne met Etienne de La Boétie, who was also a member. The two men at once became most loving friends. La Boétie had a noble, passionate character. Montaigne says that he was cast in the heroic mould, an antique Roman, the greatest man of their time. After six years La Boétie died, in 1563. Seventeen years later, while traveling in Italy, Montaigne wrote to a friend, "All of a sudden I fell to thinking about M. de La Boétie, and I stayed so long without shaking the fit off that it made me feel very sad." This was the master affection of Montaigne's life, and the noblest. It was a friendship "so whole, so perfect, that there are none such to be read of, and among men to-day there is no trace to be seen. There is need of so happy a meeting to fashion it that fortune does well if it happens once in three hundred years." They were wont to call each other "brother." "In truth, the name of brother is beautiful and full of sweetness; for this reason he and I gave it to the bond between us."

La Boétie died of the plague, or some disease like it. He told Montaigne that

his illness was contagious, and besought him to stay with him no more than a few minutes at a time, but as often as he could. From that time Montaigne never left him. This act must be remembered, if we incline to blame Montaigne for shunning Bordeaux when the plague was upon it.

Two years afterwards Montaigne married Françoise de la Chassaigne. It was a match made from considerations of suitability. The Eyquem were thrifty woovers. Montaigne had no romantic notions about love in marriage; he did not seek a "Cato's daughter" who should help him climb the heights of life. He says: "The most useful and honorable knowledge and occupation for a mother of a family is the knowledge of house-keeping. That should be a woman's predominant attribute; that is what a man should look for when he goes a-courting. From what experience has taught me, I should require of a wife, above all other virtues, that of the housewife." Nevertheless, they were very happily married. She was a woman of good sense and ability, and looked after the affairs of the seignior with a much quicker eye than her husband. He dedicated to her a translation made by La Boétie from Plutarch. "Let us live," he says, "you and me, after the old French fashion. . . . I do not think I have a friend more intimate than you." He had five children, all of whom died very young, except one daughter, who outlived him. For these children his feeling was placid.

Montaigne remained magistrate for fifteen years. He did not find the duties very much to his taste, but he must have acquitted himself well, because a year or two after his retirement the king decorated him with the Order of St. Michael. These years of his magistracy were calm enough for Montaigne, but they were not calm for France. In 1562 the civil wars broke out. There is something too fish-blooded about a man who sits in the "back of his shop" and attends to

his judicial duties or writes essays, clamorously watching events, while the country is on fire. But what has a skeptic to do with divine rights of kings or divine revelations?

Little by little Montaigne was getting ready to forsake the magistracy for literature. He began by translating, at his father's wish, the *Theologia Naturalis* of Raymond de Sebonde, — a treatise which undertook to establish the truth of the Christian religion by a process of reasoning. His father died before he finished it. It was published in 1569. The next year Montaigne resigned his seat in the Parlement of Bordeaux, and devoted himself to the publication of various manuscripts left by La Boétie. This done, the new *Seigneur de Montaigne* — he dropped the unaristocratic name of Eyquem — retired to his seignior, "with a resolution to avoid all manner of concern in affairs as much as possible, and to spend the small remainder of his life in privacy and peace." There he lived for nine years, riding over his estates, planting, tending, — or more wisely suffering his wife to superintend, — receiving his friends, hospitable, enjoying opportunities to talk, or more happy still in his library. Here, in the second story of his tower, shut off from the buzz of household life, his friends, Plutarch, Cicero, Seneca, Herodotus, Plato, with a thousand volumes more, on the shelves, the ceiling carved with aphorisms, Latin and Greek, he used to sit fulfilling his inscription: "In the year of Christ 1571, at the age of thirty-eight, on his birthday, the day before the calends of March, Michel de Montaigne, having quitted some time ago the servitude of courts and public duties, has come, still in good health, to rest among the Muses. In peace and safety he will pass here what days remain for him to live, in the hope that the Fates will allow him to perfect this habitation, this sweet paternal asylum consecrated to independence, tranquillity, and leisure."

IV.

It was quiet in the Château de Montaigne; Plutarch and Cicero sat undisturbed, except for notes scribbled on their margins; but in Paris the Duke of Guise and the royal house were making St. Bartholomew a memorable day. Civil war again ravaged France, the League conspired with Spain, Henry of Navarre rallied the Huguenots, while the king, Henry III., dangled between them, making and breaking edicts. The Seigneur de Montaigne rode about his estates, or sat in his library, writing *Concerning Idleness*, *Concerning Pedantry*, *Concerning Coaches*, *Concerning Solitude*, *Concerning Sumptuary Laws*.

The most apathetic of us, knowing that Henry of Navarre and Henry of Guise are in the field, become so many Hotspurs at the thought of this liberal-minded gentleman, the Order of St. Michael hanging round his neck, culling anecdotes out of Plutarch about Cyrus or Scipio. "Zounds! how has he leisure to be sick in such a justling time!" We readers are a whimsical people; cushioned in armchairs, we catch on fire at the white plume of Navarre. What is the free play of thought to us? Give us sword and pistol, — *Ventre-Saint-Gris!* But the best fighting has not been done on battlefields, and Montaigne has helped the cause of justice and humanity better than twenty thousand armed men.

Once, when there does not seem to have been an immediate prospect of a fight, Montaigne offered his services to one of the king's generals. Instead of being ordered to the field, he was sent back to Bordeaux to harangue the Parliament on the need of new fortifications. He was a loyal servant of the king, and deemed the Huguenots a rebellious faction, fighting against lawful authority; but his heart could not take sides; he was disgusted with the hypocrisy of both parties, and the mask of religion. "I see it is evident that we render only

those offices to piety which tickle our passions. There is no enmity so excellent as the Christian. Our zeal does wonders, when it goes following our inclination toward hate, cruelty, ambition, avarice, detraction, rebellion. But the converse, — toward goodness, kindness, temperance, — if, as by miracle, some rare conjunction takes it that way, it goes neither afoot nor with wings. Our religion was made to pluck out vices; it uncovers them, nurses them, encourages them. . . . Let us confess the truth: he that should pick out from the army, even the loyal army, those who march there only for zeal of religious feeling, and also those who singly consider the maintenance of their country's laws or the service of their sovereign, he could not make a corporal's guard of them."

Montaigne was a Catholic. He did not share that passionate care of conduct which animated the Reformers. He did not see that the truth of a religion was affected by the misbehavior of its priests. When he heard, in Rome, that "the general of the Cordeliers had been deprived of his place, and locked up, because in a sermon, in presence of the Pope and the cardinals, he had accused the prelates of the Church of laziness and ostentation, without particularity, only, speaking in commonplaces, on this subject," Montaigne merely felt that civil liberty had been abused. He was not troubled to find the ceremonies in St. Peter's "more magnificent than devotional," nor to learn that the Pope, Gregory XIII., had a son. He was amused at the luxurious ways of the cardinals. He made the acquaintance of the *maître d'hôtel* of Cardinal Caraffa. "I made him tell me of his employment. He discoursed on the science of the gullet with the gravity and countenance of a judge, as if he had been talking of some grave point of theology; he deciphered a difference of appetites, — that which one has when hungry, that which one has after the second and after the third course;

the means first merely to please it, then to wake it and prick it; the policy of sauces," etc. He heard on the portico of St. Peter's a canon of the Church "read aloud a Latin bull, by which an immense number of people were excommunicated, among others the Huguenots, by that very name, and all princes who withheld any of the lands of the Church. At this article the cardinals, Medici and Caraffa, who were next to the Pope, laughed very hard." The Master of the Sacred Palace had subjected the Essays to examination, and found fault with Montaigne's notion that torture in addition to death was cruelty. Montaigne replied that he did not know that the opinion was heretical. To his mind, such matters had nothing to do with truth or religion. He accepted the Apostolic Roman Catholic faith. He was not disposed to take a single step out of the fold. If one, why not two? And if reason once mutinied and took control, where would it stop? He denied the competence of human reason to investigate things divine. "Man can only be what he is; he can only imagine according to his measure."

To a man who took pleasure in turning such matters in his mind, to a man of the Renaissance full of eagerness to study the ancients and to enjoy them, to a man by no means attracted by the austerities of the Calvinists, a war for the sake of supplanting the old religion of France was greatly distasteful. He could not but admit that the Huguenots were right so far as they only wished liberty of worship, nor fail to respect their obedience to conscience. But his heart had not the heroic temper; he wanted peace, comfort, scholarship, elegance. It is one thing to sit in a library and admire heroic men in the pages of Plutarch, and another to enjoy living in the midst of them.

Montaigne spent these years in pleasant peacefulness, dawdling over his library, and putting his Essays together

scrap by scrap. In 1580, at the age of forty-seven, he published the first two books of his Essays, which had an immediate and great success. After this he was obliged to forego literature for a time, because he was not well. He had little confidence in doctors, but hoped that he could get benefit by drinking natural waters. Therefore he went traveling. He also wanted to see the world: Rome, with which he had been familiar from boyhood, and Italy, of which he had heard so much from his father, and all strange lands. Perhaps, too, he was not unmindful that he was now not only the Seigneur de Montaigne, but the first man of letters in France, not even excepting Ronsard. He set forth in the summer of 1580, with his brother, the Seigneur de Mathecoulon, and several friends, journeying on horseback to Switzerland, Germany, and Italy. He kept a journal, which contains notes of travel, and also a full account of the effects of medicinal waters on his health. The interest of the journal consists chiefly in the pictures of those countries at that time, sketched by an intelligent traveler; but now and again there is a more personal interest, when Montaigne sees something that excites his curiosity. There is a likeness in his curiosity for foreign lands and his curiosity for ideas. He travels into Germany as if it were a new volume of Plutarch. He is agog for novelty, and new ways of life, new points of view. His secretary says: "I never saw him less tired nor less complaining of ill health; he was in high spirits both traveling and stopping, so absorbed in what he met, and always looking for opportunities to talk to strangers. . . . I think if he had been alone with his servants he would have gone to Cracow or to Greece overland, rather than directly into Italy."

In this journal, written first at his direction, perhaps at his dictation, by a secretary, and then, with some inconvenience, as he says, by himself, we find

his interests and affections in the light and shadow of the first impression. In the *Essays* every paragraph is the cud of long rumination. Of Rome the journal says: "We see nothing of Rome but the sky under which she lies and the place of her abode; knowledge of her is an abstraction, framed by thought, with which the senses have no concern. Those who say that the ruins of Rome at least are to be seen say too much, for the ruins of so tremendous a fabric would bring more honor and reverence to her memory; here is nothing but her place of burial. The world, hostile to her long dominion, has first broken and dashed to pieces all the parts of that admirable body; and because, even when dead, overthrown and mutilated, she still made the world afraid, it has buried even the ruins. The little show of them that appears above the sepulchre has been preserved by fortune, to bear witness to that matchless grandeur which centuries, conflagrations, conspiracies of a world again and again plotting its ruin, have failed to destroy utterly."

Rome, "the noblest city that ever was or ever will be," had laid hold of his imagination. He says, "I used all the five senses that nature gave me to obtain the title of Roman Citizen, if it were only for the ancient honor and religious memory of its authority." By the help of a friend, the Pope's influence procured him this dignity. The decree, bearing the S. P. Q. R., "pompous with seals and gilt letters," gave him great pleasure.

He showed special interest in strange customs, as in the rite of circumcision, and in a ceremony of exorcising an evil spirit. This examination of other ways of living, other habits of thought, is the lever by which he lifts himself out of prejudices, out of the circle of authority, into his free and open-minded state. He always wished to see men who looked at life from other points of view. In Rome, as his secretary writes, "M. de

Montaigne was vexed to find so many Frenchmen there; he hardly met anybody in the street who did not greet him in his own tongue." In the *Essays* Montaigne says that, for education, acquaintance with men is wonderfully good, and also to travel in foreign lands; not to bring back (after the fashion of the French nobility) nothing but the measures of the Pantheon, but to take home a knowledge of foreign ways of thought and of behavior, and to rub and polish our minds against those of others.

v.

While abroad, Montaigne received word, in September, 1581, that he had been elected mayor of Bordeaux, to succeed the Maréchal de Biron. He hesitated; he had no mind to give up his freedom. But the king sent an order, flattering and peremptory, that he should betake himself to his office "without delay or excuse." Accordingly he went.

It seems likely that there was some hand behind the scenes which pointed out to the councilors a man who would be acceptable to persons in high place. The Maréchal de Biron wished to be reëlected, but both the king and Henry of Navarre, the nominal governor of Guyenne, were opposed to him. History does not tell what happened, but the mayoralty was given to this distinguished, quiet gentleman, who had kept carefully aloof from partisanship. The office of mayor was not very burdensome; the ordinary duties of administration fell upon others. Montaigne's first term of two years passed uneventfully. De Thou, the historian, who knew him at this time, says that he learned much from Montaigne, a man "very well versed in public affairs, especially in those concerning Guyenne, which he knows thoroughly." In 1583 he was reëlected. Times grew more troubled. On the death of the king's brother, Navarre became heir to the throne. The League, alarmed, made

new efforts. Guise made a secret treaty with Spain that Navarre should not be recognized as king. Coming storms began to blow up about Bordeaux. The League plotted to seize the city. Poor Montaigne found himself in the midst of excursions and alarms. He was glad to lay down his charge when his term ended, on July 31, 1585. In June a horrible plague broke out, and people in Bordeaux died by hundreds. Montaigne was away from the city. The council asked him to come to town to preside over the election of his successor. He answered, "I will not spare my life or anything in your service, and I leave you to judge whether what I can do for you by my presence at the next election makes it worth while for me to run the risk of going to town." The council did not insist, and Montaigne did not go. This is the act of his life which has called forth blame, not from his contemporaries, but from stout-hearted critics and heroic reviewers. To set an example of indifference to death is outside the ordinary path of duty. We like to hear tell of splendid recklessness of life, of fools who go to death out of a mad desire to stamp the fear of it under their feet; and when disappointed of so fine a show, we become petulant, we betray that we are overfond of excitement. It was not the mayor's duty to look after the public health; that lay upon the council.

His office ended, Montaigne went back to his library, to revise and correct the first two books of his *Essays*, to stuff them with new paragraphs and quotations, and to write a third. But he could not retire far enough to get away from the sounds of civil war. Coutras was but a little too far for him to hear Navarre harangue his troops to victory, and the voices of the soldiers singing the psalm: —

"This is the day which the Lord hath made;
We will rejoice and be glad in it."

A few days afterwards Henry of Na-

varre stopped at the château and dined with Montaigne. He had once before been there, making a visit of two days, when Montaigne was still mayor. The relations of these two men are very interesting, but somewhat difficult to decipher. De Thou says that Montaigne talked to him about Henry of Navarre and the Duke of Guise, and their hatred one of the other. "As for religion," added Montaigne, "both make parade of it; it is a fine pretext to make those of their party follow them. But the interest of religion doesn't touch either of them; only the fear of being abandoned by the Protestants prevents the king of Navarre from returning to the religion of his ancestors, and the duke would betake himself to the Augsburg Confession, for which his uncle, Charles, Cardinal of Lorraine, had given him a taste, if he could follow it without prejudice to his interests." But Navarre, though he was open-minded on the subject of creeds, and a most dexterous politician, was a noble and loyal gentleman, as Montaigne, with his keen, unprejudiced eyes, could well see. Navarre had been bred a Protestant, his friends were Protestants, and he would not forswear his religion so long as abjuration might work harm to them. When his conversion became of great moment to France, and promised to confer the blessings of peace on the country without hurt to the Protestants, he turned Catholic. This was conduct such as Montaigne would most heartily approve. Henry IV. acted as if he had been nursed on the *Essays*. And there is much to show that De Thou's conversation is a very incorrect account of Montaigne's opinion of Henry.

After Henry had succeeded to the throne, and was still struggling with the League, Montaigne wrote to him: "I have always thought of you as enjoying the good fortune to which you have come, and you may remember that, even when I was obliged to confess it to the curé,

I always hoped for your success. Now, with more cause and more freedom, I salute it with full affection. Your success serves you where you are, but it serves you no less here by reputation. The noise does as much as the shot. We could not draw from the justice of your cause arguments to establish or win your subjects so strong as we do from the news of the prosperity of your enterprises. . . . The inclinations of people flow in a tide. If the incline is once in your favor, it will sweep on of its own weight, to the very end. I should have liked very much that the private gain of your soldiers and the need of making them content had not deprived you, especially in this great city, of the noble commendation of having treated your rebellious subjects, in the hour of victory, with more consideration than their own protectors do; and that, differently from a transitory and usurped claim, you had shown that they were yours by a fatherly and truly royal protection." The letter shows admiration and comprehension of the king, and an intimacy honorable to both. There was some invitation for Montaigne to come to court, and an offer of money, but he answered: "Sire, your Majesty will do me, if you please, the favor to believe that I will never stint my purse on an occasion for which I would not spare my life. I have never received any money from the liberality of kings,—I have neither asked nor deserved it; I have never received payment for the steps I have taken in their service, of which your Majesty in part has knowledge. What I have done for your predecessors I will do very much more willingly for you. I am, Sire, as rich as I desire." But ill health would not permit him to go, even if he had wished.

In the meantime Montaigne had been in Paris (in 1588) to publish a new edition of the *Essays*. There he formed the acquaintance of Mademoiselle de Gournay, a young lady of twenty, who had

conceived a great enthusiasm for the *Essays*. Montaigne called her his adopted daughter. After his death, helped by Madame de Montaigne, she devoted herself to the preparation of a new edition of the *Essays*, with all the last changes and additions that the author had made. This edition was marked by great care and skill.

Montaigne spent the last few years of his life on his seignior. He lived quietly, his health growing worse, till he died, on September 13, 1592, at the age of fifty-nine. It is said that when he felt his death near, no longer able to speak, he wrote a little note asking his wife to summon several gentlemen of the neighborhood, that he might take leave of them. When they had come, he had mass said in his room; and when the priest came to the elevation of the host, he threw himself forward as best he could, his hands clasped, and so died.

VI.

We are wont to call a man of letters great when many generations of men can go to his book, read what he says on the subject that concerns them,—conduct, religion, love, the significance of life,—and find that he has cast some light, or at least has shifted the problem. Such is Montaigne. There were greater men living in his time, Shakespeare, Cervantes; but life plies many questions to which poetry and idealism give no direct answer. If a man would look serenely upon the world, and learn the lesson that "ripeness is all," he must go to the poet and to the idealist, but he must go to the skeptic, too. Uncertainty is one of our lessons, and what man has talked so wisely and so persuasively as Montaigne concerning matters that lie at the threshold of the great questions of religion and philosophy, which must underlie all reasonable life? Hear him, for instance, after finding fault with an excessive credulity, blaming its opposite: "But also, on the other part, it is pre-

sumptuous and foolish to go about disdaining and condemning as false that which does not seem probable to us. This is a vice common to those who think they have an intelligence out of the ordinary. I had that habit once, and if I heard of ghosts or prophecies of future events, or of magic, of witchcraft, or some wonderful story which I could not endure, I felt compassion for the poor people abused by this nonsense. Now I find that I myself was at least as much to be pitied. Not that I have ever had any experience beyond my first beliefs, and nothing has ever appealed to my curiosity; but reason has taught me that to condemn finally a thing as false and impossible is to claim to comprehend the boundaries and limits of the will of God and of the power of our mother Nature, and that there is no more remarkable folly in the world than to bring them down to the measurements of our capacity and intelligence. If we give the names, — monsters or miracles, — there where our reason cannot go, how many continually come before our eyes? Consider in what a mist, and how gropingly, we come to a knowledge of most things that are under our hands; we shall find that it is familiarity, not knowledge, which has taken the strangeness away, and that, if those things were presented to us afresh, we should find them as much or more unbelievable than any others."

Montaigne commends us to a prudent but brave open-mindedness. He warns us against the dogmas of affirmation and the dogmas of denial. He bids us pause and consider. Nothing could be more wrong than the vulgar notion that Montaigne has something in common with Mephistopheles, the spirit that denies. He was a skeptic; but a single epithet is always incorrect. He was a believer, too. He believed in education, in humanity, in tolerance, in the many-sidedness of life, in the infinite power of God, in the nobleness of humanity. Nothing excites his indignation so violently as

the "great subtlety" of those men who sneer at heroic deeds, and attribute noble performance to mean motives. He makes no pretense of special interest in conduct; but conduct is not his business, — he is concerned with the philosophy which underlies conduct. Some men are impatient for action; they will believe this, that, anything, for an excuse to be up and doing. Montaigne is not a man of action; he feels uncomfortable when within hearing of the whirl and rush of life; he retires into the "back of his shop" to get away from the noisy, roistering band that tramps tumultuous down the great avenue of life. He was for contemplation and meditation. It was this shrinking from action that made him a skeptic. Action is the affirmation of belief, but also its begetter. I believe because I act. The heart beats, the blood circulates, the breath comes and goes, the impatient muscles do not wait for the tardy reason to don hat and overcoat, arms twitch, legs start, and the man is plunged into the hurly-burly of life. There he goes, in the midst of a crowd of human beings, hurrying, struggling, squirming, all filled to surfeit with most monstrous beliefs. Montaigne's heart beats more slowly; he is in no hurry to act; the meaning of life will not yield to mere importunity; let us keep cool. "If any difficulties occur in reading, I do not bite my nails about them, but, after an attempt or two to explain them, I give them over. Should I insist upon them, I should lose both myself and my time; for I have a genius that is extremely volatile, and what I do not discern at the first attempt becomes the more obscure to me the longer I pore over it. . . . Continuation and a too obstinate contention stupefy and tire my judgment. I must withdraw it, and leave it, to make new discoveries, just as, in order to judge rightly of the lustre of scarlet, we are ordered to pass it lightly with the eye, and to run it over at several sudden repeated views."

Montaigne is of the Latin people, men of the south, children of the market place and the piazza. He sits in peacefulness, watching the comedy and tragedy of the world. He lives apart: for him, life is a show, a school for philosophy, a subject for essays. If you have been bred in the Adirondacks or on the slope of Monadnock, up betimes, to tire your legs all the long day, and at evening to watch the setting sun and listen for the first call of the owl, you will not like Montaigne. There, in the morning of life, the blue sky overhead, the realities of life looking so strong and so noble, the speculations of a skeptic come like a cloud of dust. Montaigne is not for the young man. Youth has convictions; its feelings purport absolute verity; it possesses reality: why go a-fishing for dreams? But when the blood runs cooler, when we are glad to be safe on earth, when of a winter's evening we listen to the pleasant shoot of the bolt that shall keep us to ourselves, and draw up to the fire, then Montaigne is supreme. He is so agreeable, so charming, so skillful in taking up one subject, then another, so well practiced in conversation, so perfect a host. We are translated into his library. He wanders about the room, taking from his shelves one book after another, opening them at random, reading a scrap, and then talking about it. On he goes, talking wisely, wittily, kindly, while the flickering firelight plays over his sensitive, intelligent face, and the Gascon moon shines in patches on the floor, till the world we are used to dissolves under his talk, and its constituent parts waver and flicker with the firelight. Everything aerifies into dream-made stuff, out of which our fancy builds a new world, only to see it again dissolve and fade under his bewitching talk.

Montaigne talks of himself. But his self is not the vulgar self of the gossip; it is the type and model of humanity. Like a great artist, he makes himself

both individual and type. He is the psychologist studying man. He is his own laboratory, his own object of examination. When we try to discover the movements of the mind, have we any choice? Must we not examine ourselves? He does not bring us to himself for the mere exhilaration of talking about himself. His subject is man; through the windows of man's mind he makes us gaze at the universe, forever reiterating in our ears that man is a prisoner in the four walls of his mind, chafe how he will. If this be egotism, it is egotism with all its teeth drawn.

Skeptic, philosopher, abstracted from the world, Montaigne nevertheless does not shirk when the choice comes between speaking out and keeping silent. We cannot repeat too often his "We must rend the mask from things as well as from men." This is no easy task. Even the strength of the young mountaineer may not suffice. Masks familiar to us all our lives become very dear; let us leave them,—there are other things to do. Is there not something ignoble in this use of our courage, to maltreat an old, venerable appearance? Give us some work of poetry and romance; bid us scale heaven. And so the masks of things remain unremoved. Old Montaigne had something sturdy in him at bottom. There is the admiration of the heroic in him always. "All other knowledge is useless to him who does not know how to be good. . . . The measure and the worth of a man consist in his heart and will; in them is the home of his honor. . . . True victory lieth in the fight, not in coming off safely; and the honor of courage is in combat, not in success." Of the three philosophies that he studied, the Epicurean, the Pyrrhonian, the Stoic, his heart was inclined to the last, and I think he would rather have had a nod of approval from Cato the younger than have heard Sainte-Beuve salute him as the wisest of Frenchmen.

H. D. Sedgwick, Jr.

PIPES OF PASSAGE.

IN the gray of earliest dawn,
 When the night was not yet gone
 But the street-lamps lonely and strange
 Burned in a still sea-change,
 Over the ghostly ghostly street
 I heard the voices passing sweet,
 Pipes of passage!

Wings of the summer forth
 And the silent throats of the north
 Southward southward away
 Peopling the ghostly gray,
 Over the city's sleep they ran,
 The innumerable caravan,
 Pipes of passage!

Over our drowsy heads,
 Death-beds and bridal-beds,
 Over our human hush,
 Swallow and sparrow and thrush,
 Over our life, if life be sleep,
 Hear my voyagers laugh and weep,
 Pipes of passage!

Joseph Russell Taylor.

THE SOUND OF THE AXE.

FOR two days the rain slopped down prodigally over the wilderness and the high barrens. Then the weather turned. It froze, sharp as the closing of a trap, and caught many a small thing that could have done with another month of careless life. Of human life there was none, till in the late afternoon of the day of frost McNally stood alone on the high lands, and hugged himself together in his canvas coat that had been sodden and now was frozen over his wet woolen shirt. He looked up at the iron sky, and remembered that the month was November. He spoke to himself with sudden peevish anger: —

“It’s unseasonable weather — unseasonable!” he said. In his hateful fatigue he had not sense to move out of the wind; he stood and stared around and before him.

It was a sufficiently depressing prospect for a dry man; for a wet one who was also homeless, hungry, and lost, it was a wicked prospect. Behind and around him lay the high barrens, a waste of withered blueberry bushes, spruce scrub, and gray boulders. There was not a sign of a path. How he had come there he knew less than any one.

In front of him opened out a valley. There the boulders were bigger, closer

together; farther on, and down, they were packed, the size of cabs, then of houses. Out of the scanty crevices between them grew tall pine trees, solitary black pillars or sombre groups, as their roots could find mould. Over all there lay a palpable silence. A thin shiver ran through McNally as he stood.

The place was a place to die in; no more! He had always had the thought that it would be best to die in bed, and a whisper of chill wind that came up the valley made him more sure of it than ever. He was suddenly cold inside him, colder than outside; he shivered in his empty stomach, at his heart. This hollow was hostile, menacing; it could not be the valley he had meant to come to; and yet, somewhere in his dim thoughts, he had the lingering hope that it was; that it only eluded him. He was babyish in his exhaustion, and he spoke aloud again, resentfully:—

“It ought to be here! It shan’t go back on me!” His anger gave him strength, even in the face of the great contemptuous silence around him; he pushed forward with trembling knees, up and down a rise, and up again. “It must be here!”

He meant the dark lake that lay far back from civilization, in a hopeless country for lumberers. Any man might cut good logs there, but five hundred could not get them out, with profit. It was shunned, too; he had never known why. All he knew was that he had had it in his mind for weeks as his only refuge, the one place in the world that was ready and waiting for Bernard McNally. He had been making to it for days, like a homing pigeon, and he had missed it in the end. His instinct, that had lain fallow for ten years, had failed him; he had made a mistake. And he had not life in him to afford to make mistakes; this was his last in a world of them, and his body told him so. His mind refused to hear it.

He made for a boulder, crawled along by it, staggered to another, and hauled

himself up till he sprawled on top of it and had to shut his eyes to steady the rocks and trees that rushed past him. He dared not lie like that; even the relief of it told him so. He sat up and dragged his eyes open. He did not know that he was sobbing. His only feeling was rage that he had missed his way. The disappointment of it was the worst pang of all his life, sharp as the sting of death that must soon come after it. He stared before him to see this place where he must die.

The last light of the November day lay gray on the yellow-brown bushes, the gray rocks, the black trees; on all the inhospitable ugliness of the place. McNally fell more than scrambled off the boulder, and fled madly down the valley to the trees, between the rocks and the blueberry bushes. The black patch below him was water. He had made no mistake; his long search had brought him out at the Matoun. What matter that it was on the wrong side of the lake? He could skirt round it! He knew where he was! He had only to find his refuge, if the light held to do it.

The way was all rocks now, with tall pine trees struggling up between them; it was slippery with pine droppings, riddled with crevices and porcupine holes. McNally hurried and slipped and fell and went on again, racing with the light that can out-travel man. He slithered helplessly across a rock and caught hold of a low bough, just in time; his feet had shot from under him, and hung out over the black depths of the freezing lake. But he hardly noticed that a little more would have drowned him. He had his bearings! He was on the north side of the lake now, the right side. He could see the hills that locked the western end of it, the swamp on the south shore opposite; but he wasted no time in looking. The place he wanted must be just back of him, over the rocks and the porcupine holes back to the solid north wall of hill.

He forgot he was cold, in the deadly fear that the dark might come and make him miss his goal. He clawed to his feet, crashed through the boughs that swept the high rocks, slipped twice his own height to the ground, and fell softly in the frozen bushes; worked on, step by step. He stopped, as if he were stunned.

The rocky hill was in front of him, but it was grown up with young spruce; the points and landmarks were gone! It all looked alike. And this time he knew he sobbed. But he knew, too, that he went on. If he had to feel that hill-side foot by foot he would go on, till his body failed him. In the growing dusk he looked back at the rocks that cut off the lake, and tried to remember the line; but it was all a tumble of confusion to him. He crushed forward through an endless stretch of bay, its withered leaves breast high, and never smelt the scent of it; stumbled to higher ground, and forced his way through the spruce trees, to the virgin wall of rock behind them. And as he did the light failed palpably, as if some one had drawn a curtain between him and the sky. In the dimness he peered at the rock, felt it, struggled through another clump of spruces and felt again. He found nothing; what he sought was not there. But he kept on feeling, till the rock under his fingers stopped, and he knew that the ridge had ended, even before he had sense enough to look up and see the sky. He went back again, bent double, one hand dragging at the spruces, the other never off the rock behind them. The light was less with every second, yet it came on him suddenly that it was dark. In the anguish of it he sank to his knees and fell forward; as he tried to save himself his hand slipped a foot lower on the rock, and clawed at smooth stone.

The revulsion that came over him was sickening; he could not have moved to keep from dying. The words he said aloud were not appropriate either, but

perhaps they served his turn as well as any. "Whoa, mare; whoa, pet!" whispered McNally weakly; and found he could crawl forward on his hands and knees.

He had been a fool, for he had forgotten! He had been feeling the rock at his own height, where he might have felt forever. Now his hand was on the two courses of dressed stone; now on the Dutch arch; now — his heart pumped hard at his slow blood — on the wood of the door. A corner at the top had decayed away; his fingers went through the hole. He found his tin box of matches, his candle end. (It goes hard to make a man who has been a miner lose the candle-end habit.) The damp wick sputtered, then lit, a pale flame between the spruces and the rock; and it showed a queer sight, for Lake Matoun.

In the rock, for a yard or so on each side of where he knelt, were set two courses of dressed granite; above it, as the natural spring of a cave had needed it, neat fillings of cut stone, jointed and mortared. The Swede had known his work. The door under the Dutch arch was not three feet high, but it was broad out of all proportion, broad enough to pass the shoulders of a giant. McNally put his shoulder to it with the strength of a child; but it gave, at the hinges. The candle flickered as the draft rushed in the crack. The man put his head in, and snuffed like an animal; he had no mind to spend the night picking out porcupine quills. He smelt nothing but a cold closeness, yet he lit a bunch of dead spruce and flung it in. Nothing stirred. He pushed the door wide, and crawled in on hands and knees, as he had always done. The smoke from the spruce made him cough; he threw the smouldering mass to one side of him casually, as of old habit. It blazed up, and the smoke followed the draft of it. In the sudden light McNally stood up, and saw his home.

Nothing had been here; there were

no tracks on the floor as there was no scent of life in the air. His spruce torch was dying on the stone hearth, the sparks of it flying up the queer chimney he had so often marveled at. He held up his candle and looked around him. It was all exactly as it had been, only strangely smaller. The clean vault of the natural cave was nowhere more than a foot above his head. At his left it had been let alone, to slope down to the corner where the bunk was; and in the bunk were dead spruce boughs still, sticks with the spines dropped off them long ago. At his right the wall was straight, built up by the same hand as the outside. Neat courses of granite met the roof above the stone fireplace, the wide hearth where the burnt spruce was a red mass. Before him there was no wall. The cave sloped to a sort of tunnel, and the man went to it; if there were porcupines they would be here. But his candle showed him only the rough rock of the floor; then a heap of earth and small stones, the cleanings of the cave. Over the heap the tunnel sloped abruptly to the ground and stopped. A rusty oil-can lay there, and apparently nothing else; but McNally knew better. He set down his candle and groped a little till he found the woodpile. It was tinder dry and rotten, but it would serve his turn for the night. His legs shook as he went back with a load from it; when the flame of it leapt up the chimney he stretched his hands to it as a man who prays. But prayer and McNally had never met.

In the heartening firelight he propped up the door; the stone slab the Swede had used to make it fast against the walkers of the night he could not lift, but he made a shift of it. And it was not till then that he had the sense to take from his back the few things he had had strength to carry this last day of his weariness. He cooked as unhandily as he dried his coat; there was no woodcraft about him, any more than

there was about the strange hutlike cave he sat in. Any Indian would have laughed at the useless trouble spent on the stones of the place, but again no Indian could have achieved the dryness of it, the wonderful defiance of ten years of time. McNally knew mines were wet; he never wondered why a cave should be dry. He lay and nestled by his fire, thawing and steaming and drying at long last. When he was bone dry, the joy of it was like no joy he had ever known, except the sleep that weighed him down with slow thrills of rapture. He had been hunted and wet and frozen, had been lost and despairing; he was warm and dry and at home. Perfect peace lapped him as he lay. He was at home. It had been waiting for him all these years, just as the Swede had said it would wait; he remembered, as of some stranger, that he had sobbed as he fought his way here. He had just sense enough to get more wood and pile his fire for the night before sleep took him, a man at home, and at peace. The candle end burned out where he had stuck it in its own grease, the fire flickered to its fall, and under the changing lights the sleep of Bernard McNally, failure and black-guard, was the sleep of a little child. Outside the walkers of the night went their separate ways no freer, and with no more conscience.

It was a day and another night before McNally crawled out of the low door. He had worked his body to its worth, and more; and that merciless creditor was taking its arrears. Food and fire and sleep he paid it, till it let him go, and he stood up outside his house without an ache in him. A tall man too, and clean made; not a man to hunt with impunity, as he had been hunted. But all that, and the thought of it, was behind him, so that he had not a care in the world. As he passed through the thicket of bay to the lake he picked a handful, liking the keen scent of it; he had not known that dead

bay was sweet. He stuck a sprig of it in his coat as he trod lightly over the rocks that had seemed insurmountable two days ago. When he came out on the barrens his feet struck by instinct into the easy half-trot of the wood walker, straight-footed, devouring the way. He was going on an errand, an innocent, necessary errand; there was a novelty about it that was exhilarating; that it was also a little uncertain did not worry him. He wanted his pack, that he had nearly thrown away because it weighed too much; he plumed himself now that he had stuck it in a tree instead. Luck held, and he found the pack, but he put it down to genius. With joy at the weight of it he slung it awkwardly over his shoulder, but there was no awkwardness about the way he retrieved his gun; he knew about guns. Then he set back again, light-hearted and his own man, for there was enough in his pack to last him a month, and only yesterday he had envied common lumberers with a wongan to dip into. But yesterday his cache had seemed a day's journey away; he knew now he had only made a scant five miles the day he had sobbed; he had nearly seen his finish when he lit on the Swede's cave.

Once back there, he worked. When he had new boughed the bunk, he cut wood till the trees rang. There was no one to hear him; the Swede had been right when he said no man ever came there. He had added something, in his queer English, which McNally had not understood: "And they should fear, if they should come, the sound of the axe; yes, the sound of the axe!" He was a superstitious man, the Swede; but McNally never thought of axes and superstition going together. Afterwards he was wiser.

As he swung at his tree now, unhandily but effectually, he thought of the Swede, — a silent gray giant of a man, working in the wet of the lower levels of the Wisowsoole mine, shovel-

ing the low grade ore into the ore carts. McNally had been a boy then, sent to learn his practical work; some day he would be a manager. He swung harder at his tree as he thought of it. But in the meantime he learned from the Swede; and, he never knew why, the silent man took to him. In their six-hour shifts they talked; after McNally was sent into the office they talked at odd minutes; on Sundays, when the mine was silent from noon till midnight, they talked all day. As far as either had it in him he loved the other; the difference between them was that the man understood the boy; and McNally, at twenty, took the Swede as he found him. And the Swede brought him to Matoun, with secrecy, the summer the mine shut down for want of water. McNally stared round-eyed at the queer place that was ready for them, and the Swede frowned. "I am quarryman, also mason," he said. "You should be my guest. I make your shelter for you with my hands." And it never dawned on McNally why he should have made it so far away, or so strong. He fished there till he learned to fish, shot till he could shoot; he got his growth and his breadth there, and a smattering of the Swede's strange woodcraft, — a woodcraft of shifts, not of matter of course cause and effect. Time and again he saw the Swede's eyes on him as if he had in his mind what he would not say; he never did say it, because it was precisely at those times that McNally asked questions and displeased him. He was proving the boy, who did not know it, any more than the man who swung the axe now knew he had been found wanting, in everything but silence about Matoun. The autumn rainfall was as good as a telegram to call them back to the Wisowsoole; McNally, then nor ever, told where he had been that summer, and the Swede knew it. They worked again all that winter, the Swede in the mine, McNally where fate and the manager sent him. The day there was the

affair of the ladders, fate had McNally in the mine. What he did is matter of history in the Wisowsoole to this day, and it was Lake Matoun that had given him muscles to do it. Forty men owed their lives to him, and one of the forty was the Swede. But when they came triumphant out of the old workings he was leaning hard on the boy's shoulder, and McNally took him home to get away from the shouts and the cheering. He saw the Swede now, lowering himself into a chair and shivering as he did it.

"Have a drink," commanded McNally; he remembered his own contemptuous voice.

The big man drank in silence; afterwards he spoke, to the marvel of his hearer. "I should be done here! I go. I will always to die in Stockholm, where they shall not call me 'the Swede,' but by my name."

"Well, I call you by your name!" scoffed McNally. "Brace up, Munthe! Nothing ails you."

"You cannot call what you should not know. You think me some peasant fellow when you speak. And to-morrow I go. I will always to die in Stockholm."

"Oh, hold your jaw about dying!" The questions and answers came to McNally with his axe as if he were reading out of a book. "What d'ye mean?"

The Swede turned dull eyes on him. "She has betrayed me. If she should betray again, I die. And I will die in Stockholm. To-morrow I go."

"But you have n't any money."

"Oh," the answer was absent, "I have always that money! Plenty I have. Look!" Out of an unlocked drawer in the table he took something that made McNally open his hard young eyes. For a moment he thought the man had been robbing the mine; but only for a moment. The Wisowsoole was a low grade ore; this was a different gold indeed. They never saw a nugget in the Wisowsoole.

"This was mine," said the Swede, while McNally handled the wonderful lumps, "and being so I go. I have but you to leave."

McNally remembered nodding; he had known he could not speak, but not why.

"I have done always the best for you, if I did not die I should do more best." The old man spoke out suddenly. "You will never be manager of a mine. You will go — so!" he pointed to the floor. "What do they call that? Down. And I should not save you being alive, much less dead. But I do what I can. I give you my house at the Matoun water, my secret house that no one but you has known of. You shall go there, when you go — what do you call it? — down. No one comes there, but the sound of the axe that I love. One year, five year, ten year she waits, — my house on the Matoun. But you will be back there, in ten year; she need not to wait longer. All of my house I give you. It was as my son always! You see that? As my son. I have not any son, but you should serve. For I also have gone down; I come up now. Up!" His voice rang out sudden and joyful as his fist fell like a hammer on the quaking table, "And being up," he shouted exultantly, "I will die in Stockholm! No man can prevent me from Stockholm. But you," the eyes were another man's, "you shall die at Matoun. One year, fifty, how should I know? But at Matoun. For you have never seen Stockholm; you do not know always how good a place it should be to die in." His heavy hand fell light on the boy's shoulder. "Life you give me to-day, so life I give you some to-morrow. Life and Matoun! You laugh, because I am always alive and you can see me; when I am always dead you will not laugh. You should see that, when you go down." He had pushed McNally slowly to the door, without a good-night, but the boy looking back saw that he blessed him with upheld hands.

He saw him no more, for in the morning the Swede was gone. He, and his nuggets, and his "always" to die in Stockholm.

And McNally, just ten years after, stood and chopped trees at Matoun. It was a queer coincidence, but he was jubilant with returned strength, and he laughed aloud at the idea of dying here. Yet to get rid of the thought he struck his axe into a fallen tree, and looked about him. He was a leisurely man, with a month's supplies, and a good house to go to; he looked at it just to make sure of the fact. And then stared, *because there was something the matter* with the day. There was no sun; it had been gray in the morning as it was gray now. What, then, brought out the masses of gorgeous color everywhere, and banished the blackness that had stood in every tree and lain on the new ice of the lake? Now the pine trunks were purple with warmth, in the green of their crowns; warmth, too, in the sharper color of the spruces, whose every cone was wine-red. Every yellow and brown he had ever dreamed of shone at him from the withered bracken; the pine droppings on top of the rocks were sudden astounding patches of dull scarlet; the dead and frozen bay was mulberry, just as the blackberry stalks and the moosewood boughs were rose-red. The whole world was a world he had never seen; a lovely intimate world that smiled, and kept its mystery just a little, as from a friend. Even the distance across the lake melted away in chocolate and crimson. He did not know that he was looking on the yearly miracle of the deep woods that the Indians call The Day of Color; the carnival that comes before the snow. He had learnt but one thing that day, that dead and frozen bay smells sweet as August green. But, after all, that was a good deal to learn in one day, for McNally. He wheeled to go on with his chopping, and saw something that turned his life as on a pivot, though it was

nothing but the wonderful light in a rock at his feet. He knelt down and chipped at it with the butt of his axe, softly, then madly. As he broke small pieces from it he would not look at them, because he was afraid. It was not till he had a little heap of broken stones that he trembled; not till he had passed them one by one through his shaking fingers, scanned them with fierce eyes, that he dared think. There was color in the quartz; a trace, no more; but color. Had the Swede been mad, not to know that there was gold at Matoun? Or had he known, and the nuggets —

McNally saw his future that had been dead and hopeless leap up alive under his eyes. Here was gold. It made everything so simple and easy that he laughed; he did not see how he had ever despaired. Here was gold. Bernard McNally, who had been a fool and taken Benson's money (Benson being dead, and not objecting), need be a fugitive in the wood no more. He would mine. By and by he would make a good strike! He would go out into the big world carefully, till he got to a place where they had never heard of him — or Benson. He would live. He would come up as the Swede had done. "Up!" he said it aloud in his triumph. "Up!" And somewhere in the woods it echoed. It was odd, but he did not like the sound. It cooled him where he sat with his bits of rock in his hands. As he looked at them he came to himself, and the vision in his eyes faded.

They had called the Wisowsoole a low-grade ore. This was so much lower that he threw it down. It would take unknown tons of it and a crusher to get half an ounce of gold. It was beyond human labor. It wanted a mill. He shut his eyes, and could hear the ninety stamps of the Wisowsoole mill, which was curious, for he had not thought of it for years. He had given up mining, had McNally, and gone down. He saw

now how far. Presently he stood up and looked for more rocks, clear eyed, without the hope that blinds. He did not find one. By nightfall he was back at the first, dinting the head of his axe on it, when he thought he heard something and stopped to listen. There was nothing. It had been fancy that some one was chopping down a tree. He went home and slept before he had eaten. His last thought was that the Swede never got those nuggets at Matoun, but somewhere in the north, and that he must go north as soon as it was safe and the hue and cry had died; north, to the place where there were nuggets and men asked no questions. And while he slept the weather laughed at him. At midnight a keen sweet dampness woke him, to put yet another patch on the corner of his door before he made up his fire. As the fresh logs kindled he heard the sudden wind come down the valley. It came with a leap, a long southing roar. From somewhere far behind him, in the very rocks of the hill, it echoed like the siren of a steamer in the St. Lawrence channel; and the likeness made McNally afraid. He had been a failure all his life, even to going off with that money of Benson's. He did not call it stealing to himself; the man was dead when he took it. Was he going to be a coward too? He could not get the dead man out of his head, nor the siren shouting in the fog while he ransacked the cabin for the money. He crouched from the thoughts in his mind and could not shrink far enough away from them, because the wind kept yelling for somebody to show a light. All night it yelled and herded its restless woods; if it lulled a little it whickered like a living thing at McNally's patched door; McNally keeping up his fire that he might not have to listen to that wind in the dark. After all, he was guiltless; he had no need to shake! It was true he had taken the money, but on second thoughts he would have sent it back; if only he had not lost it. That

was where the failure of him came in; he had lost it. He sat and let the long centuries of the night go by, till at last it was morning in his house beyond the daylight. He crept out, and saw a raging smother of wind and drift and deep snow. He was fast. There could be no getting away now without snowshoes; but even if he had them, he dared not leave a clear track to the only place he knew to be safe. McNally crawled in again, and shut his door. He knew that yesterday's hopes had been a dream; he could neither find gold at Matoun nor leave it. Suddenly he longed beyond words for a pane of glass; he hungered for the light of day. If he had a pane of glass to put in his door he could be happy. He sat thinking of that in the dark.

When the snow stopped, the crows came. McNally fed the crows. The blue jays screamed for meat, and he gave them pork. In the clear sunset the wind died, and he rejoiced. He stood at the door of his hut and looked abroad. Everything was snow; the quiet of the place was piercing. He would have given worlds to see the crows come back; to hear a sound of life. And even as he thought it, there came one, plain and near, — the sound of an axe on a tree.

McNally dropped as flat on the snow as if it had been an axe on his own head. Some one else was at Matoun; lumberers, men who read the papers. They would have a box on the nearest postroad, and once a month they would go to it and get the news; the news of McNally.

It sent him through the snow for fifty yards to listen. It was true; some one was chopping. He looked to the red west, and on the hill against it saw a tree quiver; there were men there; there was no harbor for him, even at Matoun. That drove him on again, to make sure, toiling through the deep snow and round the rocks, cunningly, till he gained a ridge where he could lie down and stare

at the hill. There was not a sign that any living thing but he was near Matoun; no smoke, no more quivering trees; and the sound of the axe was still. He wormed round to go home, and the axe called to him. Slow and regular fell the blows of it, near at his hand, and not a sight nor scent of man. McNally, without knowing why, turned and fled back on his own tracks, and as he ran a wild cat cried. He lifted the Swede's stone into place with a thud, and sat down, sweating. The thing at those trees was not human! He tried to think it had something to do with wild cats, but he could not do it because he knew he was not afraid of wild cats, and of this he was afraid. As he wiped his wet upper lip the Swede's words came back to him: —

"No one comes there but the sound of the axe that I love."

Then, whatever it was, the Swede had known; and not cared. It heartened McNally that the Swede had not cared. He rolled his blanket round him and went to sleep.

Yet it shook him a little when the next evening he heard it again. It took him by surprise, close to him, and in his surprise he gazed. In plain sight a tree quivered; but in plain sight there was no one there. He thought of the giant woodpecker (which was absurd, but McNally was no woodsman); at that moment a wild cat cried, and the hacking sound never stopped. It was something real, because the tree quivered. He remembered, out of dead time, that he had heard there was an Indian superstition about an invisible spirit that chopped in the woods; there was something about seeing a tree fall without seeing what cut it down; he could not remember whether it were good or bad to see the tree fall. Anyhow he did not believe in it. He decided it had something to do with a wild cat. By the end of a week he had grown to look for it, to feel it friendly; he had gone back, in his loneliness, to

searching for gold, though he knew it was not there. He scraped through the snow all day long for gold, and always at sunset the sound of the axe signaled him to stop. It seemed to him now to chop out words; to say something that quieted his soul: —

"Lost — Man's — Harbor," it hewed. "Lost — Man's — Harbor." He would stand and listen to the kindly sound. Sometimes it seemed to set a wild cat whining, but he never saw one, nor did he hunt for it. Its cry and the sound of the axe were his only companions. It was from pure habit now that he barred his door at night, for he was no longer afraid. He was brother to the wailing beast he never saw. He grew leaner and hungrier every day, and less human. He had no past now; all he cared for was to look for gold; till he woke up one morning and had nothing to eat. That same day he thought he gave up for good and all the hope of gold at Matoun. He went out for food, but he saw nothing but porcupines, and he had no stomach for porcupines. There were no hares, no partridges; he looked for them all day long, and night after night came back as he had gone out, the sound of the axe welcoming him as he struck his own valley. And the night he came down to caribou moss and sickening at it, the world swam round him and the blows of the axe took a new voice. "Pay!" it chopped. "Pay! Pay!"

McNally cried out like an echo, "Pay?" His past, that he had forgotten, rushed back on him and overwhelmed him. Pay? He had never thought of paying, only of saving his skin. How was it possible that he should pay? And the axe went on relentlessly, mocking at him standing hungry with his miserable hopes of gold scattered by his woodpile, "Pay!"

"My God!" muttered McNally, and it was the first time he had thought of God, "if I could, I'd pay!" It was the nearest he had ever come to praying

in all his life, and as he spoke his eyes fell on the woods. Had he been blind not to see that the snow was nearly gone, that he could come and go to a settlement without leaving a trace — to matter? That he had been starving like a fool, when there was only thirty miles between him and a shop? He tied up the flapping soles of his boots and started, just as the sunset cry came from the hidden cat on the hill. He stopped and called back.

"Good-by," said McNally to his only friends. "If I can, I'll pay!" He came back a week after, deviously, carrying all he could stagger under. No one had noticed him, but no one had given him a decent word either; he did not know there was that in his face which said he was better let alone. He was so little human now that he was sorry to get home after dark, and too late for the thing that chopped on the hill. He wanted to tell it that he meant to find gold grain by grain, till he paid; that he had brought back a pick.

If he had brought back the mill from the Wisowsoole it would have done him no good. He found no more gold, nor the sign of it, and every day at sunset the steady axe called to him to "Pay! pay! pay!"

By the third time he was frenzied. He stood up and answered it, very politely; he had been a polite man. "How can I pay? Have the goodness to tell me that, or let me alone!" He looked at his worldly assets, one pick and a little food; he knew he would never have another shifting mood that told him he might yet make his strike. He stood and spoke again into the sunset. "How can I pay?"

And once more the axe answered him. It sounded now exactly like the tap of a pick in a tunnel. He had a pick, he had no tunnel. Why should old sounds come out of the past and mock at him? A wild cat keened while he thought, and it made him shiver. He went home and came back with meat,

threw it down and left it. If he must live and die here, let him, for God's sake, at least have a wild cat to tame! That night he prayed to have a beast to tame.

In the morning the pork was gone, and a dull something went, too, from McNally's eyes. He turned deliberately back into his cave, to the rubbish heap where the Swede had left the gravel cleared from his house. He swung his pick and cut away the earth to the clean run of the rock; to — At the sight of the standing timber he lit two candles and dug with his might; at the sight of the downward slope and the rotten ladder he knew why his cave was dry. When the crack of the axe came at sundown, McNally was not where he could hear it.

It was two days before he came out into the light of day, and, though it was sunset, it blinded him. He sat down at his door, heedless that he was hungry because of what he held in his hands. He knew now what the Swede had meant when he said, "I give you my house at Matoun, all of it I give you." It was a mine; a small, tunneled, timbered mine, running down into the hill; and out of it had come those nuggets that were brothers to these he polished on his coat. He was rich. He could have thousands. And, if he could have had them when first he came to Matoun, would have had no thought but how best to get away with them and find a world he could spend them in. But not now. He was not the McNally who had come to Matoun as a mere temporary convenience and to save his skin. Something had sucked the slackness out of his blood. He remembered things, responsibly. He had stolen (he said stolen now that he was rich). Into his thoughts came the slow chopping that never failed at evening, and he answered it aloud.

"I'm going to pay," he called at the top of his shout. "Pay!" And the axe ceased on the word, or he thought so.

He had long given up wondering what it was. He chose to think of the sound as a personal signal to himself, bequeathed to him, like the cabin, by the Swede. Whatever it was, it had made him able to pay; and when he had paid he could be free. He could go up, as the Swede had said, "Up!"

It would be easy. He had not been in the Wisowsoole for nothing; he knew how to get rid of gold out of a stolen claim, how it could be paid at last from very far from here. He must pack the stuff out, little by little. He could send it to Peele, — if he could trust Peele. It came to McNally that he would make an oracle and abide by it. If it were safe to trust Peele and pay back that money, he would be able to tame that wild cat he had never seen; if he could not tame it, he would know that signaling he had made out of the blows of a phantom axe was pure foolishness and he could never pay. That night he laid out an oblation of pork scraps, and waited. After twenty years or so something like a gray shadow went by him where he stood motionless in the dark; it pounced noiselessly on the meat and was gone. But he had at least seen the beast that had always kept hidden, and his heart lightened. It lightened still more as the days lengthened and his heap of nuggets grew in his cave, for his self-made oracle was working his way; or not his, but that of the unseen axe which had told him how to pay and be free. Little by little, night after night, McNally was taming his wild cat. By mid-April it ate close to his feet. And in mid-April he began to go away with his pack heavy and come back with it light. In the intervals between those weary, anxious journeys his wild cat would come when he called it. It let him touch it the day he set off with his last payment for Peele.

When that was gone, and his underground agent's receipt for it in his hand, McNally stood up in a dirty little town another man. He was free;

he had paid. He saw his life stretching out before him, he that was to die at Matoun. He was drunk with the sight of it; he forgot he could not yet dare to be McNally. He went into the barber's and was shaved; he bought new clothes, new boots; he walked the street placidly. That was in the morning.

When he was stabbed that night in the row at "Pat's Place," he had just sense enough left to see that at the farther end of the room stood a man he knew. Of all men, Peele; come in by the back door and staring at him. McNally saw him in that fraction of a minute when he stood with his hand to his side; the next, he was out of the house and gone. Nobody knew him, or cared where he went. They did kick the Italian miner with the knife, but there was no blood on it, and it was decided it had not touched the other man. If Peele knew or cared he did not say so. He and an Indian were going fishing at dawn, and they went.

It took them a whole day to hit McNally's trail, which was why he did not know he was followed by a white man and an Indian when at last he staggered into his house. Where he lay down he fainted. That was all he knew when he came to himself and wanted water, except that his wild cat cried restlessly at his open door. On a sudden it ran for its life, but being in one of McNally's faints he did not know. What he did know was that he woke quite comfortably and saw Peele kneeling by him; it all seemed perfectly natural to McNally, even to Sabiel Paul looking over Peele's shoulder.

"Hullo!" said he. He tried to sit up and did not move. He looked his visitor square in the eyes. "I've paid," he said hastily, "I suppose you got it."

"Good God, McNally!" croaked Peele. He looked round him at the ghastly place, the dead ashes on the hearth, the dying man. "I know; we

all know. But we thought you were in Rossland. No one ever thought you were so near." He touched McNally with quick, knowledgeable fingers, and marveled how he could have crawled over thirty miles of country with so little blood in him. "You need n't have run. We'd have helped you; we all like you," he broke out, for there was no sense in keeping McNally quiet. He listened to a sound outside, even while he went on stripping him; he had not thought he would be sick at the sight of his wound. He turned on Sabiel in the doorway. "Get out and get those lumberers! Even at their camp would be better than here. I might save him!"

McNally, who had not been meant to hear, laughed; an ugly, bubbling laugh.

"Stop!" said Peele fiercely. "Shut up! Do you want to kill yourself?"

"I'm — not — dying," gasped Mc-

Nally. "I've paid. I've — come up."

"You fool!" said Peele. He tried to put some whiskey in McNally's mouth, and it ran out of the corners.

The man who loved him turned and swore at the silent Indian. "Who's that chopping? Get them here."

Sabiel never moved. "Keáskunóogwejit, the mighty chopper," said he. "No man here. You hear chopping, you never see axe, — but the tree fall! This man die? That chop coffin. The tree fall!"

Peele shouldered him from the door and stared out into the sunset. On the hilltop against the sky, a tree fell; but there was no man there. On the heel of the fall of it came the cry of a wild cat, and Sabiel stooping caught at Peele's arm.

"Those his friends," said he. "All same Keáskunóogwejit! They cry."

S. Carleton.

RUSSIA.

IN the preface to the American edition of his admirable book, *The Empire of the Tsars*, M. Leroy Beaulieu says with perfect truth, "The Anglo-Saxon who wishes to judge of Russian matters must begin by divesting himself of American or British ideas."

The distinguished author might well have added that the Anglo-Saxon should also divest himself of many impressions that he has received from sensational travelers' tales, melodramas, and romances, based upon fanciful conditions, and from the lucubrations of certain visionaries and political malcontents who have endeavored to enlist American and English sympathy in behalf of those revolutionary theories with which they hope to reform the Russian governmental system. The entire social fabric of Russia, the point of view of the Rus-

sian mind and its manner of thought, differ widely from our own, and are not susceptible of estimation upon the same basis of comparison; so that in attempting to give any just impression of existing conditions in Russia within the limits of a magazine article, one is at the outset confronted by the difficulty of presenting the facts in such a way that their bearing upon the general conditions of Russian civilization may be comprehensible to the Anglo-Saxon mind.

Russia, as M. Leroy Beaulieu very truly points out, is neither European nor Asiatic, but if regarded from the European point of view it should be from a standpoint and with a perspective of three or four centuries ago. During the long period of Tartar rule Russia was completely cut off from all foreign intercourse, and it was not till

the reign of Ivan III., who not only threw off the Tartar yoke, but took the first great steps toward the abolition of the feudal system, that its intercourse with the Western world commenced, — an intercourse which the severe climatic conditions and vast intervening wastes of plains and warring states greatly obstructed. Indeed, except for the trade carried on by the Hanseatic League through old Novgorod, no commercial intercourse can be said to have existed between Russia and the Western world until the accidental arrival of Richard Chancellor at what is now known as Archangel. England's trade with Russia dates from this expedition, and from it sprung those remarkable commercial relations that, existing so long under peculiar and exceptional conditions, have left their traces to this day in the large English colonies at St. Petersburg and Moscow, and in a host of more or less Russianized English and Scotch names in various provinces.

While this trade brought Russia into commercial contact with England, the contact was never a very close one, for the way was long and difficult, being overland from Moscow to Archangel, and thence by sea to England.

It was not until Peter the Great gave the impetus by the force of his tremendous energy and will that Russia commenced any development upon European lines. Starting, therefore, some centuries behind the rest of the civilized world, it is not surprising that such development among so vast and so widely dispersed a people should be behind that of the Western world, and that the Oriental flavor it received both from the Tartar subjection and from its propinquity to the Orient should be still apparent.

Much that has been written with regard to Russian institutions conveys conceptions so unjust that the writer deems no apology necessary for the correction of such false impressions. Thus, as regards the penal system of Russia, individual instances of the abuse of

power have been cited as the rule, while they are in fact rare exceptions.

There is nothing cruel either in the national character or in that of the average Russian official. The latter, it is true, has frequently received military training, and pursues the course of his duty toward the individual entrusted to his charge with that rigid exactitude which pertains to the army the world over. As to the reputation of the Russian for ferocity and cruelty, nothing could be further from the truth. In no country in the world is there less exhibition of cruelty to child or beast on the part of prince or peasant, and under no aristocratic system is there a more generous consideration for the inferior on the part of the great.

A spirit of paternalism is a natural outcome of the autocratic system, and, as might be expected under a government in which every administrative act receives the individual sanction of the ruler, this paternalism, pervading as it does the entire governmental system, takes an extremely individual form. It is in this paternal spirit that the penal system is conceived and administered. The purpose is not alone to punish the individual for his crime, but by removing him from evil influences to offer to him an opportunity, upon his release, to commence a new life. This was the principle adopted in the penal colonization of Siberia, where, as was the case under the similar system in Australia, in not a few instances it resulted in the criminal becoming a man of substance and prosperity. Under this system, families were not separated if the wife and children desired to follow the father into exile. Whatever may be said against a system of penal colonization, it must be admitted that the principle here was humane.

Accounts have greatly exaggerated the proportion of exiles deported into Siberia for political offenses. It is, however, true that in Russia political conspiracy is regarded as a crime, and

immediately following the despicable assassination of Alexander II., many political arrests were made upon administrative process for the purpose of breaking up the powerful nihilistic organization which that hideous crime brought to light, with all its intricate ramifications. These arrests by administrative process were made under military law, such as other states beside Russia have found expedient under certain conditions.

It is unreasonable to suppose that the Russian government was actuated by a wanton spirit of cruelty in making these arrests. It is possible that mistakes were made in the process of stamping out the nihilist organization, but it is probable that the imperial government had better evidence of individual complicity than has the foreigner who takes the bare assertion of innocence of the accused in forming his judgment of the Russian government, whose side of the case never has been and probably never will be heard.

As to Russian prisons, the writer, who has carefully and critically inspected every prison in St. Petersburg, can bear testimony to the general excellence of the system, both in principle and in practice. The prisoners are well housed and well fed, especial care being taken as to the quality and preparation of their food. Black bread is regarded as an essential article of diet among all classes, and is to be found on the tables of the rich as of the poor. While it may be bought of any baker, careful housekeepers prefer to obtain it from the bakeries of the barracks or of the prisons.

Every prisoner is given some employment suited to his ability or training, and from the proceeds of the sale of the products of his labor he receives from ten to sixty per cent, depending upon the nature and gravity of his crime. From these earnings he may, if he desires it, receive a part with which to purchase extra comforts or even luxuries; but a certain part must, and all

may, at the prisoner's option, be set aside to provide a fund delivered to him upon his release wherewith to start life anew.

The recent demonstrations on the part of the students of the universities of Kieff, Moscow, and St. Petersburg should not be regarded as having any political significance. The foreign newspapers have given greatly exaggerated accounts of these disturbances. On one occasion an account of a riot in St. Petersburg was published in several of the English papers, with great particularity as to loss of life and the general unsafety of the public streets, when in fact no such disturbance took place at all. How much fear was felt as to any danger to life by being upon the streets during these riots may be inferred from the fact that upon the day when the students had threatened a demonstration the Nevsky Prospect was thronged to a degree rarely witnessed by an expectant crowd of holiday makers who had come out to see the fun.

That there is considerable dissatisfaction among the students of the universities is not to be denied, but their wishes and purpose appear to be vague and inconsequent. They appear to be bitterly incensed against the police authorities on account of the steps taken by them to repress their disorders.

As regards the University of St. Petersburg, the trouble seems to have sprung out of certain unpopular internal regulations, in the enforcement of which the authorities of the university appealed to the police for assistance, and in enforcing authority against riotous acts mounted Cossacks were permitted to use their riding whips to compel order. The interference of the police in university matters and the use of whips produced among the students a deep feeling of injury, which has ever since been fermenting in their brains, and under an unwonted system of repression has culminated in revolt against the constituted authorities. Similar condi-

tions have existed in the other universities, and no doubt the recent demonstrations occurring simultaneously in St. Petersburg and Moscow were prearranged. There appears to have been no connection between these disturbances and the assassination of the late Minister of Public Instruction, Mr. Bogolepoff, although it is true that the assassin was a former student who had been sent out of the empire on account of his connection with previous disorders, but so far as can be learned the act was the outcome of a personal sense of grievance.

During the recent riots the students had enlisted the sympathies of the unemployed factory workmen among whom they had been agitating for some time, and the presence of this new element among them as a dissatisfied and riotous class caused considerable uneasiness at first, chiefly because it was not known how far the feeling of dissatisfaction might extend, especially in view of the hard times and lack of work.

St. Petersburg is quite accustomed to student riots, and is apt to view them with amused apathy, but revolts of the laboring classes are rare, and the mujik, from which class the factory operatives come, is extremely unmanageable when his temper is aroused. But it soon became apparent that these laborers had no real sympathy with the students and contemplated no general uprising.

The autocratic power of the Emperor is not exercised in a spirit of despotic oppression, but with a just regard to the laws and the rights of his subjects, interfering as supreme over the statutes when they appear to fail in meeting the exigencies of the moment or the equities of the case in point. The judicial system administers the law in a spirit of equity, tending rather to study the rights in each case than to apply a hard and fast interpretation of legal phraseology. And the Russian subject is ever accustomed to look to the sense of equity in his sovereign and his sovereign's servants rather than to the letter of the

law, confident in the paternal regard for the rights and welfare of the subject.

A spirit of paternalism pervades all the relations of the Russian government with its subjects. State aid is applied wherever it is believed that it can ameliorate social conditions, promote progress, or stimulate or foster industry. Protection of home industries by customs duties to the point of prohibition of import is an avowed principle of the present Minister of Finance. Where a high tariff has been found to be inadequate to enforce consumption of home manufactures, as in the case of railway supplies and equipment, prohibition of import, except by special imperial authority, has been resorted to with the result of enormously increasing the cost of railway construction.

This system of fostering industrial enterprises and enforcing internal development, not only by protection against foreign competition within the empire, but by granting to new manufacturing corporations state aid in the way of government contracts and concessions, has resulted in an excess of capacity to produce over that of the country to consume under the existing conditions.

In our own country, where development has been a matter of growth unaided in any special direction although protected from foreign competition, railway construction has preceded industrial expansion. It is a maxim with us that pig iron is the index of commercial prosperity. The reason of this is that the growth and prosperity of our railways, the great consumers of iron and steel, bring demand for every sort of manufactured article, as well as the means for their distribution and of transportation of raw material to the factories. In Russia industrial enterprise has been pushed far in advance of railway development, which is, as compared with the area and population of the country, below that of any European state. Hence the Russian manufacturer lacks the important if not essential factor of ade-

quate railway communication for his well-being.

The extent of Russia's transportation facilities is inadequate to meet the requirements even of her agricultural needs. To this is due the frequent local famines that occur in the country. None of the recent famines in Russia have been universal, nor indeed has there been for many years at least a shortage of food supply in the empire to meet the needs of all of its inhabitants. The difficulty has been to convey to the sufferers in the famine districts the food required to relieve them. Thus while our contribution of grain during the famine of 1892 was gratefully welcomed as a tangible and hearty expression of American friendship, as a matter of fact it was not required as relief for the sufferers, nor indeed did it materially help the situation, — the difficulty being not lack of food in Russia, but lack of means to convey food to the famine districts.

The inducements offered to capital by the government to invest in industrial enterprises have developed excessive investment in this direction, and the lack of experience in manufacturing on the part of investors has led to extravagance in original outlay and in current expenditure, with the inevitable result of stringency of money upon the first appearance of bad times.

With the general financial stringency now affecting all Europe, Russia finds herself in the midst of a severe industrial and financial crisis which is aggravated by the withdrawal of the support of the government from industrial undertakings, enforced by the cost of military operations in China and Manchuria and the protection of her enormous Asiatic frontier, to which must be added a succession of bad harvests in the agricultural districts.

The withdrawal of government support from industrial production left a very large class of newly established works without a market for their output, with the inevitable reflex effect upon

all branches of manufacture and trade. Such a condition of trade and industry must of necessity have an especially severe effect upon a community where not only is transportation inadequate to cheap distribution of small manufactures and such articles as the common people consume, but where the great bulk of the population, large though it may be, are small consumers.

The principal garment of the peasant for nine months of the year is his sheepskin caftan. Under this he sometimes, but not always, wears a colored cotton shirt, and a pair of woolen trousers tucked into felt boots completes his winter costume. In summer he discards his sheepskin, wearing his red or blue cotton shirt outside of his trousers, his legs below the knee being covered with cotton rags bound about with the cords which hold on his birch-bark shoes.

In the construction of his house he does not use manufactured lumber. Such trees as he requires for his log *izba* are plenty and near at hand, and his own axe suffices to hew and fashion them. For the more finished parts of his structure, the village whipsaw and a neighbor's aid supply him with the few planks he requires.

His agricultural implements, except in those districts, happily growing in number, where the enterprise of the great landed proprietors and of the *zemtsvos* has introduced modern methods, are rude and primitive.

As regards his food and drink, the consumption of manufactured articles is limited to flour and meal of local milling, sugar, which is heavily taxed, and *vodka*, the manufacture of which is a government monopoly.

As might be supposed, the cotton and sugar industries are those that have suffered least during the existing depression.

There has resulted from these conditions a general prostration of business and shrinkage in values, augmented by enforced realizations to meet loans,

and by that general distrust common to financial crises.

It is an unfortunate factor in the case that investors in Russia, especially foreign, have become habituated to depend upon government aid in their investments, be it either in the direction of railways or in industrial enterprises. Such aid is unnatural, and must, in the long run, hinder development rather than help it. A guarantee by the government of the bonds of a railway inevitably gives to the government the right to control its policy in its expenditures and consequent development which will naturally tend to ultra conservatism. Moreover, this spirit hinders the exploitation of commercial lines for which the government sees no immediate need from its point of view, but which it is not unlikely might prove remunerative.

Whether the Russian has in him the qualities necessary for successful manufacture remains to be seen. So far the master has not yet learned the essential of economy, nor has the operative acquired the needful skill and industry to produce manufactured articles in competition with the Western world. A high if not prohibitive tariff protects the manufacturer from outside competition, and the government is ever ready to lend its aid to new industries, by imposing increased duties in their support. In the matter of railway supplies and equipment, importation is forbidden except by imperial permission. But it is at least extremely doubtful whether Russia can for a long time to come compete in foreign markets with the rest of the industrial world.

A variety of factors, now at least existing, must for the present materially interfere with, if not prevent, any great export of manufactured articles from Russia. Such is the absence of any industrial operative class. As yet the factory workmen are peasants, who come into the towns during the winter season of agricultural inactivity to seek employment, expecting to return to their com-

munes for tilling and harvesting. It is evident that such labor can never compete with the highly specialized skilled workmen engaged in manufacturing in the West. Of the great number of holidays, averaging nearly one a week beside Sundays, and sometimes occurring several in succession, it is unnecessary more than to make mention as an obvious hindrance to successful manufacture. The Russian workman is lacking in native dexterity with fine tools for obtaining a fine result. The peasant is skillful in the use of his axe and knife in a certain rough fashioning of wood, but the workman has not that respect for fine tools and delicacy of manipulation which is essential in most branches of modern manufacture. But especially the indolence and lack of emulation in the laborer and the want of the commercial instinct in both master and mechanic stand in the way of Russian industrial development.

On the other hand, labor in Russia is cheap and strikes rare. It is improbable that extensive labor organizations could exist in Russia, the entire policy and system of the government being opposed to anything of the sort.

Although the peasant has not yet developed into a highly skilled mechanic, doubtless largely owing to the fact that a distinct operative class has still to be evolved, he nevertheless shows considerable adaptability to labor in the arts. Throughout the long dark winters the peasants occupy themselves with the manufacture of a variety of articles of commerce and especially toys. Many of these are well made, comparing favorably with similar articles of German manufacture. Nor is this home industry confined to articles of wood, though that is the predominant material employed, but the fashioning of horn and even of metal, as well as the cutting of semi-precious stones, is performed with considerable skill.

Peasant life in Russia is interesting and not unpicturesque. The communal

system of land tenure, which pervades the whole of Great Russia, and which was instituted upon the liberation of the serfs, gives to the communes the holdings of land, each member of the commune being allotted a share for his cultivation, the redistribution of the allotments being periodical, but varying in frequency. Each individual is responsible to the Mir or governing body of the commune for his share of the taxes, the commune being accountable to the government for the total tax. This tax, so called, includes also the annual payment for redemption of the land given to the peasants on their liberation. This land is the agricultural land of the commune, in which there is no individual ownership. It adjoins the village where live the peasants, and where only the ownership is individual.

The periodical redistribution of the land prevents that sense of ownership or even of permanent occupancy essential to first-rate cultivation and care of it, rather begetting that apathy and shiftlessness everywhere apparent in the agricultural districts.

In Siberia, where the tenure of land is for the most part individual and permanent, the peasant colonist presents totally different characteristics from those pertaining to him while in European Russia. He is there vastly more energetic, self-reliant, and thrifty, pursuing better methods of cultivation, and with greater industry.

It has frequently been remarked by writers on Russia, and with truth, that the temperament of the peasant or *mujik* is sad. This trait is partly climatic and partly due to environment. Nothing more triste can be imagined than the bitter and enduring cold of the Russian winter, with its illimitable and unbroken expanse of snow covering the face of the country for six months of the year, and over which night sets in early in the afternoon. But on the other hand, the peasant, if sad, is seldom despairing. Suicide is extremely rare, and

hardship and misfortune are accepted philosophically as the visitation of God.

It is a curious circumstance that the Russian people seem to have been given, in the Western world, a reputation for cruelty. Nothing could be further from the fact. No gentler, kindlier, more courteous people exists. The *mujik* chats to his horse as he drives along, calling him by endearing names, and rarely if ever strikes him with the little toy whip he carries, while the love and devotion of parents for their children are extremely touching. Toward each other men and women of all classes are generally courteous and often demonstratively affectionate, men kissing each other on meeting or parting. The noble permits and encourages a degree of familiarity from his servants unknown in the Western world.

The family relations of the rural classes are patriarchal, parents exercising authority over their children even though the latter are parents themselves.

The village usually consists of one long street between the two rows of log houses, which though rarely painted are not without considerable external adornment. In this street the villagers assemble after their labors, during the long summer twilight or the many fête days, to sing or dance to the accompaniment of the *balulika*, a sort of triangular guitar, or to that of the ever present accordion.

The great fêtes when all Russia abandons itself to feasting and rejoicing are "butter week," the week before Lent, and Easter week. During the seven days of the former the orthodox prepare themselves for the long fast by feasting and revelry. Then it is that on every table huge piles of *blini* or griddle cakes are served with melted butter and fresh caviar, which by the way is unknown by that name in Russia, *cavior*, the nearest sound, being a carpet, while what we call caviar is *ikra* in Russian.

During Lent all gayety ceases, the

theatres are closed, and all are occupied with their religious devotions, which end only on Easter morning. The night before, every orthodox church in Russia is filled to its utmost capacity, rich and poor rubbing elbows, while crowds stand outside, many bearing loaves to be blessed by the priests when the rising of Christ is proclaimed by them. Nothing more sublime in the way of church music can be imagined than is that of the service in the great cathedrals during this ceremony. The wonderful bass voices vibrating like the pipes of a great organ, for the music is entirely vocal, unaided by instrumental accompaniment. The climax of the beautiful choral service is reached in the joyful proclamation of the resurrection, which ends it as the great bells ring out the birth of Easter morning. Now in every house tables are spread, and the feasting and merry-making continue throughout the week. The universal salutation is "Christ is risen," accompanied by the kiss of peace. Everywhere the theatres reopen, from those of the imperial court to the balagan of the peasants, where are enacted pseudo-historical dramas of the most naïve description.

The Russian opera is extremely interesting, as well from a dramatic as from a musical point of view. The operas of Glinka and Tchaikowsky are preëminent, but those of Rimsky-Korsakoff and other composers are full of both musical and dramatic interest. The Italian school is the basis of musical construction of most of these operas, but the music itself is wholly Russian, as is the plot. Glinka's beautiful *A Life for the Tsar* is *facile princeps* the favorite with all classes, and is mounted at the Imperial Marie Theatre with all the sumptuousness characteristic of the productions of that wonderful playhouse.

It is in this opera that occurs the most inspiring of all mazurkas, that dance of which so much has been written, but of the grace of which no writer has succeeded in conveying an adequate

impression. It permits of the wildest abandon, it is true, but this is by no means its chief charm. It is a dance which permits of every shade of poetic expression, from the wild energy of the Cossack camp to the refinement of the imperial palace. The mazurka, like the stately polonaise, with which the imperial balls are invariably opened, is an importation from Poland, but unlike the polonaise it is elastic to poetic fancy, and has thrived in the soil of the essentially poetic Russian temperament, and become, if not indigenous, thoroughly assimilated.

The scenes of these operas are laid in Russia, and all include ballets, introducing some of the national dances, of which there are many, ranging from the fantastic contortional dances of the peasants to those of a more dignified and graceful character belonging to the old boyar class.

To the musical digestion trained to endure nothing less than Wagner, perhaps these Russian operas would not recommend themselves; but to persons of lighter mind and fancy who find occasional need of a less substantial pabulum they are delightfully refreshing, and their sweetness is not cloyed with the hackneyed inanities of the librettist of the Italian school. In the place of such dish-water plots, a libretto of real literary merit presents some story of Russian history, or of folk-lore, or of a tale of Pushkin's. Among such are Tchaikowsky's *Pikovoi Dama* (The Queen of Spades) and *Effgene Onegine*. Many minor operas also by less known composers, the plots of which are founded upon national tales and folk-stories, are full of both dramatic and musical interest.

Within the past year has been completed the new People's Theatre, the gift of the Emperor to the people, where are given at prices within the reach of the poor excellent dramatic and operatic works admirably mounted and performed. Here for five cents an

evening of elevating amusement may be enjoyed, preceded, if desired, by a wholesome, well-cooked meal at an equally moderate price. No intoxicants are sold upon the premises. The seats in this theatre are always filled, and every inch of standing room occupied. The building is a large and handsome fireproof structure, designed in excellent taste, and furnished with every comfort and convenience. The good moral effect upon the people is already apparent in a marked decrease in drunkenness and disorder.

In point of stage setting and of costume, the imperial theatres have set so high a standard that the public would tolerate nothing less than excellence.

Twice a week throughout the winter season the Marie Theatre is given over to the production of ballet, usually national, and always of a very high order. Here, while costume and scenic effect have their due place, they do not constitute, as at the great Paris and London ballet theatres, the chief entertainment. The music is of the very best, being that of the great Russian composers, who have thought the theme well worthy of their muse. The dancing itself is such as can be seen nowhere outside of Russia. Here it is still regarded as a fine art, and the ballet, which in other capitals has degenerated into a mere spectacular representation, in St. Petersburg preserves the æsthetic traditions of the old Italian school. From the première danseuse to the hindermost coryphée, all are carefully trained in the imperial school of the ballet from earliest youth, receiving there a most thorough professional education and careful supervision. The result is not alone great individual excellence of performance, but a grace and precision of execution in all concerted dancing which accentuates and explains the music.

The Russians are essentially a dancing people, and it is doubtless due to this national trait that the ballet so tenaciously holds its place. The dances

of the peasants, often grotesque in their abandon, requiring an extraordinary agility in execution, are yet often full of grace and dignity. The beautiful mazurka, still the favorite at balls with all young people, intricate and difficult for foreigners to acquire, is danced by every young officer with an ease and grace rarely seen with us even upon the stage.

The recent production of the trilogy of historical plays written by Alexis Tolstoy, illustrating the rise to power of Boris Godonoff, was unquestionably one of the most remarkable dramatic events in the history of the modern stage. The trilogy comprises *The Death of Ivan the Terrible*, *Feodor Ivanovitch*, and *Tsar Boris* (Godonoff). Their public presentation was interdicted for twenty-five years, and it was only in the winter of 1898 that they were produced upon the public stage. They form a nearly continuous historical sequence, throughout which many of the same characters appear, chief of whom is Boris Godonoff, who, commencing his career in the first act of the first piece as the modest junior in the Council of Boyars, with gradually increasing influence and ambition becomes the favorite of Ivan, who marries his son Feodor, the weak, to Godonoff's sister. On the death of Ivan, Boris, as brother-in-law and chief counselor to the Tsar, is seen to be the moving power in the state, until in the last play he is exhibited at the zenith of his glory as Tsar of Russia.

The admirable literary quality of these plays, which are written in very beautiful blank verse, their essential historical truthfulness, the fine and noble delineation of character and the powerful development of a brilliant series of dramatic situations entitle them to high distinction. It is not therefore surprising that with an excellent stage setting, carefully studied and richly executed costumes and accessories, and above all presented by a company of actors of very great ability, the production

of these three plays should have aroused extraordinary enthusiasm among the theatre-going people throughout Russia.

A dramatic representation, witnessed only by a favored few, was that of the translation of Hamlet into Russian by His Imperial Highness the Grand Duke Constantine Constantinovitch, in which His Imperial Highness himself assumed the title rôle. This was given at the theatre of the Palace of the Hermitage during the winter of 1900-01. The translation itself possesses very high literary merit, and shows a profound acquaintance with Shakespeare. The Grand Duke has devoted many years to the study of Hamlet, as his interpretation of the part gave evidence, and his rendering of the rôle was an extremely finished performance of real artistic merit and force, and remarkably free from hackneyed stage conventionalities, while preserving the best traditions of our stage. The consciousness on the part of the spectator that the rôle of Hamlet was being played by a *de facto* prince of the blood royal, consequently familiar with the interior life of royalty, added a special interest to the representation. This was further increased by the fact of the close relations of the imperial family of Russia with the royal family of Denmark, which gave warrant for the historical accuracy of the costuming and accessories.

Romance and fiction have attributed to St. Petersburg life an exaggerated picturesqueness and brilliancy which hardly exists, at least at the present day. The radiant skating carnivals upon the Neva we read of are, alas, figments of the imagination. The *troika* rides are less swift than imagination paints them. The gypsies who sing in the cafés upon the islands, although captivating to the Russian fancy, do not greatly appeal to the Western taste, which finds their voices nasal and their features unpleasing. It must be admit-

ted, however, that the singing of the gypsies deeply interests a certain Russian element, who linger late into the morning to listen to them.

Winter life in Russia's capital, it is true, is gay, and the court is probably the most brilliant in the world. The sledge, drawn by a pair of long-tailed black or gray Orloff trotters, glides rapidly over the smooth streets ever white with freshly fallen snow, — for it snows a little every day in St. Petersburg, but rarely hard, and blizzards are unknown. But the sledging for pleasure is upon the streets or on the Quay, which, of a sunny afternoon in February, is brilliant, not upon the frozen Neva. Until Lent the pace is fast with dinners, theatre parties, balls and routs, but it is much after the manner of the rest of the world.

It is common to speak of St. Petersburg as a cosmopolitan city, presenting nothing Russian in its appearance, like in fact to any other European capital. This is hardly correct. Cosmopolitan it is, truly, but it resembles in no particular the typical of European cities. Were it not for the dress of the ubiquitous *isvorstehik* and other peasant types there would remain the great *dvors* or markets, the domed and minareted churches of Byzantine architecture, the wide wooden paved streets frequently crossing the many canals, which all give to the Russian capital an individuality quite its own. True, it is not constructed upon the typical Russian plan, the basis of which is the Kremlin, best illustrated in Moscow. This, the ancient capital, for Kieff belongs to a time antedating the history of united Russia, is indeed more typically Russian than St. Petersburg, and here life too partakes of a different and more distinctly national character. It is the centre of the business life, but St. Petersburg must ever represent the thought and the progress of the empire.

Herbert H. D. Pierce.

MEMORIES OF A HOSPITAL MATRON.

IN TWO PARTS. PART TWO.

At the beginning of the war we had no scarcity of provisions, such as they were, and we early became accustomed to rye coffee and sassafras tea. We had always been able to give the "sweet-tater pudding" to the Georgian, made after his mother's fashion, and the biscuit demanded by the North Carolinian, "dark inside and white outside."

But as the war went on, only peas, dried peas, seemed plentiful, and we made them up in every variety of form of which dried peas are capable. In soup they appeared one day; the second day we had cold peas; then they were fried (when we had the grease); baked peas came on the fourth day; and then we began again with the soup. Toward the last we lived on corn meal and sorghum, a very coarse molasses, with a happy interval when a blockade runner brought us dried vegetables for soup from our sympathetic English friends. A pint of corn meal and a gill of sorghum was the daily ration. Each Saturday I managed to get to the Libby Prison or Belle Isle, and many a hungry Confederate gave me his portion of more delicate fare, when such was to be had, to give to the prisoners who might be sick, and were "not used to corn bread." If beans and corn bread were not always wholesome, they certainly made a cheerful diet; and full of fun were the "tea parties," where we drank an infusion of strawberry and raspberry leaves. I never heard any one complain save those greedy fellows the convalescents, who could each have eaten a whole beef. I could only sympathize when they clamored loudly for a change of diet; for what could we do when we had only peas, corn bread, and sorghum! At last convalescing nature could stand it no

longer. I was told that the men had refused to eat peas, and had thrown them over the clean floor, and daubed them on the freshly whitewashed walls of their dining room. The unkindest cut of all was that this little rebellion was headed by a one-armed man who had been long in the hospital, a great sufferer, and in consequence had been pampered with wheaten bread and otherwise "spoiled." Like naughty schoolboys, I found these men throwing my boiled peas at one another, pewter plates and spoons flying about, and the walls and floor covered with the fragments of the offensive vi-and.

"What does this mean?" I asked. "Do you Southern men complain of food which we women eat without repugnance? Are you not ashamed to be so dainty? I suppose you want pies and cakes."

"They are filled with worms!" a rude voice cried. "I do not believe you eat the same."

"Let me taste them," I replied, taking a plate from before a man and eating with his pewter spoon. "This is from the same pea-pot. Indeed, we have but one pot for us all, and I spent hours this morning picking out the worms, which do not injure the taste and are perfectly harmless. It is good, wholesome food."

"Mighty colicky, anyhow," broke in an old man.

The men laughed, but, taking no notice of a fact which all admitted, I said: "Peas are the best fighting food. The government gives it to us on principle. There were McClellan's men, eating good beef, canned fruits and vegetables, trying for seven days to get to Richmond, and we, on dried peas, kept them back.

I shall always believe that had we eaten his beef, and they our peas, the result would have been different."

This was received with roars of laughter. The men, now in good humor, ate the peas which remained, washed the floor and cleaned the walls. Such is the variable temper of the soldier, eager to resent real or imaginary wrongs, yet quick to return to good humor and fun. But the spoiled one-armed man had "General Lee's socks" put on him, and went to his regiment the next day.

This discipline of General Lee's socks was an "institution" peculiar to our hospital. Mrs. Lee, it is well known, spent most of her time in making gloves and socks for the soldiers. She also gave me, at one time, several pairs of General Lee's old socks, so darned that we saw they had been well worn by our hero. We kept these socks to apply to the feet of those laggard "old soldiers" who were suspected of preferring the "luxury" of hospital life to the activity of the field. And such was the effect of the application of these warlike socks that even a threat of it had the result of sending a man to his regiment who had lingered months in inactivity. It came to be a standing joke in the hospital, infinitely enjoyed by the men. If a poor wretch was out of his bed over a week, he would be threatened with General Lee's socks: and through this means some most obstinate cases were cured. Four of the most determined rheumatic patients, who had resisted scarifying of the limbs, and, what was worse, the smallest and thinnest of diets, were sent to their regiments, and did good service afterwards. With these men the socks had to be left on several hours, amidst shouts of laughter from the "assistants;" showing that though men may withstand pain and starvation, they succumb directly to ridicule.

After the "beans riot" came the "bread riot." Every one who has known hospital life, in Confederate times es-

pecially, will remember how the steward, the man who holds the provisions, is held responsible for every shortcoming, by both surgeons and matrons as well as by the men. Whether he has money or not, he must give plenty to eat; and there exists between the steward and the convalescents, those hungry fellows long starved in camp, and now recovering from fever or wounds, a deadly antagonism, constantly breaking out into "overt acts." The steward is to them a "cheat," — the man who withholds from them the rations given out by the government. He must have the meat, though the quartermaster may not furnish it, and it is his fault alone when the bread rations are short. Our steward, a meek little man, was no exception to this rule. Pale with fright, he came one day to say that the convalescents had stormed the bakery, taken out the half-cooked bread and scattered it about the yard, beaten the baker, and threatened to hang the steward. Always eager to save the men from punishment, yet recognizing that discipline must be preserved, I hurried to the scene of war, to throw myself into the breach before the surgeon should arrive with the guard to arrest the offenders. Here I found the new bakery — a "shanty" made of plank, which had been secured at great trouble — leveled to the ground, and two hundred excited men clamoring for the bread which they declared the steward withheld from them from meanness, or stole from them for his own benefit.

"And what do you say of the matron?" I asked, rushing into their midst. "Do you think that she, through whose hands the bread must pass, is a party to the theft? Do you accuse me, who have nursed you through months of illness, making you chicken soup when we had not seen chicken for a year, forcing an old breastbone to do duty for months for those unreasonable fellows who wanted to see the chicken, — me, who gave you a greater variety in peas than was ever

known before, and who latterly stewed your rats when the cook refused to touch them? And this is your gratitude! You tear down my bakehouse, beat my baker, and want to hang my steward! Here, guard, take four of these men to the guardhouse. You all know if the head surgeon were here forty of you would go."

To my surprise, the angry men of the moment before laughed and cheered, and there ensued a struggle as to who should go to the guardhouse. A few days after there came to me a "committee" of two sheepish-looking fellows, to ask my acceptance of a ring. Each of the poor men had subscribed something from his pittance, and their old enemy the steward had been sent to town to make the purchase. Accompanying the ring was a bit of dirty paper, on which was written: —

FOR OUR CHIEF MATRON

In honor of her Brave Conduct on the day of

THE BREAD RIOT

It was the ugliest little ring ever seen, but it was as "pure gold" as were the hearts which sent it, and it shall go down to posterity in my family, in memory of the brave men who led the bread riot, and who suffered themselves to be conquered by a hospital matron.

What generous devotion was seen on all sides! What unanimity of feeling! What noble sacrifice! I have known a little boy of six or eight years walk three miles to bring me one lemon which had come to him through the blockade, or one roll of wheat bread which he knew would be relished by a sick soldier. In passing through town to go to meet exchanged prisoners, my ambulance would be hailed from every door, and the diners just served for a hungry family brought out to feed the returned men. They would all say, with General Joseph Anderson, when I prayed them to retain a part of their dinner, "We can eat dry bread to-day." As I recall those scenes

my heart breaks again. I must leave my pen, and walk about to compose myself and wipe the tears from my eyes. I see the steamer arrive, with its load of dirty, ragged men, half dead with illness and starvation. I hear the feeble shout they raise, as they reply to the assembled crowd in waiting. The faint wail of Dixie's Land comes to my ears. Men weep, and women stretch their arms toward the ship. A line is formed, and the tottering men come down the gangway to be received in the arms of family and friends. Many kiss the ground as they reach it, and some kiss it and die! Food and drink are given; doctors are in attendance; the best carriages in Richmond await these returned heroes; the stretchers receive those who have come home to die. And these soldiers, in this wretched plight, are returned to us from "a land flowing with milk and honey," — from those who so lately were our brothers, — a land where there are brave men and tender women!

I can never forget a poor fellow from whose feet and legs, covered with scurvy sores, I was three weeks taking out with pincers the bits of stocking which had grown into the flesh during eighteen months' imprisonment. Every day I would try to dispose his heart to forgiveness; every morning ask, "Do you forgive your enemies?" — when he would turn his face to the wall and cry, "But they did me so bad!" Vainly I reminded him, "Our Lord was crucified, yet He forgave his enemies," and that unless he forgave he would not be forgiven. Only the last day of his life did he yield, and with his last breath murmur: "Lord, I forgive them! Lord, forgive me!"

One day, while at Camp Winder, there was brought into the hospital a fine-looking young Irishman, covered with blood, and appearing to be in a dying condition. He was of a Savannah regiment, and the comrades who were detailed to bring him to us stated that in passing Lynchburg they had descended at the station, and

hurrying to regain the train, this man had jumped from the ground to the platform. Almost instantly he began to vomit blood. It was plain he had ruptured a blood vessel, and they had feared he would not live to get to a hospital. Tenderly he was lifted from the litter, and every effort made to stanch the bleeding. We were not allowed to wash or dress him, speak, or make the slightest noise to disturb him. As I pressed a handkerchief upon his lips he opened his eyes, and fixed them upon me with an eagerness which showed me he wished to say something. By this time we had become quick to interpret the looks and motions of the poor fellows committed to our hands. Dropping upon my knees, I made the sign of the cross. I saw the answer in his eyes. He was a Catholic, and wanted a priest to prepare him for death. Softly and distinctly I promised to send for a priest, should death be imminent, and reminded him that upon his obedience to the orders to be quiet, and not agitate mind or body, depended his life and his hope of speaking when the priest should appear. With childlike submission he closed his eyes, and lay so still that we had to touch his pulse from time to time to be assured that he lived. With the morning the bleeding ceased, and he was able to swallow medicine and nourishment, and in another day he was allowed to say a few words. Soon he asked for the ragged jacket which, according to rule, had been placed under his pillow, and took from the lining a silver watch, and then a one-hundred-dollar United States bank note greeted our eyes. It must have been worth one thousand dollars in Confederate money, and that a poor soldier should own so much at this crisis of our fate was indeed a marvel.

I took charge of his treasures till he could tell us his history and say what should be done with them when death, which was inevitable, came to him. It was evident that he had fallen into a

rapid decline, though relieved from the fear of immediate death. Fever and cough and those terrible night sweats soon reduced this stalwart form to emaciation. Patient and uncomplaining, he had but one anxiety, and this was for the fate of the treasures he had guarded through three long years, in battle and in bivouac, in hunger and thirst and nakedness. He was with his regiment at Bull Run, and after the battle, seeing a wounded Federal leaning against a tree and apparently dying, he went to him, and found he belonged to a New York regiment, and that he was an Irishman. Supporting the dying man and praying beside him, he received his last words, and with them his watch and a one-hundred-dollar bank note which he desired should be given to his sister. Our Irishman readily promised she should have this inheritance when the war ended, and at the earliest opportunity sewed the money in the lining of his jacket and hid away the watch, keeping them safely through every change and amidst every temptation which beset the poor soldier in those trying times. He was sure that he would "some day" get to New York, and be able to restore these things to the rightful owner. Even at this late day he held the same belief, and could not be persuaded that the money was a "fortune of war;" that he had a right to spend it for his own comfort, or to will it to whom he would; that even were the war over, and he in New York, it would be impossible to find the owner with so vague a clue as he possessed.

"And did you go barefoot and ragged and hungry all these three years," asked the surgeon, "with this money in your pocket? Why, you might have sold it and been a rich man, and have done a world of good."

"Sure, doctor, it was not mine to give," was the simple answer of the dying man. "If it please Almighty God, when the war is over, I thought to go to New York and advertise in the papers

for Bridget O'Reilly, and give it into her own hand."

"But," I urged, "there must be hundreds of that name in the great city of New York. How would you decide should dishonest ones come to claim this money?"

"Sure I would have it called by the priest out from God's holy altar," he replied, after a moment's thought.

It was hard to destroy in the honest fellow the faith that was in him. With the priest who came to see him he argued after the same fashion, and, as his death approached, we had to get the good bishop to settle this matter of "conscience money." The authority of so high a functionary prevailed, and the dying man was induced to believe he had a right to dispose of this little fortune. The watch he wished to send to an Irishman in Savannah who had been a friend, a brother to him, for he had come with him from the "old country." As for the money, he had heard that the little orphans of Savannah had had no milk for two long years. He would like "all that money to be spent in milk for them." A lady who went to Georgia the day after we buried him took the watch and the money, and promised to see carried out the last will and testament of this honest heart.

But space would fail me to tell of all. There were those noble Israelites of Savannah and of Carolina, who fought so bravely and endured pain so patiently, and were so gentle and grateful when placed with their own people, that generous family of Myers, whose hearts and purses were open to us all. And my poor, ugly smallpox men! How could I fail to mention you, in whose sufferings was no "glory,"—whose malady was so disgusting and so contagious as to shut you out from companionship and sympathy! We had about twenty of these patients in tents a mile away, near Hollywood Cemetery, where they could well meditate amidst the tombs. Often

in the night I would wake, thinking I heard their groans. Lantern in hand, and carrying a basket of something nice to eat, and a cooling salve for the blinded eyes and the sore and bleeding faces, I would betake me to the tents, to hear the grateful welcome, "We knew you would come to-night!" "Can I have a drop of milk or wine?" A few encouraging words and a little prayer soon soothed them to sleep. These were my favorites, except some men with old wounds that never would heal, and our "pet" whom we rescued from the deadhouse.

In war as in life it is not always December; it is sometimes May. Even in hospitals, as I have shown, there are often droll scenes and cheerful laughter. One day a young Carolinian was brought in, wounded in the tongue. A ball had taken it half off, and a bit of the offending member hung most inconveniently out of his mouth, and prevented his eating and speaking, obliging him to be fed through a tube. In vain he made signs to the doctor, and wrote on a slate that they must cut off this piece of tongue. The surgeons refused, fearing the incision of the small blood vessels would be fatal. One day, when he was left alone with the faithful servant who had been with him in every danger, he obliged this man to perform the operation. After doing it, the poor negro was so frightened he ran to us, exclaiming: "I done cut Marse Charlie's tongue off! Come quick!" Fortunately, he had but a very dull pocket knife, and so the blood vessels filled as he cut, and there was little or no harm done. "Marse Charlie" got well, and went to fight again. I forget if he could talk understandingly.

In the intervals of nursing and cooking we wove straw for our bonnets, and dyed it with walnut hulls, and made gloves from brown linen and ratskins. From old pantaloons we got our boot tops, which were laced with twine and soled by some soldier. Woolens and cottons were woven in the country, and

we cut the gowns with less regard to form than to economy. After General McClellan's retreat from the peninsula, we had quantities of captured kitchen furniture, which was divided amongst the hospitals. I went to town to get my share. A mirror hung in the shop, high over the door. Glancing up, I saw in it a strange-looking woman, in an ill-hung gown of no particular color, a great cape of the same, and a big blue apron, while her head was surmounted by a shapeless hat of brown straw. "Do I look like that?" I asked, surprised. The much-amused man replied that I certainly did.

As the "lines" drew in closer and closer, the men nurses (convalescents) were taken to the field, and our servants, many of them, ran away. Then came our daughters and the young ladies of the city to assist us. The dainty belles of Richmond, amongst them General Lee's own daughters, would be seen staggering under a tray of eatables for a ward of forty patients, which food they would be enjoined to make go as far as possible. Miss Jeannie Ritchie had a wonderful knack at making a little go a great way, often satisfying her men and having something to spare to the others who had not enough to go round. I have seen three or four of these belles drag from an ambulance a wounded man fresh from the lines at Petersburg, washing and dressing him with their dainty fingers.

It is wonderful how we slept, those last two years in the beleaguered city, with guns booming night as well as day, and the whistle from the railway giving signal continually of a load of wounded from the lines.

Yet these guns seemed less near and less fatal than those at Charleston, where I went during the siege of that city, on my way to Georgia to beg for our hospital. We were in need of everything, — sheets for the beds, shirts for the men. We had not a rag with which to dress wounds, and even paper for spreading poultices and plasters was difficult to

obtain. I had transportation with the soldiers, and traveled with them in box cars, sleeping on the floor, covered with a big shawl, with a little carpet bag for a pillow. When we stopped to change cars, I lay down with the men on the platform of the station, and slept as soundly as they did, always meeting with kindness and offers of service. Sometimes my transportation got me a provision train loaded with grain, where I slept comfortably on the bags of corn, and so reached Augusta. The Messrs. Jackson, who had fine cotton mills, generously gave me sheetings and shirtings in abundance, with a piece of fine shirting for General Lee, one for General Cooper, and a third for the ladies of our hospital. Everywhere were the same generosity and hospitality. The dweller in the poorest cottage would give something "for the soldiers," — a package of precious rags, a bunch of herbs for teas, — things which would be of little value in time of peace, but were now priceless. At Macon the priest and his sister came to the station and took me to their house; and from kind Mr. and Mrs. Gilmartin, of Savannah, it was difficult to get away. I came home laden with spoils.

Stopping in Charleston, I went to see my friends the Sisters of Mercy, who had now enough to do in their own city. One of these, full of courage, proposed to show me the beautiful houses on the Battery, which were fast being torn to pieces by the shells of the enemy. There had been an intermission in the firing that day, and the Sister was sure we would have time to see everything and get back before the guns recommenced. While we were mourning over these ruined homes, the seats of renowned hospitality, and whose roses were clinging to the falling walls, we heard a whizzing above our heads, and down we went to the bottom of the carriage, and down went the latter into a cellar, to shelter us from the danger to which our curiosity had exposed us. On my return to Richmond I joined Colonel

Tabb's Virginia regiment, and was with them when they had a fight for the possession of a bridge over Nottoway Creek, near Petersburg. The charming young colonel recommended me to leave the train, and go into one of the houses near. Here was a scene of fear and dismay. Women were hurrying with their beds and furniture to a hiding place in the woods, weeping, and shouting to one another, sure the Yankees would be upon them immediately to burn and rifle their houses. Happily for them and for us all, our people drove the enemy away, and with one wounded man and one prisoner we reached Richmond without further delay.

Amongst the sad events of 1864 was the death of General J. E. B. Stuart, who was wounded mortally in one of the raids around Richmond. We hurried to town to see once more this *preux chevalier*. President Davis knelt at his bedside, and life was flowing fast away. Of all the military funerals I have seen, this was the most solemn. As we walked behind the bier which carried this hero of the Song and Sword, who, like Körner,

"Fought the fight all day,
And sung its song all night,"

the stillness was broken only by the

"distant and random gun,
That the foe was sullenly firing."

Every one recalled the lines:—

"Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, we raised not a stone,
But we left him alone with his glory."

Eleven months later came "that day of woe, that awful day," which saw the evacuation of Richmond. All day and night streamed forth the people who could get away. Every carriage, wagon, cart, every horse, was in demand, and sad-faced people on foot, with little bundles, thronged the one outlet left open from the ill-fated city. By night it was deserted: only a few old men, with women and children, remained, and the swarm of negroes awaiting the triumphal entry

of their Northern brethren, whom we knew to be the advance of the army of occupation. The next morning dawned on a scene truly demoniacal. Fire seemed to blaze in every quarter, and there was no one to combat it. Our people had set fire to the Tredegar Works before leaving, in order to deprive the enemy of them. My brother-in-law had gone with the President, and my sister, in her terror, prayed me to come into town to protect her when the enemy should enter. I set out from the hospital on foot, taking along a big South Carolina soldier named Sandy, who was full of fight and strength, to pilot me through the perilous way. Between us and the city lay the penitentiary in flames, and from out of the building poured a hideous throng, laden with booty, and adding to the general uproar by their shouts. We hid behind a wall till they passed, when next was encountered a hearse drawn by two negroes, from out of which streamed ends of silk and calico and cotton stolen from some shop. Farther on came another hearse, from behind which oozed upon the ground tea and coffee and sugar, ill secured in the hasty flight of the thieves. On every side of us were falling walls and beams from the burning houses, and with every explosion from the factories of arms the earth would tremble, as it seemed, and the shock would sometimes throw us to the ground. We were long making our way to the pandemonium which awaited us in the town. Here tottered a church steeple; there a friend's house was on fire, and women and children were trying to save the household goods which the negroes were appropriating to themselves. We met some women who told us that the railway station was on fire, filled with wounded men from Petersburg. Happily, the men had been withdrawn by the ever helpful women. But here was a sight! The street ran flames of burning spirits, which had been emptied from the stock of the medical director in or-

der to prevent their being used by the incoming soldiery. On the roof of my sister's house wet blankets were laid by her servants; and a few doors below was Mrs. Lee, infirm, unable to walk, yet in danger from the falling of a burning church and the houses across the way. My cousin Mrs. Rhett and I proposed to make our way to the commandant and ask for means to meet this danger. The fire raged furiously between us and the Capitol, the "headquarters," and we made a long detour through Broad Street to reach it. Here we encountered the regiment of negro cavalry which came in the advance. Along the sidewalk were ranged our negroes, shouting and bidding welcome, to which the others replied, waving their drawn sabres, "We have come to set you free!" My little nephew, who held my hand, trembled, but not with fear. He kept repeating, "I must kill them, I must strike them." "Be still, or you will be killed," was all I could say. It was not that we were afraid of our own people. The Southern negro never forgot the love and respect he had for his master. There is not one record against their true, warm hearts. Yet what might we not have encountered but for the prompt and kind care of the officers in command! In a few hours sentinels were at every corner; the thieves were compelled to yield up their ill-gotten gains, and every instance of insult to ladies was summarily punished.

Coming into the presence of General Weitzel, we hastily explained our errand. "Mrs. Lee in danger!" he cried. "The mother of Fitz Lee, — she who nursed me so tenderly when I was ill at West Point? What can I do for her?" We explained that it was as well for her as for the other Mrs. Lee that we claimed his aid. In an instant he wrote upon his knee an order for the ambulances we needed; and at the head of five of these conveyances we led the way through the fire and smoke, our

sleeves singed and our faces begrimed with soot and dirt. We posted an ambulance at every door where there were sick and infirm, and little children; and when I reached my sister's with the last one, my driver had unaccountably become so drunk that I could hardly hold him upon his seat. At the door were my sister's little girls, each with her bundle of most precious things to be saved. In vain would I "back up" to the pavement; my man would jerk the horse, and off we would go into the middle of the street, where he would hiccough: "Come along, Virginia aristocracy! I won't hurt you!" An officer galloping by, seeing my dilemma, stopped, seized the horse's head, backed him, and gave the driver a good whack with his sheathed sword, which sobered him for a moment. We loaded up, and moved off to the lovely house of Mrs. Rutherford, which, with its fine furniture, lay open and deserted. Here we took refuge, and leaving our driver without an encircling arm, I am persuaded he went under the horse's heels before long.

There came in with the first division Dr. Alexander Mott, of New York, as chief of the medical department. I had known him from his boyhood, and his wife was our friend and connection. He sought me out, and begged me to go instantly to our officers' hospital, left vacant by the Sisters of Charity, into which he must put his sick and wounded, and for whom he had no nurses. He could not provide nurses until the way was well opened with the North. I was glad to do this, especially as there were many of our officers yet remaining, who had been recommended to my care by the Sisters, and the few men who were still at Camp Winder could well be cared for by others.

I had naturally many *contretemps* in this my new hospital, though the surgeons in charge knew that I was nursing their people for sweet charity's sake, and not for their "filthy lucre." They first laid hands on the furniture of my

room, which I had removed from Camp Winder, and which had been given me by friends to make me comfortable. I assured them it was private property, yet they contended it could be "confiscated" for their use. Fortunately, Dr. Simmons, a surgeon of the "old army," was now medical director, and, knowing him to have been a friend of General Lee and General Chilton, I went to him with my report of the matter. He roundly declared there should be no "stealing" in his department: so next day my bed and wardrobe came back, with many apologies. We had been afraid that these surgeons would put their "colored brethren" in the same ward with our officers, but the latter were spared this humiliation. Apropos of the colored soldiers, one day the doctor in charge of these wards came to tell me he had great difficulty in managing some of them. They were homesick, would not eat or be washed and dressed.

"Perhaps they are Southern negroes," I said, "and accustomed to the gentle hand of a mistress. I will see."

And so it proved. As I went from bed to bed, I asked, "Where did you come from, uncle?" "I come out der family ob de great Baptis' preacher Mr. Broadus, in Kentuck," said one. "I ain't used to no nigger waitin' on me when I 'se sick. My ole missis always 'tend me, an' gib me de bes' ob brandy toddy wid white sugar an' nutmeg in it." When I could say I knew his illustrious family, I was admitted to the privilege of washing his old black face, cleaning his fevered mouth, and putting on his clean shirt, and he drank eagerly the toddy made like that of "ole mis'." And so with them all. They did not "want to fight" and be killed; all they wanted was to be "carried back to Ole Kentuck."

These were the days which tried women's souls. Not one of our friends came to see us whose pocket was not examined by the sentinel at the gate, to

see if I had given her a bit of bread or a few beans for the starving people outside. I had to make a compact with my surgeons to draw my ration of meat and give it away if I pleased: and it was thus I obtained for Mrs. Lee her first beefsteak. After General Lee came in from "the surrender," he might have had the rations of half the Northern soldiers, had he been willing to receive them. I have seen an Irishman who had served under him in Mexico stand at his door with a cheese and a can of preserves, praying him to accept them. General Lee thanked him, and sent the things to the sick in the hospital. As soon as provisions could be brought in, rations were distributed to the inhabitants. It was not infrequent to see a fine lady, in silk and lace, receiving timidly, at the hands of a dirty negro, the ration of fat pork and meal or flour which her necessity obliged her to seek. Fortunately, many people had hidden under the cellar floor rice and beans, upon which they lived till the better days came. These came on the first steamer, heralded by Mr. Corcoran from Washington, who, with his pockets filled with ten and five dollar notes, placed one in every empty hand, and soothed every proud heart with words of sympathy. There came also Mr. Garmandier, of Baltimore, with wine and brandy and whiskey for the old and feeble, distributing them from house to house.

I must not fail to relate my visit to the Libby Prison and its changed inmates. Upon what pretext these men were crowded into the Libby I cannot conceive, since they were paroled prisoners, who expected to be sent to their homes by the terms of the surrender. Hearing that this prison was filled with men to whom no rations were distributed, I went there, to find the house besieged by women seeking their missing friends, weeping and crying out: "John, are you there?" "Oh, somebody tell me if my husband is in there!" and again, "Let down your tin cup, and I'll send you up something

in it!" With difficulty I entered, and with greater difficulty moved about. The very staircases were crowded with men, packed like herrings in a box; they could neither lie down nor sit down. I was able to satisfy the women and send them away. The sentinel at the door was very civil. He said the men could not be fed without bread, none having come. He was sure they would soon be released, etc. Alas, the cruelties of war, and its abuses!

When I applied to the commandant, General Gibbon, for a pass to go to the North, I was asked if I had taken "the oath." "No," I replied, "and I never will! Suppose your wife should swear fealty to another man because you had lost everything? You would expect her to be more faithful because of your misfortunes." "She has you there, general," said a young aide-de-camp. "Let me give her the pass." And he did so.

My first visit was naturally to our old home, near Alexandria, and here I found several of the neighbors trying, like myself, to trace the once familiar road. Trees gone, fences burned, houses torn down, the face of the whole country was changed. From the débris of the ruined houses the freedmen had built themselves huts, in which they swarmed. In vain I tried to buy out those who sought refuge in our ruins. The offer to send them to Boston was received with scorn. They had no notion of leaving "Ole Virginny." My next visit was to see the man whom we all delighted to honor, — now more than ever, as he was suffering imprisonment and wrong for our sakes. I went to Old Point, made my way into his presence, and spent a day in talking with him and Mrs. Davis of the sad past, the sadder present, and that future which looked saddest of all.

I could not stay long in the North, though it contained the dearest object of my affections, the only child of my only brother. Lost without my accustomed employment, I asked myself what

remained for me to do in the world. The work was at hand, as I found. Soon I was occupied in Baltimore, in taking food and clothing to the sufferers on the Rappahannock. Mr. John S. Gittings gave me transportation on his steamers to Fredericksburg and back, and every week I had boxes and barrels to distribute along the river, collected by the generous Baltimoreans; while Miss Harper, Major Mathias, and others made me welcome to their houses and to their stores. From the highest to the lowest, the hearts of the people were open to us. In a grocer's shop, one day, I was telling a lady I knew of an Episcopal clergyman and his wife who had been two years without flour. "I'll give you a barrel for them," said the kind grocer, and I had the pleasure of delivering it the next day. One Sunday, in Fredericksburg, I asked the lady with whom I was staying why she did not go to church. She glanced down at her feet, and I perceived she had no shoes, — only bits of black woolen made in the shape of shoes. Next time I brought a good load of shoes for distribution amongst the ladies and gentlemen living in the ruined cellars of their once fine houses.

In the intervals between these trips, and when I paused with my family, then living in Tappahannock, we commenced to collect the Confederate poems of the war, with which to make a volume. The poems which we had preserved from patriotic feeling must now be made to bring aid to the helpless orphans of the Confederacy. Many of the children I had promised to look after when the war should be over, and some of them had been confided to me by dying parents. Money must be had for this purpose. Murphy, of Baltimore, agreed to publish this book, providing it be made ready and sold while men's minds were busy with our fate. Done! The first edition went off in three months, and a new edition was called for. The first payment, one thousand dollars, en-

abled me to dispose of half of my "daughters." Schools were kind, friends helped me to clothe my girls, I had free travel on every Southern road, and Mr. Robert Garrett gave transportation for ten to go to St. Louis. These the Southern Relief Association took from me, educated and clothed them, and returned them to their homes, — those who had homes! Miss Harper's house was the rendezvous in Baltimore. Friends far and near would adopt a girl for me. My old friend Miss Chew, of New London, Connecticut, and her niece Miss Lewis, each took a "daughter," and many boxes of clothing came from these and other charitable persons at the North. Here I must relate that the first money which I received for these girls came from that admirable and charming woman Mrs. Hamilton Fish, whom I had known in Washington when Governor Fish was in Congress. Hearing of my undertaking, she bade me Godspeed and sent me twenty dollars. During the war we had had a most interesting correspondence. I forget from which of us the proposal first came: that she should send to the Federal sick and wounded prisoners the medicines, clothing, and dainties which we did not have to give them, while I pledged myself to see these things distributed according to her instructions; and she, in turn, was to give to our prisoners what we could spare from our necessities. Unreasonably, as it seemed to us, the Northern government refused to sanction our interchange of charity, greatly to the distress of those in whose hearts I had raised hopes to be disappointed.

Several firms sent me half-worn books and music. I had even a sewing machine given me for the use of these children, and the Adams Express sent them free to the schools at which they were placed. Another thousand dollars from my kind publisher freed me from all embarrassment, paid all my debts for school-

ing and clothing, and my friend Miss Harper inviting me to travel with her in Europe, I gladly left my responsibilities and my memories behind me, and went to another world and another life.

After several years of interesting sojourn in France, Germany, Spain, and Italy, we came home to learn from the pilot who met our ship that General Lee was no more. Full of that love and veneration which we all bore him, I resolved to write his life in a popular form, with Mrs. Lee's approval. Manuscript in hand, I went to see this dear old friend, this heroic wife of our great hero, and with her went over my poor pages; modifying everything which she thought my love had exaggerated, and changing incidents and anecdotes which she thought of doubtful authenticity. When we came to a striking story in which General Lee rebukes the men who are jeering at a clergyman, she paused. "Does that sound like General Lee?" "To take this away will spoil my best chapter," I pleaded. "But you would not put into this book what is not true?" she asked. So I sacrificed my story. What trials of heart and sufferings of body this noble woman bore! Sustained by a faith I have never seen surpassed, and by accomplishments of mind which made her independent of discomforts which would have crushed others, she lived serenely on her own high level. The sale of *The Popular Life of Lee* canceled all the liabilities I had incurred for the education of my "daughters." Of the first comers, many had remained at school only two years, and had gone home to teach, while others took their places. And I am proud and happy to say that, of them all, I do not recall an instance of one who has not done honor to her people, and who has not profited by the opportunity afforded her to advance the interests of her family and make herself a useful member of society.

Emily V. Mason.

(The end.)

LIMITATIONS TO THE PRODUCTION OF SKYSCRAPERS.

THE development of the American city, it may safely be assumed, will be governed by economic rather than by artistic considerations. The few attempts to regulate or to encourage its growth by municipal ordinance have simmered down to an occasional and unusually ineffectual law regulating the height of office buildings, and to the appointment of "art commissions" and "supervising architects" whose powers are chiefly advisory and limited to the artistic inspection of municipal public works. Any such rigid supervision of urban growth, with an eye to the maintenance of a general architectural coherence, as is the rule in several European cities, is apparently a phase of municipal authority entirely foreign to the genius of the American system. American utilitarianism, indeed, has perhaps reached its profoundest expression in the wild and unkempt luxuriance with which our great metropolitan city, New York, has been permitted to evolve itself uninterfered with by the culturing hand of the mere artist. The real estate operator and the speculative builder have been its architectural mentors; the necessity of deriving the maximum rental income at the minimum expense has been the only inspiration or responsibility they have known. This is especially the case in the production of the modern American office building, as instanced in the recent large undertakings of the kind in New York. In the skyscraper's early days, there were slight attempts made to introduce "art" into its construction. This usually took the shape of more or less patent attempts to conceal the height by elongating the windows, by the introduction of balconies and other ornamental designs at various intervals, and by highly elaborate bases and capitals, the latter frequently terminating in towers, Mansard roofs,

and the like. The general recognition of the fact that the artistic shortcomings of the skyscraper centred in the general design rather than in its execution, as well as the additional expense, have resulted in the almost total abandonment of these ineffectual struggles for architectural effect. It was found, among other things, that highly carved balconies at the eighteenth and twentieth stories were not additional attractions to tenants; and that Mansard roofs paid no rent. The skyscraper, in its latest manifestation, therefore, consists of a succession of prosaic stories, one upon another, the whole rising sheer from earth heavenward, its monotony unrelieved by the slightest ornamentation. The largest office building in the world, the Broad Exchange, at the southeast corner of Broad Street and Exchange Place, New York, rising to a height of twenty stories, and occupying 27,000 square feet of ground space, is the final word in what may be called the modern economic system of office construction. The building was erected by a syndicate of operators as a speculative enterprise, and represents invested capital of not far from \$7,500,000. Of that \$7,500,000 hardly a dollar has been spent in non-productive ornamentation; the whole operation has been conducted with an eye single to rental income.

All these, of course, are lamentable facts. The situation is especially unfortunate in that the largest of our American cities are still, to a great extent, virgin soil; that is to say, they are undergoing a process of rebuilding, are shaking off the old wornout crust and taking upon themselves a new garb. The invention of the modern elevator and the development of the modern system of steel construction have worked such a revolution in land values that the re-improvement of the property becomes

an economic necessity. New York city, for example, even in its most thickly settled parts, is practically vacant land; its old office buildings are demolished to make room for large structures upon which a living income can be figured out, its old private houses are removed and replaced with six story flats, its flats in their turn are razed to furnish building sites for modern apartment houses and hotels. It thus happens that the building and architectural future of New York is all before it; and the question therefore rises concerning the use which this and other American cities with similar conditions are to make of their opportunities; whether, especially in their business sections, they are to become architectural blots, or whether there is any chance of their development along more pleasing lines. The public is so frequently entertained with forecasts of our great American cities twenty-five and fifty years hence, reconstructed with rows of twenty-five and thirty story buildings, with yawning apertures between that do service as streets, that it now almost regards some such outcome as inevitable, and, indeed, has become quite reconciled to the fact. The critical mind, disposed to make the best of a bad situation, has even detected in the skyscraper virtues unseen before; if it did not suggest beauty, it at least suggested strength and massiveness; it was something new, American, a physical expression of the modern spirit. That the tall office building is a permanent feature of modern urban development is evident enough; but the point absolutely overlooked is that this development has its great limitations, that these limitations, at least in New York city, have been nearly reached already, and that the number of new enterprises of the kind, instead of constantly increasing, is almost certain to decrease. It is a mistake to assume hastily that the whole of New York city is to be built up in this way; that the length of Broadway, for exam-

ple, is to be lined with twenty-five story buildings; that smaller structures of more ornate design are forever barred. As a matter of fact, our huge modern buildings have made absolutely essential the construction of smaller structures; it is the gaunt skyscraper itself which makes inevitable the dedication of a considerable part of the city to a radically different growth.

The revolution in land values caused by the introduction of modern methods of construction has already been referred to. As a matter of fact, this change has introduced elements into the determination of values to which the economists have hardly given a thought. One of these might appropriately be called the capitalization of the air. It was not until the advent of the skyscraper that light and air had a distinct market value; that land unbuilt upon, and that in the nature of the case could not be built upon, became as valuable as land available for improvement. In a word, the production of tall mercantile and residential buildings has brought forward the great problem of light and air; and it is this consideration which is chiefly to work notable modifications in the development of our modern cities. When office and commercial buildings reached a height of four and five stories the question of supplying them with adequate light and ventilation was not a pressing one; there was, indeed, plenty of both of these foremost gifts of nature. When the height of the same buildings is doubled and quadrupled, however, the situation is materially changed. The public is fairly familiar with the deplorable tenement conditions of our leading American cities, especially of New York, — conditions produced by the rapid increase of the foreign population, combined with its gregarious instincts, which has caused a remarkable rise in land values, and thus necessitated the maximum use of building space and the maximum height of buildings. It is for this reason that we have thousands

of tenement houses in New York built upon ninety per cent of the lot and reaching a height of six and frequently seven stories. The tenement problem is thus largely a matter of inadequate light and ventilation; a difficulty equally present in the construction of tall buildings, though in a much greater degree. Twenty-five and thirty years ago office buildings were usually constructed four and five stories high upon about seventy-five per cent of the lot, which meant that, practically throughout the whole day, the rays of the sun would strike all the windows at a sufficient angle to assure an uninterrupted flow of light. But imagine, for a moment, a row of such buildings replaced by an aggregation after the modern manner, rising twelve, fifteen, and twenty stories high, in their utilization of the available ground space, reaching the full legal limit. It is evident that the period of day during which the offices would be supplied with anything like direct light would be materially reduced. And, in general, it needs no elaborate demonstration to prove the general rule that, the higher such a row of buildings is built, the shorter the period of day during which a fair supply of light will be available. With the exception of an hour perhaps at noon, when the sun is directly overhead, the offices in such an imaginary row of buildings would be almost totally dark. Such a row, naturally, has never been built; but the closely packed conditions in the upper part of Nassau Street, New York, give a faint idea of what it would be like. Here the majority of the offices are artificially lighted the larger part of the day; and here, as a consequence, rents are low, and office buildings have achieved a minimum of success. Legislative attempts to improve the conditions of the tenement houses have chiefly been in the way of increasing the width of air courts, which, at the best, are only a makeshift for securing light and air; but, in a twenty story office building, a shaft sim-

ply supplies insufficient light and air for the top floors. The one demand of the business world, however, such as furnishes the tenants for the great office buildings, is a plentiful amount of light and air; it will not do without it and it is willing to pay liberally for it. The building that does not adequately provide for these two essentials is quickly depopulated; the one that is the greatest financial success is the one that takes the greatest pains to satisfy its patrons in these important points.

It is thus seen at a glance that the rebuilding of the office districts of our great cities exclusively with immense skyscrapers is practically unfeasible. We shall also find that the development of the business sections has been largely influenced by this consideration; and that the many constructional errors now apparent have been made largely because this principle has been ignored. It should be remembered, moreover, that the principles underlying these great enterprises are only beginning to be understood; that the builders and the engineers have been working more or less in the dark; that there have consequently resulted many failures, both from an engineering and a financial standpoint. The writer's personal observations have been chiefly confined to New York, and his illustrations must necessarily be drawn from that city; but the same conditions evidently prevail elsewhere. In New York, the importance of the light and air question is now pretty well understood, though it has been strangely overlooked in several instances; and the result is that large office buildings are attempted only on especially favorable sites, the majority of which have already been taken up. The influence of the Trinity churchyard, in affecting realty valuations, is an interesting case in point. Here is an open green square in the heart of the financial centre, which sentiment and tradition have made consecrated ground; which the very wealthy pro-

prietary corporation refuses to sell at any price; and which, as far as can now be seen, will always remain in its present state. Consequently the office buildings erected on abutting property are assured of a splendid supply of light and air for an indefinite period. It is for this reason that the Empire Building, on the south side of Rector Street, is one of the most successful enterprises in the metropolis; and it is for this reason that the old Trinity Building, at 111 Broadway, is regarded as probably the most available building site in the lower business district. The building activity now centring in the neighborhood of Pine and Nassau streets is another interesting evidence of the commercial value of sunlight. At the southeast corner of Pine and Nassau streets is the sub-Treasury; immediately next to this the Assay office; low structures, each some three stories high, which are evidently there to stay, and which, as long as they remain, assure a plentiful supply of light to surrounding buildings. The influence of these government properties in affecting valuations in the neighborhood would form an interesting study in itself. Many office buildings, however, have been erected upon sites that are not protected in this way, and the efforts made in numerous cases to forestall their ruination have been picturesque and instructive. Many, in a word, have been rushed up with the calm disregard of that fundamental principle of American law which provides that a man's light and air are his own, and that his adjoining neighbor has no right to appropriate them. That is to say, the theory of American law is that the fee to a given plot of soil extends indefinitely into the bowels of the earth, and, likewise, indefinitely into the upper ether. Thus New York city, whenever it builds a bridge, is obliged to spend millions of dollars for the approach, simply because it has no right to build its span above property that it does not own. Likewise no man

building upon the lot line is entitled to obtain light and air by cutting windows overlooking property that he does not own; and likewise no owner of an office building can legally make similar provision for his offices by encroaching upon neighboring property. This is well known and thoroughly adjudicated law, but it is law that has been curiously neglected in recent rebuilding operations in New York. Thus many buildings, occupying the whole of the lot, have been calmly constructed to a height of eighteen and twenty stories, the majority of the offices securing their light from windows cut over adjoining property. As long as the adjoining owner does not object this is well enough, but what the consequences would be should he erect a tall building upon his own lot can be easily imagined. Such a building, of course, would leave most of the offices next door in darkness, and spell little less than ruin to property interests. The inevitable result has been that the owners of large office buildings, unless the location is an exceptional one, are obliged to control a considerable area of adjoining property, in order to forestall improvements that would prove ruinous to their own. The American Surety Company, for example, had erected a twenty story building at the southeast corner of Pine Street and Broadway, splendidly lighted on all four sides, before it occurred to the directors that their light on the south and east might be cut off at any time by the erection of another large skyscraper. The result is that they have been obliged to lease this property themselves for a long period in order to control its development. When the Atlantic Insurance Company built its twenty story structure at the southwest corner of Wall and William streets, it was suggested that the Bank of the State of New York property, at the northeast corner of William and Exchange Place, be included in the site. The latter property indeed was offered for \$600,-

000, but the offer was rejected. The Atlantic Building was hardly up, however, when the Bank of the State of New York filed plans for an immense structure of its own, the site of which included the plot rejected by the insurance company. The erection of this skyscraper would have cut off the southerly light of the Atlantic Building, and the company was therefore only too glad to purchase the property, paying, however, \$1,000,000 for it, or \$400,000 more than the offer of a year before. This \$400,000 represented the penalty paid for its failure to exercise ordinary foresight in protecting its building. There have been plenty of similar instances in the last twelve months, details of which need not be given here. The important point is that now one of the ordinary precautions of skyscraper construction is the acquisition of property adjoining the site whose immediate improvement is aimed at, merely for the purpose of possessing the precious sunlight which the courts have decided is unalienably its own.

The bearing of all this upon development of the modern city is plain. It means, in the first place, that the sites available for large office buildings are limited in number; and, in the second, that their erection necessarily implies that a considerable amount of adjoining property cannot be extensively built upon. Whenever one sees a skyscraper, that is to say, he may usually be satisfied that the surrounding property is forever barred from development in a similar way. This property, in the main, consists of three and four story old buildings, the rents of which are low, and, at the prices paid, barely meet the ordinary carrying expenses. In other words, they are, unless some means can be found to improve them not antagonistic to the purpose for which they were acquired, unproductive property. In their present condition they yield no income; the problem is to discover some means of developing them that will pay at least

some small return upon the capital thus tied up. There are several indications that the inevitable improvement will be the erection of modern three and four story buildings, for lease to important business concerns, such as banks, insurance companies, and the like. There have been several recent instances of this in the last year. A few months ago, for example, a valuable plot on the north side of Pine Street was purchased by a speculative realty company and resold in two parcels. It was practically impossible to sell them for improvement with tall buildings, owing to the inevitable light problem. A large banking house purchased half the block for a twelve story office building, on the condition that the adjoining plot should not be utilized in the same way. The outcome was that one of the best known banking houses in America purchased the second parcel, and is now erecting a four story marble building, the whole of which it will occupy itself. The effect of this low building upon the value of adjoining property, it may be remarked in passing, is shown by the fact that the first parcel brought \$75,000 more than the second, although in size and ordinary advantages, except this important one of light, the two were identical. Similarly the Washington Life Insurance Company was obliged to purchase, as a protective measure, an old-fashioned building adjoining its own at the corner of Broadway and Liberty Street. This building, in its present shape, is barely a "tax payer," and the Insurance Company has decided to demolish it and erect a three story structure, which, when rented to a well-known banking house, will yield at least three per cent upon the investment. In the same way the Park National Bank has decided to erect, for similar reasons, a four or five story building, in arcade style, chiefly for its own occupancy, in the form of an addition to its present structure on Broadway. The reason for this is that the bank has been unable to

purchase, except at an exorbitant price, the property at the northeast corner of Fulton Street and Broadway, without which light protection for a large office building would not be assured. This case is particularly interesting in that the bank had plans drawn for an eighteen story building, and was obliged to make this radical change simply because it could not come to terms with the owner to this indispensable corner property. An evidence of the same thing upon a greater scale is furnished by the probable development of the large properties acquired by the Mutual Life Insurance Company for the protection of its building on the block bounded by Nassau, Cedar, William, and Liberty streets. In the last two years the company has made extensive purchases on the south side of Cedar, the north side of Liberty, and even upon Maiden Lane, simply for the purpose of forestalling any improvements that would be injurious to its own property. Only the other day it entered into an agreement with another insurance company to erect for it and lease to it a six story building upon one of these plots. That all of them will ultimately be improved in the same way seems certain.

We thus see that the skyscraper, as the exclusive form of urban development, far from being an economic necessity, is quite the reverse. Economic considerations may still require the development of unusually advantageous sites in this way, but such sites are very few, and, at least in New York city, the best of them are taken up already. There is thus the opportunity for development in a very different direction; and there are already indications that it will be availed of. Coincidentally with the realization of the limitations of the popular style of construction there is a growing conviction that, after all, the skyscraper is not the embodiment of all that is fine and modern in the American spirit; that it is, indeed, an architectural development that is to be avoid-

ed whenever possible, instead of persistently sought for. As a matter of fact the recent production of office buildings has not been strictly upon an economic basis; they have been largely a craze, the outcome of the prevailing passion for what is new and strange. The majority of them, after all, have not been erected strictly as investments, but as advertisements. This is the case with the great insurance companies, the banks, and similar corporations, which have appreciated the value, purely from an advertising standpoint, of having their headquarters in the largest buildings on earth. That the buildings erected by corporate institutions are not valuable as investments is shown by the fact that several of them have been ignominious failures, and that the average returns are probably not much more than two per cent. Indications of a change in public taste are shown in such semi-public undertakings as the new Clearing House, the Chamber of Commerce, and the Stock Exchange. Had the Chamber of Commerce been erected three or four years ago it is likely that this venerable institution would have built a large office building, reserving a few offices for its own use, instead, as is now the case, of building a beautiful low Renaissance structure of marble, the whole of which it will occupy itself. Had the new Stock Exchange been projected in the final decade of the last century, the association, following the example of the Produce, the Coffee, and the Cotton exchanges, in all likelihood would have planned a commodious office building, confining its own quarters to a floor or two. Instead the financial district is now being embellished with a massive marble structure, which, among other things, will furnish a background of art to the somewhat unimaginative occupations of Wall Street. An evidence of a reaction from the skyscraper in a purely business enterprise is the Singer building, at the northwest corner of Liberty Street and Broad-

way. In this structure, which is much admired by architects, the system of steel construction is ignored. It was built in 1898, about ten years after the introduction of the new method, but the Singer corporation and the architect, Mr. Ernest Flagg, were by no means convinced that the skeleton system was the final word in building construction. This structure, therefore, is only eleven stories high, and so cleverly designed that even this height is not offensively apparent. The entire burden is borne by thick masonry walls, as of old. Only one wing has yet been finished; it is the purpose of the corporation ultimately to extend its building over the whole block front, between Liberty and Cortlandt streets. One

conspicuous Broadway front, therefore, is reduced from perpetual disfigurement.

The conclusion of all of which is, that while the exigencies of our practical American life will still demand the erection of large office buildings, the rate of production is likely to decrease rather than increase; that the mania for mere bigness is subsiding, and is bound to give place to a better conception of corporate eminence; and that the production of the skyscraper itself inevitably necessitates the development of a large amount of urban property along more modest lines. That is to say, the mere architect, in distinction from the construction engineer, will yet find in our great cities an opportunity to exercise his trade.

Burton J. Hendrick.

A RENUNCIATION.

LIKE noon's fierce sunlight doth the thought of thee
Flood the dim courts and chambers of my heart;
It penetrates the very inmost part
Of the poor house where I hold tenancy.
Alas! the dwelling once was fair to see,
A goodly bower, adorn'd with love's dear art,
But now the desolate walls asunder start
And rain sobs round the ruin piteously.

It is no home for thee — this spoil'd, dark place
Holds no fit shelter for a soul like thine:
I have a house-mate, too, whose very face
Would sadden all thy days with horrid fear:
Pass on, my friend, and take thy thoughts from mine —
For Death and I keep house together.

Ethel Alleyne Ireland.

OUR LADY OF THE BEECHES.

VII.

LEDUC's foot was better the next morning, but still too painful to step on, and Saxe walked over to the hotel to tell the Countess, and bring her and Annette back for the day, as they had taken for granted was to be done. Halfway down the road, however, he met young Cobb, alone, and learned that the Countess had a bad headache and could not come. He gave the boy a quarter, and went back alone, his face set into an expression of immobility habitual to him in moments of strong feeling. It was a day wasted, and a day with her had come to mean to him a decade. A boy of twenty could not have been more bitterly disappointed, and more savage in his disappointment. Leduc, however, saw nothing of this, and, when Saxe bandaged his foot again in the afternoon, and pronounced it decidedly better, the old man burst into a naïve expression of surprise.

"It is that to be an American! The sooner I am able to go, the sooner M'sieu loses Mademoiselle, and yet he urges me to go! He says my foot is better. A Frenchman would swear I have blood-poisoning."

"Not every Frenchman, *mon vieux*. There are a few decent ones among them, you to the contrary notwithstanding." Then he told Leduc that on the third day following he was to take his wife and go to the grave of Le Mioche. Leduc, serious as he always became at any mention of Le Mioche, protested feebly.

"But Annette has a right to go to it," insisted Saxe.

"She has no right. She left me."

"Because you ill-treated her."

"I struck her now and then when I'd been drinking whiskey, — I was n't used to whiskey, — and I knew a pretty face when I saw it."

"Nonsense, Leduc. She was a good woman, and she could n't stand your — general slackness. You are to take her to the grave of Le Mioche on Monday; do you understand me?"

"It's very far, M'sieu, and she is an old woman."

"Monday you are to take her, or — no dog, and no present."

Then savagely satisfied at having hastened a day he might well have put off, Saxe went for a long tramp, reaching home after sundown, tired and hungry. Leduc, unable to sulk, was as gay as a lark, singing snatches of "*La vie est vaine*" to himself, and expressing his convictions that after all it would be best to take Annette to the grave Monday and have it over with. He could n't tell how long it would take. "*Cela dépend de mes jambes*," he said with a chuckle. It was n't so near, but then it was n't so far.

The forest was like fairyland that night in the moonlight. Saxe, tired as he was, could not sit still. Half an hour after supper he rose and started off restlessly through the wood. He had a good voice, uncultivated but sweet, and sang as he tramped through the lacy shadows of the beeches. It seemed as though she must be near, as though he caught glimpses of a light gown here and there among the mossy trunks. "*Ich gehe nicht schnell, ich eile nicht*." He stumbled on a root and saved himself with difficulty from a fall.

"*Ich gehe hin zu der schoensten Frau*" —

And there she was, as if in answer to his thoughts, as happens to most people once in their lifetime. She stood quite still, holding under her chin the light scarf that hid her hair.

"*'Our Lady of the Beeches!'*"

Saxe took her hands, kissed them both, and then stood with them in his.

"You are here — alone?"

"Yes. It is not five minutes from the hotel."

"Then I have gone around the village, and come up beyond the highroad!"

"Yes."

"I love you."

"Hush!"

"You know I love you with all my heart?"

"Yes."

"You are not angry?"

"No."

"Look at me."

Gathering her hands into one of his, with the other he tilted back her chin, forcing her to look into his eyes. "I love you this way, — and you have not a scrap of feeling for me?"

"I like you very much," she answered quietly, not moving.

"You like me very much. Then, let me kiss you — once."

"No."

"Why not?"

"Because I don't wish to" —

Her eyes, unwavering, were fixed on his; the lace scarf slipped back, but she did not move. Slowly he let her go, and stood looking at her, while she rearranged her scarf, and once more gathered it under her chin.

"You are a very daring woman," he said after a pause.

"Why?"

"Ah, why!" He shrugged his shoulders and laughed. "Come, it is getting late, let me take you back to the hotel. How is your headache?"

"Better, thank you, but you must n't take me back to the hotel; it would scandalize the good people there, and I know the way."

He took out his watch. "After all, it is early, — a little after nine. Sit down here and talk to me. You need n't be afraid; I shan't make an ass of myself again."

She sat down on a log. "I am not afraid."

"I know you're not, and — I wonder why?"

"There are two reasons. One is that you are a gentleman, — in the real sense of the word; the other that — that" —

"That you are in no danger of losing your head." He laughed.

"Of course I am in no danger, but I didn't mean that. I mean that a woman can always control a man, — if she wishes to."

He laughed again. "Oh, how young you are, how young!"

"Am I so young?"

He looked at her, and saw her face worn and pale in the moonlight. "I am old," she went on slowly, her chin in her hand, "and you are young. I am cold, and calculating, and slow, and you are impetuous and hot-headed" —

Saxe sighed. "That is what love does to a man. Not that I *did* lose my head, dear child. If I had! You were almost in my arms. I could have kissed you" —

"But you did n't."

"No, because I knew you did n't want me to. If you had wanted me to, with your heart, however much you might have protested with your lips" —

She laughed outright. "Baby! As if you would have known."

Saxe watched her gravely. "Ah, yes, I should have known. And if you had — well — after all, one has only one life to live, empty and dry enough at best, as a rule" —

"Tà, tà, tà, — the morals of a materialist! Now I am going. Good-night."

"And to-morrow?"

"To-morrow we are coming to dinner, if you will have us."

"Are you angry?"

She held out her hand with a little gracious shake of the head. "No. It was my own fault."

"Your own fault!" repeated Saxe, taking off his glasses in his bewilderment.

"Yes. Such things are always the fault of the woman."

"It was n't your fault, dear child, and your theory is wrong."

She hesitated, and then answered: "No, my theory is right. I am much younger than you, but I live in the world, and I know it. A man loses his head, possibly, quite against the woman's will, but — she should not have let him get to that point."

"And you mean that you will never let me get there" —

"Good-night."

"Good-night."

She sped away into the denser shadow, leaving him looking after her.

VIII.

The next morning, when the Countess arrived at the camp, Saxe met her, with a tin of worms in one hand, and two bamboo fishing-rods over his shoulder.

"You will have to earn your dinner to-day," he said, shaking hands with her. "Nothing but salt pork in camp, and Leduc insists on fried fish."

"Oh, how nice! It is cloudy, too; so much the better for 'bites,' is n't it?"

She hurried on to say good-morning to the invalid, who was paring potatoes with a languid air, and then, leaving Annette to prepare the meal, joined Saxe at the water's edge.

He had been prepared for her frank air of *bon camaraderie*, and had summoned up as near its counterpart as in man lies, so the morning passed busily and gayly, without allusions or awkwardness. The sport was good, the light breeze agreeable, and they went back to camp, tired and hungry, with a big string of fish, to find Annette about to try her hand at that test of skill, an omelette.

While Leduc cleaned the fish, the Countess and Saxe made coffee, and an hour later, Leduc was once more asleep, Annette busy washing dishes in the cabin, and the other two practically alone.

They sat in silence, she building a little pyre of pine-cones, he idly watching her hands. Suddenly she looked up and their eyes met. A sudden trouble filled hers, and they darkened for the first time with embarrassment, and he felt the blood sing in his ears.

"You are not angry?" he said, almost in a whisper.

She shook her head, with a warning glance at Leduc, that nearly brought a cry of delight to Saxe's lips.

He rose. "Come," and she followed him without a word.

"That old wretch is playing possum," he said, with an unsteady laugh. "I will row you over to the water-lilies."

She took her seat in the boat, and then, as the sun fell on her, put up her hand to her head. "My hat!"

"Take mine." He handed her his, and she crushed it down on her forehead and smiled at him.

He rowed with quite unnecessary vigor, telling her of Leduc's consent to start Monday morning.

"You told me that before."

He laughed. "Did I? I'm sorry. Now, then" —

They had reached the patch of pond-lilies, and for a few minutes he worked in silence, cutting the languid white blossoms for her, and wiping their stems in his handkerchief.

As he got out of the boat he remarked, laughing, "Oh, what a good boy am I!"

"You are, indeed," she returned, taking the lilies he had held.

"You know what I mean?"

"Of course I do."

"And you think all the credit is due to you?" He smiled at her quizzically.

"Oh, no; not at all."

"Why not, if the blame was yours — last night?"

She shook her head. "It is n't fair to laugh at me. I only try to be 'square.'"

"And you are square, Winifred. No woman ever was more square. Only —

there are circumstances when it is very easy to be square."

"That, of course, is true," she answered lightly. "Good heavens! what time is it? Annette is lighting the fire! We eat as much as people in a German novel, but even *we* can't be going to eat again already."

"No, it is only five. Now, how am I going to amuse your ladyship for the rest of the day?"

She considered. "I don't know. Read aloud to me."

"Nothing to read."

"Not even a Greek Testament, or a Horace?"

"Not even those general favorites."

"Have you literally not a book with you?" she asked curiously.

"Oh, yes. I have two of my own great works that I am supposed to be revising, and Uncle Remus, and — Brown-ing's Shorter Poems."

"Oh, Uncle Remus, by all means. Read me the Tar Baby."

"Rather than Cristina, — or The Last Ride Together?"

"*Much* rather," she answered promptly, sitting down and demolishing her pyre of cones at a blow.

Saxe laughed. "Oh, you baby! You are afraid to face the music."

She looked up serenely. "*What* music?"

Saxe fetched the book and read to her for over an hour. She was too tired to go to see the sunset, and busied herself helping Leduc make Johnny-cake, greatly to his delight.

After supper young Cobb appeared to ask whether Leduc or Saxe would mind driving the two ladies home, as he was on his way to a party and would be unable to come until late. He was very splendid in a red cravat, his hair glistening and fragrant with pomade. The horse was hitched to a tree, and knew the way back, even if they did n't.

"What time will the party be over?" asked Saxe.

"'Bout half-past ten."

It was decided that young Cobb should come back by the camp and drive himself, Leduc being lame, and Saxe apparently afraid of horses.

"He ain't got no bad habits, except biting," the boy protested, half hurt.

"But I don't want to be bitten," Saxe explained gravely, and Cobb went his way muttering some sarcasm about Bill's not biting with his hind-legs.

"Do you think it would be compatible with 'squareness' to take a walk in the moonlight?" Saxe asked.

"Perfectly. Nothing could be more unconventional in every way than my stay up here, — a walk or two in the moonlight can make no difference."

Leduc and Annette were in the cabin.

"But — the squareness?" persisted Saxe teasingly. "Don't you think walks in the moonlight with you may be rather hard on *me*?"

She laughed. "That is *your* lookout. If you choose to risk it, I am ready."

Saxe laughed too. "Oh, I will risk it. I am, you know, as irresponsible as a baby; if I should chance to misbehave it would be entirely your fault."

"Yes. But — you will not 'chance to misbehave.'"

They struck off through the pines, and soon came out on another part of the old logging-camp road, Saxe whistling Bonsoir under his breath. This part of the road was sandy and easier walking. They went on quickly through the mottled shadows. Suddenly Saxe exclaimed: —

"Age tells on different people in such different ways! I hardly realized how old I am, until I saw how hopelessly you bowled me over."

"Is that a sign of age?"

"Certainly not, but there was undeniably something of — senility in my going to bits and making such an ass of myself. Still — it was rather pleasant, so long as it was n't my fault. You are right about that, by the way, though you

are young to have learned it. A man never goes any farther than a woman lets him — except, possibly, in what the poets call a great passion. A great passion is a rare bird nowadays, however, I imagine. Our lives are little, our aims are little, and our loves are little.”

He paused, and then, she not answering, went on reflectively: “Or rather, not little, but fleeting. Confoundedly fleeting.”

“That is certainly true,” she agreed, as they left the road and went down a steep incline toward the little river she had seen from Sunset Ledge.

“True, and — fortunate. ‘We forget, not because we will, but because we must,’ — Arnold, is n’t it? Humiliating, but a tremendous comfort. If I had n’t believed it, I should have been pretty desperate last night.”

“I knew it, and that is why I have been able to take it all so calmly, and — to go about with you this way.”

“Ah, you knew it. Women are quick-witted. I wonder if you knew how much I did care, — last night?”

“I think I did.”

He looked at her profile sharply as they reached the bottom of the ravine.

“I care now, too, you know; even nowadays it does n’t go quite as quickly as that” —

“I know. You care a little less than yesterday, to-morrow you will care a little less than to-day” —

“Yes. Though I like you more than any woman I ever knew, and think that we could be the best of friends. Take care!” he broke off, “those stones are very slippery.”

Before them lay the plantation of birch trees, beautiful beyond description in the moonlight.

“Could we get just within the forest?” she asked; “we can’t half see them here. One must look up at the light *through* them; it is the only way to see birches.”

They crossed the little river on a row

of stepping-stones, climbed the bank, and reached the trees. She walked slowly, her head bent back, stopping now and then.

“Hush! One can hear the wind. In the pine-wood I did n’t know there was any wind.”

He listened. “Yes. It is very pretty. So are you very pretty, if you don’t mind my saying so.”

She laughed. “Certainly I don’t mind, if you really think so.”

“I do, and just as an observation unbacked by any intention, I may add that I’d like to kiss you, under your chin!”

There was a kind of labored impertinence in his tone that she turned at, her eyebrows lifted.

Then, as he drew aside the sweeping branches of a young birch, and she passed him, she stopped short with a little cry.

“A grave!”

“The grave of Le Mioche!”

IX.

There was a pause. Then she turned, her eyes full of tears.

“See the poor white stones!”

Saxe nodded.

The moonlight, circled by the shadows of four large birches, fell full on the little mound. There was no headstone, nothing but the smooth white stones that surrounded it, nearly all of them half hidden in the long grass.

The Countess knelt down and looked at it closely.

“Oh, how pitiful! Think of his coming every year with one of these poor, ridiculous stones. Poor old man!”

“It is the more pitiful when you consider that he was n’t old at all when he began, — that he was living a bad life among bad men.” He sat down by her, and took off his hat. “And every year he had at least his one good day.”

Her shoulder touched his, and she leaned against it, unnoticing.

"It has been his religion, — and who knows that it has not been a good one. He has prayed here. No Catholic ever quite forgets to pray."

"No. But why wouldn't he tell?" she asked, stroking the grass gently.

Saxe hesitated, and then, closing his hand over hers, answered in a low voice, "I suppose because it has been his most precious secret for so many years; one hates to give one's most precious secret to — some one one does n't love."

"Yes." She did not move, her hand rested quietly under his.

"And then," he went on, "I think he is ashamed, — ashamed of his real feeling about the little dead child, — ashamed of his sentimentality; men are fools."

She did not answer. The trees rustled softly; a cloud hid the moon for a few seconds, then floated off again; and Le Mioche lay under his thirty-one stones.

"Dear," said Saxe suddenly, "I lied to you on our way here. It was all false, every word of it."

"I know."

"I love you once and for all — shall always love you. I've no right to, but I can't help it, and it is in a way the best of me. I was ashamed of it, like a fool."

"Like Leduc."

"Like Leduc. It — hurt me to know that I could care so without you caring a — hang."

"My caring would only make matters worse," she said dreamily.

"Yes, of course it would only make matters worse, in one way, and I think I can honestly say I am glad that you do not care."

"If you can say that, you are a very good man."

Her hand tightened a little on his. Putting his arm around her he drew her close to him.

"I am not a very good man. It is one side of me that can say that, dear.

The other side says — My God, I would give my right hand to have you care!"

"That is the worst side."

"As you like. You are a strange woman."

"Am I? In what way?"

Le Mioche was forgotten.

"You know what I am feeling at this minute, and you sit here in my arms as calmly as though I were your grandfather!"

"That is because I do not care, I suppose."

"Yes. Tell me, are you sorry?"

"Sorry — that you care for me, or that I do not care for you?"

"Sorry for *me*. Have you a heart in your body?"

He had not tightened his hold of her by a hair's breadth, but his voice had changed.

"Yes, I am sorry, if you are unhappy. I have a heart," she answered matter-of-factly.

He released her, and jumping up suddenly, walked to the opposite side of the little inclosure, leaning his head against one of the birches.

She sat still for several seconds, and then rose and followed him. He did not move, and she laid her hand on his arm.

"Don't!"

He turned, half laughing. "I'm not crying, if that's what you mean."

With a sudden movement, she took off his glasses and turned his face to hers. "Why do you feel so badly?"

"Why? Because I am a man and I love you; and I want you, and I can't have you. Incidentally, I can't see you without my glasses."

"I know; never mind. Listen. Is it only that, or because I do not love you?"

He bent toward her, half closing his near-sighted eyes as he tried to get her face within focus.

"What is the use of talking about it?" he retorted impatiently. "It may be

fun for you to vivisect my feelings, but it is not fun for me. You don't love me, and when I'm sane I'm glad of it. But you torment me beyond endurance. What do you think I am made of?"

He reached for his eye-glasses, but she held them tight.

"No, wait. What do you think I'm made of?"

Saxe laughed. "You! Ice and impeccability."

"Then it has n't occurred to you that I might care too."

He stared at her stupidly. "You care too! You never said so."

"No, I never said so."

"And you certainly have not done anything to make me think you cared."

Vaguely, as in a mist, he saw her face. Without speaking he opened her hand and put on the eye-glasses that dispelled the mist.

"Then, — you do care."

"Yes."

She bent her face to his arm and stood there motionless. When she looked up she was very pale.

Saxe took her hands, as he had done the night before, and kissed them. He was utterly bewildered, and hardly knew what he was about. The feeling that had made him tremble a few minutes before had gone.

"We must go back," he said at length. "It is late."

"Yes? Oh, *Le Mioche*, *Le Mioche*!"

With an abandon that half frightened him, she flung herself on the ground and spread her arms out over the narrow grave. There was, in its perfect spontaneity, nothing theatrical in the act; it expressed her loneliness, hopelessness, her longing to take something to her aching heart. Saxe knew all this as he watched her, immovable. *Le Mioche* had been dead for more years than she had lived, yet at that minute he was a child, an armful, to her. The man knelt and raised her, holding her gently, her head thrown back against his shoulder.

"Dear heart," he said, using the quaint phrase gravely, as though he originated it. Then he kissed her. She lay quite passive for a minute, and then drawing herself away, rose, and stood unconsciously smoothing her ruffled hair.

"We must go."

"Yes."

They walked slowly away, over the stepping-stones, up the hill, his arm about her shoulders. As they went down the next slope it grew darker, the moon having slipped below a bright cloud. Once she stumbled, and as she clung to him to regain her balance he caught her suddenly to him, bending his head.

Instead of her face, her hands met his cheeks in the darkness and pushed him gently away.

"No, dear."

"Just once!"

"No. Never. I told you because it seemed squarer, but you must not kiss me again."

Saxe essayed a laugh. "Then you kiss me."

She paused, then taking his head in her hands, kissed him gravely, full on the mouth. The next instant the camp-fire glowed through the dark pine-trunks.

X.

Saxe slept little that night. At length, toward morning, tired of his hard cot, he dressed and threw himself down on a blanket under the beech tree. Through the branches the sky gleamed coldly, no color had as yet come to it; the birds were still asleep; it was the quietest hour of the twenty-four. Leduc would sleep for hours yet, his cabin hermetically sealed. Saxe rolled over on his back and something hard hurt his head. He turned down the blanket and found the little heap of pine-cones with which Winifred had played the day before. She loved him. The tumult in his brain was such that he did not know whether

he was happy or in despair. She was going away, but she loved him. He had held her in his arms and kissed her. Probably no woman knows what that first surrender means to a man who has loved hopelessly. A bird chirped in the tree above him. The light in the cabin went out, exhausted. Saxe shuddered at the thought of what the atmosphere in the little room must be. Suddenly he realized that all the birds in the world were singing. It annoyed him. Then he found that he had been asleep, and that the sun was up.

Tired and aching all over he fetched a towel and went for a swim, after which a stiff drink of whiskey sent him into a profound sleep that lasted until Leduc awoke him by hobbling into the tent and calling him. It was eight o'clock, and Leduc had been afraid M'sieu might have died in his sleep. That sometimes happens. Breakfast was ready, and Leduc's foot was better. After breakfast, Leduc would have something to tell M'sieu.

Before they had finished breakfast, however, young Cobb came in with a note. Saxe opened it.

DEAR DR. SAXE, — I am going away to-day. Annette will stay as long as she likes, and then join me in New York. You will understand, and forgive me. Good-by, — and God bless you.

"There's an answer, she said," announced Cobb, eating a piece of Leduc's fried pork. "I c'n wait."

Saxe went into his tent and let down the flap. The note he sent back was shorter than hers.

DEAR COUNTESS, — You know best. I have nothing to forgive, much to bless you for.

R. S.

It was over then, he thought, resolutely finishing his breakfast. It had to

come to this end, and after a bit the relief would follow. He lit a pipe and stretched himself out under a tree, as he had done every day since he had been there.

Leduc fussed about, grumbling over his foot, singing, whistling, carrying things to and from the cabin. Everything was just as usual, apparently. When Saxe was halfway through his second pipe, the old man came and sat down by him.

"Will M'sieu be so good and look at my foot?"

"Yes," grunted Saxe.

Leduc pulled off the slit boot, and displayed a yellow woolen stocking with neither heel nor toe.

"Did she find the socks?" asked Saxe.

"No, M'sieu. She gave me up."

Saxe pulled off the sock, and pronounced the foot well enough for moderate use. Suddenly he remembered. "Quite well enough for you to walk to the grave of Le Mioche," he added, sharply.

Leduc started. "It is not so far, but it is not so near," he stammered in French.

"Oh, damn! I tell you I know all about it, Leduc. I've seen it. I know just where it is."

The old man flushed, a slow red that burned painfully through his brown skin. "M'sieu knows, — M'sieu has seen" —

"Yes. The white stones are very pretty, mon vieux."

Leduc sat without moving, the ragged sock loose in his hands. "The white stones, — M'sieu likes them? M'sieu did not laugh?"

"Why should I laugh, Leduc?"

"Thirty-one years is a long time. I was young then, I am old now," the old man answered in French, as he drew on the sock. "No one here knows; I have never told; they would have mocked me. Pauv' Mioche!"

His brilliant blue eyes were dimmed with tears that did not fall; Saxe had seen tears rolling down his cheeks, but these were different. After a pause the younger man said gently:—

"Why would n't you show Annette? And why did you pretend it was so far?"

Leduc laughed aloud. "'Not so near, but not so far!'" She would have found it not so near, if I had taken her, for I meant to go to it by way of Everett."

"But Everett is sixty miles from here."

"Yes. I would have taken her by train to West Garfield, then to Everett, and back by train as far as Clinton. Then we'd have hired a wagon"—He broke off, smiling in delight at his clever scheme.

"You had no right to do such a thing, and I won't have it; do you hear me?"

Leduc shrugged his shoulders and rose slowly. "Eh, mon Dieu, I had given it up. She would have spoiled it all. She'd have cut the grass and put up a gravestone, and cried over the mound. It is my grave, I tell you! I tended it for years while she was in France. I never forgot it. Wherever I was I came back every year to put a stone on it. It is n't hers, and she shan't go to it."

There was a certain dignity in his selfishness that appealed to Saxe.

"You will have to take her, though," he said sympathetically.

Leduc straightened up to his full height and looked down at the man in whose hands were, so to say, dogs and presents of money.

"No, M'sieu," he said, relapsing into his half-breed dialect. "Leduc not have to. Leduc going away."

"Going away!"

"Oui, M'sieu. Leduc has been thinking, and he is going away north."

"But that is nonsense. In the first

place, I could take Annette to the grave if I chose. Your going can't change that."

The old man's face twitched suddenly. "M'sieu will not do that. Surely M'sieu will not do that! It is all I have."

Saxe hesitated, and then, rising suddenly, held out his hand. "Look here, Leduc. I promise not to tell if you promise not to go."

"Not tell?"

"No. I'll not tell if you'll stay until to-morrow."

After an instant's deliberation Leduc promised, and Saxe went off on his suddenly conceived errand.

He found Annette at the hotel, and learned that her mistress was to go by the afternoon train, and was now in the wood across the road, taking a walk. Saxe found her where he had known she would be, seated on the log where he and she had sat a few nights before.

She was very pale and looked worn, as if with a sleepless night.

"Do not scold me for coming," he began at once. "I am not here on my account. You must not go until to-morrow."

XI.

"I remember," began the Countess, gazing dreamily into the glowing ashes, "a story that Annette—'Nana' I called her then—used to tell me when I was very little."

No one spoke; no one had spoken for some time. Something, possibly the blending of the moonlight with the firelight had quieted them all, and then the pines, stirred by a soft overhead wind, were more than usually articulate.

"It was the story of a little boy," she went on after a pause, her hands clasped about her knees. "She never told me his name. One day when I was ill, she showed me a curl of his hair in a locket,—such yellow hair, and so silky."

Leduc looked up from his whittling, his eyes glinting under the heavy brows.

"He must have been a dear little boy," the Countess continued, looking absently at him.

"He was lame. One poor little leg was shorter than the other, and his back was not quite straight, but only his father and mother cared; *he* did n't because they were so good to him, and he was so happy."

Saxe watched her, hardly hearing her words as the pine-cones he tossed into the dying fire blazed up and threw a vivid light over her.

He had walked all the afternoon, tramping doggedly over the roughest ground he could find, and he was tired, both mentally and physically; his feelings were deadened, in a comfortable way, so that he was almost happy.

"The father, a big, strong man, used to knot an old shawl — a blue and green plaid shawl it was, I remember — about his neck as Indian women do, and the little boy would sit in the shawl with his hands clasped just under his father's chin, — and away they would gallop through the woods! The little boy used to pretend that his father was a horse, — named" — She broke off. "I have forgotten the name!"

"*'Bucéphale.'*"

It was Leduc who spoke, his voice harsh. Saxe turned to him. The old man had dropped his whittling and drawn back out of the firelight, only his big knotted hands, lying helplessly open, palm uppermost, with loose-curved fingers, being distinctly visible. There was something very pathetic about those hands.

The Countess's eyes met Saxe's, and held them for a minute, until the changing expression of his startled her, and she turned away with a slight shake of the head.

"The little boy was very fond of his mother, but he loved his father even more, and when he was ill, as he was

very often, he used to rest best when his father lay him on a pillow and carried him up and down before the cottage where they lived. He used to kiss his father's hair, and pat it with his hot hands. I have often thought," went on the Countess, in another voice, speaking very meditatively, "that it must have made the poor mother unhappy to have the little boy love his father so much more than he loved her."

"I loved him more than she loved him, always!" exclaimed Leduc fiercely, rising with clenched hands. "She hated his being lame — She was proud, *ma femme*, and resented his crooked leg. All her people were tall and straight, and — she blamed me — I always loved him the more, — I was a scamp, and a lame child was good enough for me."

Annette sat with a white face and tight-clasped hands, looking at him, but he was not talking to her.

"I know," he went on, still in French; "you want me to take her to his grave; you are trying to work on my feelings. You have done it, I — you have hurt me. But she shall not see it. It is mine, and she shall not spoil it."

"Lucien, — I would not spoil it, I only want to see it," pleaded the old woman, rising too, and going to him. The others were forgotten. "Why do you hate me so? I did love him. God knows I loved him. I never tried to make him love me more than you. It hurt, but — I was glad. I thought it might help you."

Leduc looked down at her with a curious dignity. "If you loved him, why did you leave him all alone?"

"Lucien!" Her voice rose to a trembling cry. "I never left him, never a minute, except when you had him, and I knew — he did n't want me."

It was perhaps the most heart-breaking avowal a woman could make, and Saxe started up, his face hot.

"Leduc!" he began, but Winifred stopped him with a gesture. He caught

her hand and they stood there, reverential, unnoticed observers of the strange scene.

The pile of shavings and the stick forgotten by the old man caught fire from a spark, and threw flitting flames upon the figures of the two speakers.

"I meant, — why did you leave him after he was dead? He was afraid of the dark, he was afraid of the trees when the wind blew, — he was afraid of the black shadows rushing over the ground. He thought they were beasts. And you left him alone, — alone with all these things!"

Annette laid her hands on his arm. "But, — he was dead, he did n't know, he was n't there, he was with the Blessed Virgin and the saints."

Leduc shook her off.

"Contes que tout cela! He was there, — there in the black earth under the shadows. He is there still. And you left him alone."

Winifred's hand closed more tightly over Saxe's. Leduc's obstinacy seemed invincible.

There was a short silence, while the old woman, her face hidden by her hands, rocked to and fro without speaking.

Then, leaving Saxe, Winifred approached the old man.

"Leduc," she said, gently using Saxe's name for him, "don't you believe in Heaven and the Blessed Virgin?"

"Do you, Mademoiselle?"

She flushed. "Yes, I do. I believe that Le Mioche has been there with her all these years."

"Then you don't believe in Purgatory?" he broke in.

"No. I don't know, — but I believe in God, — and I know that God would n't leave le pauvre Mioche all alone there all these years. Annette is a good Catholic; she has not forgotten him, but she has not thought of him there; she has thought of him as being in Heaven. Do you see?"

"I did n't leave him all alone. I

loved him," he muttered, a little irresolutely, and then, drawing a long breath, she went on: —

"Annette, Leduc — I mean Lucien — has gone every year to the grave, — every year, no matter where he was, and laid on it a white stone in memory of his visit. The grave has been taken care of by him. You have prayed for Le Mioche, you have not forgotten him, but — you did forget his grave."

Annette uncovered her face. "Yes, I did. Lucien, — will you forgive me, my man, and let me see it? It is yours; I will not touch it. But — oh, Le Mioche, Le Mioche!"

She burst into hard, painful sobs, and went up to him. Winifred drew back quietly and waited.

"Annette, ma vieille, don't cry. Come, I will show you. You are not to cut the grass, — you are to remember that it is mine, but — I will let you see it. Come."

The old woman raised her head. "To-night?" she asked in amazement.

Leduc put his arm about her shoulders. His eyes were wet with tears that do not fall, but there was condescension in every movement as he led her away.

"To-night. It is n't so near," he added, with an unsteady laugh, "but then, it is n't so far."

XII.

The other two, left alone, sat down again, and Saxe mechanically threw some cones and sticks on the fire.

"A very curious scene, was n't it?" Winifred said, smiling thoughtfully. "I wonder how far it is possible to love, after thirty years, a child who died at the age of four."

"It was n't only the child," returned Saxe in the same reflective tone, "it was their youth, their old love and old dislike for each other, — their vanity, their obstinacy, — all of it together."

"He was offended at the thought of her having left *him*, quite as much as by her having left Le Mioche, — and she was irritated, in a way, by his faithfulness to the grave."

Saxe watched her absently. "Yes. Oh yes," he answered.

"The beginning of the trouble," she went on, "was that Lucien threw her down, once, when he was drunk. Le Mioche was born a few months after, — lame. She blamed her husband, and said cruel things to him, poor woman; it was hard for her, and then, from the first, the little fellow preferred his father."

Saxe did not speak, and for a time she too was silent; then, a little hastily: "I am glad I stayed. It will be a comfort to her, poor thing, as long as she lives, that she saw the grave, and that at the end they were — kind to each other."

Saxe laughed. "Yes. Only, — you must go by the early train. Leduc's emotionality will not last."

"I know. Yes, we will take the early train. Tell me, Dr. Saxe, what is the best hotel in Boston? We shall stop over night there."

"The Touraine, I should say."

"Thanks. It would be easy to go direct to New York, I suppose, but I like to be comfortable, and I confess I don't find your much lauded dining-room cars up to their reputation!"

"I never lauded them."

"I don't mean you personally, of course. I mean all Americans in Europe. Americans are so tremendously patriotic in Europe."

Saxe frowned impatiently.

"Hang Americans in Europe!" he exclaimed, throwing a branch into the fire with a force that sent a shower of ashes and sparks out into the darkness. An owl hooted.

She laughed softly. "How very rude you are!"

He did not answer, and again they were silent, neither looking at the other. The moonlight no longer reached them,

and the night was dark but for the red firelight; the wind had gone down, and silence brooded on the quiet trees.

At last, without moving, Saxe spoke.

"I wonder," he said slowly, "why women have their feelings so much better under control than men. It is either that they have better disciplined wills, or — less strength of feeling."

"The latter, I should say," she answered. "Women are weaker physically and mentally than men, — why not emotionally?"

"You must be right. Probably if you were at this moment feeling one tenth of what I feel, you would cry out."

"Probably. So it is just as well that matters are as they are."

Saxe watched her as she spoke. "Yes. It may interest you to know," he went on in the same even voice, "that if I were not convinced of the cowardice of such an act, I should shoot myself to-night."

"I am glad that you are convinced of the cowardice of such an act. You are also probably convinced, as I am, of the fleeting nature of most emotions. What is the song Leduc sings: 'Un peu d'amour, un peu de haine, et puis'?" —

"Et puis, bonsoir! Yes."

"To-night you are — sorry I am going, — but in a month you will be glad I did go, and in giving you a month I am unnecessarily generous."

"I shall be glad to-morrow, as far as that is concerned, but — it will all hurt none the less."

"It hurts me, too," she said, relenting a little, and then sorry, as he laughed.

"My dear child! Thank you; you are kind. It may hurt you a little; I believe that it will, — but you are young, and this is the last of my youth."

"Nonsense! You are forty-two!"

"Yes. But this is the last, as it was almost the first of my youth. You are young, and I am old. That is the difference."

She started as if to speak, and then

was silent, her chin in her hand, the fingers edged with flame in the firelight.

At length she turned, looking full at him for the first time.

"When I told you that I loved you, what did you think I meant?"

"I knew. I knew" —

"But you think that I, a woman of nearly thirty, a woman who has been eating her heart out in a horrible loneliness for years, did not know what I was saying. That I loved you for a week, for a month. That — all this — has been a pleasant little romantic episode on which I should look back with a smile, — you thought all these things, because I can talk and laugh, and — ask you about — hotels? In a word, because I do not mourn and sentimentalize, as you would like to have me."

"Stop! I never wanted you to mourn and" —

"Wait. Now, just before I go away, — and it is to be Bonsoir, — I must tell you, in a way that you will remember, that I love you with every bit of me, and that as long as I live I will love you."

She leaned over, laying one hand on his arm. With a sort of groan he shook her off.

"Don't touch me," he said breathlessly.

He rose and walked up and down for a few seconds, without speaking.

"God bless you for saying that," he went on, as she rose, facing him. "The worst of it is that it hurts you. I wish I could have it all."

She smiled. "No, dearest, I would not give up my share. It is a sorrow sweeter than all the happiness in the world. It is the best thing in the world" —

Suddenly she reached out and took off his glasses, as she had done at the grave of Le Mioche. His eyes were wet.

They were hard, brilliant eyes, of a kind to which such moisture looks almost impossible.

With a little cry she hid her face on his arm and held it there until, breath-

ing hard, he turned her head and kissed her.

"Ah, it is hard, it is hard," she cried, holding him tight. "I cannot say Bonsoir — I cannot."

He laid his hand on her hair. "Dear, — we must. It is no good, we must."

Her little outburst of passion was spent.

"Yes. Of course we must. Hush, — there they come. We must take the first train, — for it is n't only Leduc, whose mood will not last" —

Leduc was singing as they came, a song they both knew. "Ah, vous dirais-je Maman," —

"Le Mioche loved it," whispered Winifred. "Richard, — promise me on your word of honor never to write to me."

"I promise on my word of honor."

"Even if I — should write — you."

"Even if — I cannot!"

"You *must*."

"Even if you should write to me."

In the darkness they waited.

"Papa veut que je raisonne" — Annette was singing with him.

"Good-by."

"Good-by."

"Bonsoir," added Winifred.

"Bonsoir!"

"Here's the lantern, Leduc; light it, it is late."

"Oui, M'sieu."

"So you saw the grave, Annette?"

"Yes, Mad'moiselle. The trees have grown big, but they are the same trees. And we are grown old, but we are the same people."

"We must go to-morrow morning, you know."

"Oh yes, I know," returned the old woman composedly. "It is best. To-night we have been very happy, but we are the same people we used to be, — to-morrow we should quarrel. We are old, and I suppose we will never meet again. It is better so, — but this night will always be a happy memory."

Winifred turned as they left the camp,

and looked back at the now lonely fire. For a second she stood quite still, and then followed Leduc and Annette who carried the lantern.

"Hotel Touraine, you said," she remarked, as they reached the wagon, and Leduc waked young Cobb.

"Yes. It is a very good one. I hope you will have a pleasant summer."

"Thanks. All good wishes for your books, and — the laboratory."

Leduc embraced his wife with a kind of tender gallantry not unmingled with relief, and the two women got into the wagon.

"Good-by."

"Good-by."

Cobb flapped the reins on the back of his horse, and the wagon started with a jerk.

When it was almost out of sight, Winifred called softly, —

"Bonsoir."

"Bonsoir."

Leduc sighed ostentatiously. "Mon Dieu, mon Dieu. Bonsoir reminds me of the song."

As they went back, following the dancing light of the lantern the old man raised his voice and sang cheerfully: —

"La vie est vaine,
Un peu d'espoir,
Un peu de rêve,
Et puis — bonsoir!"

That is very true, M'sieu. Leduc has found it very true, and Leduc is old, and knows."

Saxe laughed.

"Leduc is a very wise man. Does he know, among other things, where the whiskey is?"

As he poured out a glass by the lantern's light, Saxe laughed again.

"Et puis — bonsoir!"

Bettina von Hutten.

(*The end.*)

A KNIGHTLY PEN.

DURING the exceptionally rude weather of last February my friend and I took much fireside pleasure in re-reading together, with frequent pauses for elucidation, quotation, reflection, approval, or dissent, George Meredith's great trilogy. We two have long been, in our way, disciples of Meredith, though secretly, — as one may say, — for fear of the Jews. There are so many organized bands of marauders, of both sexes, abroad, who continually order you to stand and deliver your most cherished opinions, that you instinctively put these possessions away in what you fondly hope will prove a secret pocket, before venturing into the wide world at all. For to be met, in a lonely place, on a dark night, by a member of some Browning

or Meredith Society with the awful challenge "A paper, or your life!" is an experience fraught with paralyzing terror to some. Why it should seem so different a thing voluntarily to offer a humble contribution toward the exegesis of a masterly but eccentric writer, in whom a tardy and in some sort artificial popularity seems but to have increased a certain inborn relish for mystifying the vulgar, I cannot exactly say. The public, at all events, can always take your two mites or leave them.

At this point I seem to hear the pleasantly patronizing voice of some accredited Meredithian inquiring what I mean by George Meredith's "great trilogy;" and let us hope that my answer may surprise him a little, for

otherwise I should have small excuse for saying anything at all.

Nobody, so far as I know, has yet been at the pains to point out the continuous and cumulative interest and close logical sequence of Mr. Meredith's three latest, and, upon the whole, least popular and admired romances: One of our Conquerors, Lord Ormont and his Aminta, and The Amazing Marriage. Yet, taken collectively, they comprise the searching discussion of a very serious theme, which would seem to have haunted the novelist at intervals, from his youth up; and the long subsequent silence of the aging author makes it look a little as though he felt himself, and wished the world to understand, that he has now said his last word concerning it. I propose, then, to consider Mr. Meredith as he reveals himself unmistakably in these three books; in the character, namely, of a gallant champion of what are, *to him*, the sacred and inviolable Rights of Woman.

To begin with One of our Conquerors. Rarely, I think, has there been an overture to a great piece better conceived than that buoyant promenade and ignominious tumble of Victor Radnor upon London Bridge, with which the story opens. The main theme of a tremendous "Morality" is here given, in one bar of ringing notes. Victor Radnor is a perfect type of the supremely successful man of the present day. A great London merchant with political aspirations on the eve of fulfillment, he had started on his career with such advantages in the way of family connection and inherited fortune as fairly to have acquired in early middle life that practically unlimited wealth which is just now the indispensable condition of any considerable social influence. He is a great lover and patron of the fine arts, and for music, a positive enthusiast. He is also a man formed by nature to inspire strong personal attachment; a bounteous giver, a noble enter-

tainer, with an ample and sunny genius, not only for the sweetest amenities of domestic life, but for manly friendship and a splendid munificence. His one child, a daughter, just developing into womanhood, is a beautiful, ardent, highly gifted creature; one of the most attractive pictures ever drawn of a happy and lavishly endowed girlhood. The half-dozen variously clever and, in the main, highly honorable men who constitute Victor Radnor's most intimate circle, and are made free of his great houses in town and country, are all, as a matter of course, more or less in love with the brilliant Nesta; but their feeling for Nathaly, the girl's mother, a woman herself still young and beautiful, is of another order. Toward her, their loyalty is dogged and resolute, their admiration wistful; the respect which the gentle dignity of her bearing makes it impossible for them to withhold is tinged both with indignation and regret. For here is the sun-spot, the fruit-speck, the flaw in the foundations of the stately fabric which these tolerant men of the world delight to haunt. Their gracious hostess, the mother of the peerless Nesta, is not Victor's wife, and technically good women decline to visit her. He has, in fact, another wife living; and yet the circumstances "extenuate."

Attacked when he was little more than a lad upon what was at once his most chivalrous and his weakest side, captured and "married and a'" by a sickly and fanatical heiress much older than himself, who both delighted in his personal beauty and desired the salvation of his soul by the non-conformist formula, he had borne the spiritual tyranny under which he fell sweetly enough upon his own account; but he could not bear seeing it exercised over the rare young creature whom calamity had precipitated from a higher social rank than that of his wife, and forced to earn her living as that wife's companion. The elopement which fol-

lowed placed the woman, of course, under the ban of society, but not the man. If personal genius, added to unswerving personal devotion, could have redeemed the situation, Victor's would have done so; and, as a matter of fact, he believes that he has all but won his battle with society at the moment when the story opens. The old wife, from whom, under English law, there was no possibility of obtaining legal divorce, lies at the point of death from a lingering but absolutely incurable disease, while the man of many millions has just completed an exceptionally stately pleasure house, a little way out of London, to which all the great world both of art and fashion seems ready to flock, asking no questions. Then comes that buoyant walk over the bridge, upon a bright spring morning, the wanton spite of a street rough, excited by the too obvious complacency of the conquering hero, the staggering impact of a gutter-missile on an immaculate expanse of shirt-front, the fall backward, and a confused feeling ever after, upon the hero's part, that he had heard through the subsequent ringing in his ears the forewarning of Nemesis, — the first, faint, far-off, almost melodious bay of the hounds of retribution.

Retribution is indeed wrought upon the genial sinner with Greek punctuality and completeness. His Nathaly's heart had been broken, figuratively, long before, by remorse, by the deep mortification bred of social contumely, by her anguish over the uncertain position and future of the bright maiden who has never suspected her dire disadvantage; and the mother who was not a wife had bravely concealed her own spiritual sufferings for the sake of the man and the child whom she adored. Now the physical organ of the martyr is attacked, and this too she succeeds in hiding, so that Victor, manlike, never dreams in the absorption of his manifold purposes that it has become a breathless race for death between the two women

whom he has equally wronged. The legal wife wins by a few hours, and the shock to our conqueror is so great that he falls fatally stricken in body and brain, and unable even to dictate the testament which would have secured her vast inheritance to his idolized child.

"Here's a sermon, Harry!" as the old Baroness Bernstein said to her Virginian kinsman, when he failed to recognize her own resplendent portrait as a girl. But there are subsidiary themes and incidental homilies in this extremely serious book which are hardly less impressive. There is the flaw, detected and exposed, of lurking vulgarity in the ideal of life accepted by every man who will be first and foremost a money king. There is the quaint idyl of Victor Radnor's confidential clerk, the converted pugilist, who consecrates his formidable fist to God and the intrepid Salvation lass whom he had rescued from the violence of a drunken brute. Above all, there is the effect of the long tragedy, they have seen so near, upon those fair-minded men of the world who have the run of Victor's house. Theoretically, of course, and in the face of that world, they stand by their own order and its Mohammedan traditions. But the "pity and terror" of it all purify their feeling both for mother and daughter in degrees that vary exactly with the native nobility of each man's mind. The titled fiancé, so needful to the success of Victor's political plans, whom Nesta had dutifully accepted at her father's eager instance, but to her mother's unspoken distress, draws back naturally enough from the revelation that the mother is impelled to make, and half accepts the release which the girl instantly offers him when she herself is told the truth. Afterward he repents, and would risk and condone all, but it is too late. In the forcing fire of that sharp crisis, the virginal soul of his bride that might have been has risen above and passed far away from him. If ever young woman "grew upon the

sunny side of the wall," it was Nesta up to the time when she learned the truth about her parentage. And yet — *paratum est cor suum* — the divine preparation of the heart had been surely going on. And when the maiden of nineteen springs to moral maturity in one fierce hour, we know not which to admire more, — her arrowy rectitude, or her ample charity. Love answereth all things. She loves, encourages, and supports her mother. She loves, compassionates, and nerves her father. She never judges either. She seems not even to know how firmly she holds in her slender hand the balance between these two beloved beings of whose error she was born. In her large, fresh, and thoroughly illuminated inner being there is no room even for righteous scorn. And no more is there any room for hesitation or fear. Henceforth hers is a steady and undaunted championship of all women under a social cloud: both the actually "fallen" and those like to fall; a championship whose Christlike frankness comes near to appalling, at times, even the most generous of her own devoted followers among men. The author's divination of the probable workings of a brave, blameless, and clairvoyant woman's heart seems at this point little less than dæmonic. He has painted, and painted *con amore*, a whole gallery of splendid and spotless girl-portraits: Lucy Desmond, Clara Middleton, Rhoda Fleming, the artless and heroic creature whom he saddles with the absurd name of Carinthia Jane, Diana Merrion, — but no, Diana does not quite belong with the others, nor does Aminta. But Nesta is the flower of them all; and it is with a sigh of heartfelt content that we give her, in the end, to be married to the most magnanimous of her many suitors, who had stood modestly aside in the days of her high prosperity, but with whom we know that she will lead, in comparative poverty and retreat, a life both blessed and blessing.

How explain the comparative neglect, even among titled officers of the Propaganda Fide, into which this noble romance has fallen in ten years? I have heard one of the most earnest of the "master's" enrolled followers confess, almost with tears in his eyes, that One of our Conquerors was, in every sense of the phrase, more strong than he; and that he had started a score of times to accompany the hero over London Bridge, only to turn back baffled and disconcerted before he had gained the middle stream. Such a defection as this is clearly the author's own fault. Let the truth be spoken plainly, then, about the positively unpardonable manner in which this beautiful story is told. Mr. Meredith is never, as we all know, too easy to read; but nowhere else, in the entire range of his works, early and late, in prose or in verse, is he so resolutely, rudely, disdainfully, I may say, insolently enigmatical as in all but the concluding passages of One of our Conquerors. A man with so grave a message to deliver has no moral right to cast it in crabbed conundrums, and swaddle it in reams of allusive, illusive, and irrelevant verbiage! One might suspect Mr. Meredith of being ashamed and almost afraid of the intensity of his own feeling, were it not that, as a dramatic poet, both by temperament and title, he is the last man in the world whom one would expect to succumb to any such chilly and pitiful form of intellectual *mauvaise honte*. Moreover, at the very end of the book, as I have said, the author does forget himself and the tantalizing humors of his inverted phraseology. His diction then becomes quite simple and even terribly clear, and the long gathering agony of the situation he has conceived presses to its fall with a "polished velocity" that recalls Ruskin's renowned description of the Cataract of Schaffhausen.

So much for the first member of our trilogy. The story of Lord Ormont and his Aminta is briefer, and much more

plainly, not to say bluntly told. Enter a schoolboy and a schoolgirl — the pride of their respective establishments, both beautiful, ambitious, romantic — ogling each other with rapture through a mist of morning dreams across the artificial barriers which are necessarily maintained between them. Silly creatures! — Matthew and Aminta, — yet how sympathetically, how wistfully, how reverentially, even, is the fine fatuity of their awkward age depicted! The curtain drops abruptly upon the lean, sweet figures in this charming picture, to rise again seven years later and show Aminta married, through the successful manœuvring of a vulgar aunt, to a great nobleman and a great general, old enough to be her father, to wit, Lord Ormont, whose brilliant military services to his country in foreign war have never been fairly appreciated in England. He had been sulking sternly upon the Continent when himself captured as aforesaid, and he had stalked into the snare so palpably laid for him half in homage to Aminta's fresh young loveliness, and half to spite his own ungrateful order at home, and disappoint, once for all, the very natural matrimonial expectations of its daughters. Lord Ormont marries his Aminta honorably at the English Consulate; but, alas, he is ashamed of having done so. When the time comes for taking her to England, the hero of a hundred fights has not the courage unequivocally to acknowledge his bride. He neither installs her in one of his historic houses, nor introduces her to his proper world; and that world, headed by his own fine, overbearing sister, Lady Charlotte, jealous to fanaticism for his fame, eagerly assumes Aminta's position to be irregular, and treats the lady accordingly. All that Nathaly suffered righteously Aminta has to suffer without cause, and she endures for a time with a dignified patience wonderful in one so young and proud. That which wakes the insulted countess, not so much to wrath with her

ungenerous lord as to scorn of herself for having accepted him at her aunt's bidding from motives of gratified vanity and mere worldly ambition, is the arrival on the scene, as secretary to the earl, of her boy lover Matthew. The latter had welcomed as a special boon of Providence an engagement to compile and edit the famous memoirs which are to constitute Lord Ormont's Apologia. The great unrewarded commander had long been the idol of Matthew's chivalrous imagination as the unforgotten Aminta had been the angel of his one amorous dream. When fate brings him to dwell in the house of those two, and he finds her so wantonly discredited there, gallant struggles ensue, *de part et d'autre*, and prayers and dreams of a superhuman renunciation, but — it is perhaps not necessary to say what not long after happened.

Upon the rebels, in this instance, Mr. Meredith pronounces no formal sentence. By implication he may almost be regarded as justifying them, for it is Lord Ormont and his kind against whom he trains the tremendous artillery of his moral. That valiant old soldier had, after all, so sound a heart, and so keen a faculty of discernment, except when swayed by petty personal spite! He thoroughly appreciated, nay, doted on the infinite possibilities of the rare young creature whom, still, the selfish custom of his sex and the indurated cruelty of his caste permitted him to abuse, as toy or instrument, until he had fairly driven her to insurrection and constructive crime. He had intended to right her so magnificently when it should be his own good time and royal pleasure to do so! He would deck her with the world-renowned family diamonds, and trample upon the whole impudent and ungrateful peerage in drawing her to his side. But when he finally turned and signified his gracious willingness to adjust her coronet the youthful countess was gone.

It is this escape of his outraged bride

from the house that should have protected her which gives a mortal stab to the old patrician's towering pride and fills him with a noble remorse. If the aristocratic vices have, up to this point, been allowed their most ruthless play in the persons both of the earl and Lady Charlotte, the aristocratic virtues too shine brightly in the composed and magnanimous conduct of the brother and sister after the catastrophe. With the everlasting exception of Shakespeare, I doubt if the other dramatist ever lived who could have portrayed so to the inmost palpitating life the rude, imperious, and at the same time intensely human and convincing character of Lady Charlotte Eglett. The final word of this strange, eventful, and more or less *risqué* history remains with her, and very simply and grandly is it spoken.

Still, there will always be good folk — and folk wise with the wisdom of both worlds, too — who will shake their heads over the ostensible teaching of Lord Ormont and his Aminta. Was it for this reason, or only for the sake of emphasizing his deeper meaning, that Mr. Meredith chose to retell the tale with altered characters and conditions, and so to relate it the second time as to vindicate his injured heroine absolutely and conclusively? To say that *The Amazing Marriage* is only another version of the story of Lord and Lady Ormont is not, however, to suggest, for one moment, that the author repeats himself. Quite otherwise. He is indeed so affluent a creator of human types and combinations that the identity of the twice-told parable is not immediately apparent to the reader. Lord Fleetwood, the morbid and previously disappointed wooer of the mountain maid Carinthia Jane, seems at first sight to have little in common with a virile hero like Lord Ormont, except his eminent social rank. He is, however, like the elder nobleman, a despot by circumstance, — a nature not wholly ignoble, but spoiled by the possession

and misuse of practically unlimited power; while the nature of the lesser and more modern man is badly corroded by the action of hungry parasites. A curiously keen perception of historic truth is shown in the change of type from the high-bred warrior of the Napoleonic era, whose pride is purely personal and racial, to the cynical Cæsar of a more material generation, who relies chiefly on his enormous wealth to save him from the consequences of his deeds. In the headlong pursuit of his unholy purpose Lord Fleetwood offers bribes, and stoops to meannesses for so much as suggesting which in his presence the elder tyrant would have slain a minion with his hands. And yet — startling anomaly! — Lord Fleetwood is, in some respects, the more developed moral being of the two. He can perceive that his inferiors in station and fortune have rights, though he will take his own fill of outraging the same. Lord Ormont, the incorruptible, is unvisited by any such suspicion. Lord Fleetwood is, in fact, quite a bit of a social philanthropist, and considerably interested in the welfare of mankind when at leisure from his own lust. Lord Ormont has no such theoretic weakness or imaginary detachment. Money, he disdains. He regards it as an insignificant and rather sordid accident, inseparable merely from a position like his own. Lord Fleetwood and Victor Radnor, on the other hand, both gloat in their several fashions, over their shekels, and the man who has inherited even more than the man who has amassed them. Yet they do it in no miserly spirit, but rather through a sublime confidence in the power of wealth to purchase — *indulgence*. When the pampered Lord Fleetwood finds, to his amazement, that the fair woman upon whom he had first fixed his choice for a bride has already given her heart to an impecunious army officer, it is in a transport of childish fury that he flings his own title and fortune at the feet of the

woodland Cinderella, who chances to be the sister of his rival. She, poor child, receiving his heartless offer upon the night of her first ball, accepts it humbly, in her utter innocence of the world and of men, grateful to Heaven and the kind magnate who has saved her from the deeply dreaded fate of being a burden on her beloved brother and so hindering the consummation of his happiness. Lord Ormont had been a coward concerning his marriage, but a *preux chevalier* always in his private relations with his wife, as Victor Radnor had also been toward the woman who was not his wife. The more ingrain and brutal selfishness of Lord Fleetwood leads him to flaunt his *mésalliance*, and to make a veritable Roman holiday for his sycophantic following out of the indignities which he heaps upon the helpless head of his bride.

Helpless except through the resources of her own upright and intrepid soul. Slowly, surely, the child who had been so shamefully *joué* rises to the full height of her inviolate womanhood. She learns first to comprehend, then to endure, and eventually to command the abnormal situation. The meekness of her first surrender is only equaled by the majestic assurance of her ultimate ascendancy. Neither Nathaly nor Aminta had, alas, been blameless. Carinthia, by all the sanctions of human law, remains transparently and triumphantly so. For her own sake and that of the heir of Fleetwood she will maintain her full right and title. The wealth which is her due she will take that she may distribute it in a considered charity. Her experience of ignominy in her own sinless person, like Nesta's in that of her unhappy mother, makes her the tender sister and the tireless helper of all the despised and shamed. Only one reprobate is beyond the pale of her mercy, and that reprobate is her husband. To him as a wife she will on no condition return. For that spiritual fop, sick at last of self-indulgence, and

shivering under a terrific moral arrest, there can be no place of repentance with her. So pitifully does the spoiled child of fortune plead with her before his desperate end that the weak reader is all but won over to his part, but Astræa is implacable. Thus much of hardness remains in that big heart as the result of a scathing early experience. The wound has healed, but the pale cicatrix is always there:—

“Show us Michael with the sword
Rather than such angels, Lord!”

Nothing, observe, can be imagined less namby-pamby, less meek and mild, conventionally supple and clinging, than the feminine ideal which commands Mr. Meredith's allegiance, and which he holds up for admiration in these latter tales of his, or indeed in his romances generally. The woman whom he delights to honor, whom he compassionates, for whom he pleads, against whose gravest lapses he will sternly offset an age-long accumulation of arbitrary injustice, must herself possess a goodly share of the so-called virile virtues. Before everything she must have the primal—how frequently one is moved to add, the sole and final—virtue of *courage*. “She was *brave*” is the laconic tribute of the heart-stricken old earl to his lost Aminta as he dreams, in his fading days, of the perils they had relished and confronted side by side. And again, of the same: “She was among the bravest of women. She had a full ounce of lead in her breast when she sat with the boys at their midday meal, showing them her familiar, pleasant face.” The scene in *The Amazing Marriage* where Carinthia, in the presence of her horrified and half-paralyzed lord, defends the village children from the onset of a rabid dog is one of the most thrilling in fiction; and after saying upon the burning last page of *One of our Conquerors* that Nesta brought her husband the “dower of an equal valiancy,” he proceeds to a more subtle development of his favorite theory: “You are aware of the

reasons, the many, why a courageous young woman requires of high heaven, far more than the commendably timid, a doughty husband. She had him; otherwise would that puzzled old world which beheld her step out of the ranks to challenge it, and could not blast her personal reputation, have commissioned a paw to maul her character, perhaps instructing the gossips to murmur of her parentage. Nesta Victoria Fenallan had the husband who would have the world respectful to any brave woman. This one was his wife." The mailed maiden of Mr. Meredith's generous dream is magnanimous, but she tolerates no base affront, and there is, as we have seen, a limit to her mercy. His Carinthia he credits with a sense of honor so refined that it puts the traditional albeit somewhat ragged code of the "gentleman" conspicuously to shame. Where, as with Diana of the Crossways, this keen punctilio fails, even her creator's own marked partiality barely avails to save from lasting disgrace the most seductive daughter of his imagination. For the woman who is unable to defend herself he has infinite pity, but — he leaves her to her fate. Nathaly dies without rehabilitation and redress: Letitia, open-eyed, disenchanted, and yet clasping her chain, is handed over to the baffled and humiliated Egoist.

But the oddest feature of Mr. Meredith's crusade is this: the emancipation which he invokes for the suffering fair is in no sense an intellectual one. It is anything and everything rather than an affair of sciences, languages, courses, and careers. And still less is it what is quaintly called by a certain class of agitators "economic." It is purely moral, and can be achieved only through the moral regeneration of the woman's natural master. A champion of Woman's Rights — even with capitals — Mr. Meredith stands confessed; yet with the clearly defined proviso that a woman has no rights, under the present dispensation, save such as may accrue

to her through the righteousness of man. No other author ever gauged so accurately all that a high-spirited woman feels, as none, surely, ever exposed so relentlessly the dastard quality that may shelter itself within the clanging armor of your imposing masculine bravo. Nevertheless Mr. Meredith takes his text quite frankly from *Paradise Lost*, "He for God only, she for God in him." The first and by far the most difficult part of this antiquated ideal once realized, the second would be found to comprehend the way of all blessing for man and woman alike. The woman's office in creation is to be magnified, her ways, in so far as she has been made "subject to vanity, not willingly," are to be justified, her more than Augustinian "love of love" is to be satisfied; but all and strictly within the adamantine limits established, from the beginning, in the order of nature, by the Author of Life.

Yet when I say that Mr. Meredith wants no intellectual emancipation for his clients I am conscious of using a hackneyed, clumsy, and inexact phrase. His loftier claim appears to be that the very best order of feminine capacity is something far too good for the service of the study. Relatively to this sublime endowment, mere cleverness is but a vulgar knack, — and verbal wit, contemptible. One may even say that he does his best to make it appear so, in the list he is at the pains to compile for us, of Diana Merrion's renowned epigrams. They are solemnly recondite and elaborately dull. Only one of them has even the torpedo-snap of genuine repartee, and sticks in the memory because of the flash light that it flings backward on Mr. Meredith's own fortified position. "Man has passed Seraglio Point, but he has not yet rounded Cape Turk."

The paradox which our author so vehemently sustains is not absolutely new. Neither is it, historically speaking, very old. Its first distinct enunciation is

probably to be found in the Magnificat: "Respexit humilitatem ancillae suae. . . . Deposuit potentes ex sede, et exaltavit humiles." It is a mystical doctrine doubtless, and during not a few of the so-called Christian centuries it figured as an explicit article in the religious creed of a pious and valiant if somewhat destructive order of men. Life in this world, according to the scheme of things in question, is continuous warfare wherein offensive operations are committed to the man, and those of defense to the woman. He trains the bands, organizes the sorties, endures the bleak bivouac, leads the forlorn hope to desperate assault. She heartens and provisions the garrison, being quite ready herself to stand to the guns in time of stress, no less than to dress the wounds of the stricken and pray for the souls of those who fall.

Such intervals of leisure as may occur in her strenuous life may well enough be occupied in the conning of missals and the working of tapestry to veil the brutal roughness of the fortress' inner wall. These things are a parable; but really, when one comes to think of it, they symbolize no such very unfair division either of labor or of honor; nor is it easy to imagine a re-assignment of parts which would not upon the whole increase the chances of fatal confusion and final defeat. In short, Mr. Meredith's ideal is that of the thirteenth century, rescued from disrepute and ridicule, and shaped, so far as may be, to the uses of the third millennium. And thus it was that my friend and I came to decide, between ourselves, beside our fallen fire, that his is, essentially, and above all others now current, a knightly pen.

Harriet Waters Preston.

DOMREMY AND ROUEN.

DOMREMY.

THE sheep are folded. I may sit awhile
Here in the dusk, and think my thoughts alone.
Not long: even now the shadows that lay slant
And sharp across the orchard are quite gone;
I shall be looked for soon.

Fifteen years old!

And I am strong and well as ever I was
When I was young: the saints are very good
And very close. Sometimes I seem to hear
Their quiet voices, saying kind, kind things
Only because they love me. And sometimes . . .
Sometimes . . . I know not how, they are calling, calling,
And something I must do, and something be,
I know not what. I lean to hear the word,
And strange tears brush my cheek, and dim eyes look
From far, far spaces into mine, and then . . .
Once more the quiet voices, and the breath
Of dear companionship.

Fifteen years old . . .

Who knows? I may be married in a year,

Now I am quite a woman, and then — then . . .
 Ah, little smiling, weeping, roseleaf things!
 If one could bear them as Our Lady bore
 The little Lord! No one, the women say,
 No one but she was ever mother so,
 And I must be content without my blessing
 Till I may win a good man's love . . . But me!
 What good man will think ever to love me?
 A very foolish good man! . . .

Sometimes, too,

I hear far-off in some faint other-world
 A deeper voice: "Nay, little one, not thou,
 Not thou — far other blessedness for thee."
 Till I wake weeping, clutching at my breast
 To still the hungry ache of motherhood.
 If it were so, why should I weep? Perhaps
 Some life of holy quiet shall be mine,
 Far from the world, in time to grow and grow
 A very little saint. One would be glad
 To be as good as that, and yet . . .

Last night,

The very last night of my fourteen years,
 I had a dream. By a bright hearth I sat,
 Distaff in hand, and all about my knees
 Tumbled and clung a troop of little ones,
 All mine, all mine. And as I shook for joy,
 And would have stooped to kiss them, all at once
 My stool grew — think! — a horse, and my sweet babes
 A throng of armèd men, still at my knee,
 Still looking in my face for comfort: so —
 Why, so I gave them comfort . . .

What a dream!

ROUEN.

This is the hour they told me of. I thought
 There would be fear, which I might chance to hide,
 And numb at last with prayer, as I have done
 Often upon the hanging wave of battle
 Before it broke and gave me calm. Then — then —
 Perhaps some quick and upward witnessing
 Of heart and voice, and then a pang . . . and then
 I should be dead. How strange one should have made
 So much of it! I think in all this mass
 Of breathers, mine's the only quiet heart.

Ah, zest of anxious service, eager task
 Of life, how wonderful you were; and now
 A little troubled thing for memory
 To deal with for a moment, and let slip
 Into the dark . . .

It was a glory, yes,
 But not mine own; I may forget it now.
 The calling voices are all still'd at last,
 They have no more to ask; I may forget . . .

Shadowy days in far green Domremy,
 So little while ago, and yet so long,
 You only, grow and grow out of the dusk
 Endearingly upon the woman's heart
 With visions of the simple maid she was . . .
 And yet I know not what slow bitterness
 Wells upward from some long-neglected spring
 Deep in the heart, for looking in this face
 Once mine and lost: the wonder if perhaps
 The service and the glory might have fallen
 To one who, worthier for that, had been
 Less fit for simpler uses.

"This young maid,"
 So will the women say, "this gentle maid
 Became the champion of France and God:
 She might have been a mother and a wife!"

Not wasted, and not grudged, the thing I gave,
 Only I know not how to turn me from
 This world unloved, unprattled-for . . . Wert thou
 Minded to yield some little token to
 A foolish woman who has served thee, God,
 It should not be a crown of gold, the praise
 Of saintly throngs, a seat at the right hand, —
 But only this . . . One hour to feel myself
 At last fulfilled of womanhood; to weep
 And smile as other women do, with here
 A broad breast for my comfort human-wise,
 And there a little babble of soft lips,
 And tender palms uplifted just to me . . .
 That were a glory! . . .

That were quite too much,
 No doubt. I will not ask for it, nor ask
 For anything but rest: I am too tired
 For anything but rest . . .

Sirs, I am ready.

Henry Walcott Boynton.

COMMERCIALISM.

It is the habit of the politician who desires to put on an appearance of patriotism to denounce greed and commercialism as if they were synonymous terms, and to hold up for emulation the career of the soldier as one of highest merit and renown. It is the custom of the preacher who has little knowledge of affairs to denounce commercialism as of "the world, the flesh, and the devil," and to hold up the man who gives away all that he gets in charity, as if that were the best use of wealth, — the world, the flesh, and the devil being held by the preacher to be alike evil. The man who devotes himself to trade is called upon to separate religion and life by giving his Sundays to devout purposes so as to atone for the pursuit of gain during the week days. He is asked to prepare for a future life in the next world, in which it is assumed that there will be no work to do, by discrediting his work in this world. The emblem of perfection put before him is the cherub, with head and wings, but without any organs of digestion, and without any conceivable way of sitting down for a quiet rest, therefore possessing no material wants to be supplied by trade.

What is this commercialism which is so often held up to present scorn as if the pursuit of wealth had not been the motive of action in former days? The effort of autocrats, the motive of feudalism and of militarism, the motive of the modern jingo and of the warfare which he promotes upon feeble states by strong and aggressive nations, is the pursuit of gain by force or fraud. Commercialism is the pursuit of gain by service and fair methods in the conduct of commerce. What is commerce? Is it not the method by which human wants are supplied? What are these wants? Are they not a supply of food, clothing, shelter, light, heat, and, in another field,

music, pictures, gardens, flowers, and all that makes for beauty in the world as we know it? This world is the only one that we can know. If the power that makes for righteousness has placed man in this world for maleficent purposes, then mankind may only consent to be damned under protest, if he has not instinct or reason enough to condemn such a conception of a dishonest God as the meanest work of man. But if the purpose of life in this world is to make the most of a world that is filled with the means of human welfare, of beauty and of happiness, then man may work out his own salvation from poverty and want, and may develop his mental and spiritual capacity in so doing.

Now, since the mental endowments of men vary and are unequal, it follows, as President George Harris has so clearly proved, that inequality and progress must be reconciled, as they are by the facts of life. Mental energy is the prime factor in all material progress. It gives the power of directing the forces of nature to the increasing welfare of man. "Captains of industry" are few in number but rare in ability. They render service to those who must do the physical and manual work, by the application of science and invention to the arts of life. When such men are true to their functions, the dollars of their wealth are but so many tokens of the service that they have rendered to their fellow men, and yet they themselves may be unaware of their true place in the great organism which we call society, and may not justify even to themselves the work that they do.

What is the motive of commerce? Is it not mutual service for mutual benefit? How else does commerce exist and continue on its way? The merchant who cheats his customers is a fool. The manufacturer who debases his product,

and who tries to put off goods and wares upon the public which are not what they seem to be, is a knave. Such men are relatively few in number. They usually fail, or, if they secure riches, they are marked men whom society distrusts, even though they pile up dollars by their evil practices. The abatement of this class is only a question of time and intelligence. The makers and venders of quack medicines, of beverages purporting to promote temperance but which are merely alcoholic stimulants in disguise, will be unable to cheat the community even in a prohibitory town or state when common education is a little further advanced. The stock gambler who uses loaded dice on the exchange and rigs the market waits only for the progress of better commercial education to be abated as a common nuisance. The transactions of this noxious kind are, however, but a small fraction of the great trade of the world in which men and nations supply each other's wants.

There are two principles or fundamental rules of action which are based on human nature, that are hinted at but have never, within the limited book knowledge of the writer, been fully developed in any of the standard works upon political economy or social science.

1. No one is paid for his work, mental, manual, or mechanical, nor is any one entitled to be paid, by the measure of the work which he does either in hours of labor, in the intensity of the physical effort, or by the quantity or kind of work done. He is paid by the measure, consciously or unconsciously estimated, of the work or the effort which he saves to the man by whom he is paid.

2. The cost of each man to the community is only what he and those immediately dependent upon him consume, whether his income be a dollar or a thousand dollars per day. He can eat, drink, and wear only what he consumes. What he eats, drinks, and wears is his share of the annual product. He can occupy only a limited amount of space in his

dwelling-house or his office, and that constitutes his share of the means of shelter. What he spends is a part of the distribution of products, by which those among whom he spends his income procure their own food, clothing, and shelter. All that any one can get in or out of life, in a material sense, is his board and clothing, and what each one costs is what he consumes for board, clothing, and shelter.

Under the arduous conditions of a century ago men and women were compelled to do their own work in providing themselves with food, fuel, clothing, and shelter. In the present age, especially since manual training has been taught in the schools, well-grown boys and girls and well-bred men and women might supply their wants with less work than their grandfathers did, thus making themselves independent of society. Why do they not supply their own wants by their own work? We could all have learned how to spin and weave, how to tan and work leather, how to raise hogs, cattle, and grain, and salt down the meat for winter, how to build log cabins, and cut wood for fuel. There is cleared land now reverting to pasture and woodland which has once been occupied by self-sustaining people of this type, and which could be recovered and used with less effort or cost of labor than was necessary a century ago to provide homes for the people and to support them in those homes, especially in New England. What influence forbids recourse to the arduous and narrow lives, sometimes sordid and squalid, of a former generation? Is it not the influence of commerce making for mutual benefit, — is it not commercialism, in fact? Why does the adult reader buy his shoes when he may make a clumsy but useful pair, as perhaps his own grandfather did? Does he measure the time and effort of the shoemaker or manufacturer when he decides to buy a pair of shoes? Does any such computation enter his mind and does he say to himself, The man who

made these shoes spent so much time and so much labor upon them, and by that measure I think he ought to be paid about three dollars? Not a bit. The buyer does not know the man, and can never have a personal interest in him. It does not matter to him whether that man worked eight hours or ten hours a day. Consciously or unconsciously he sets the price which he will pay for the shoes by what he saves of his own time and effort in order that he may apply it to more useful purposes, so far as he is concerned, than making shoes. As it is in respect to shoes, so is it in all the exchanges of material products which constitute commerce, and commerce is nothing else than exchange for mutual service. Such is commercialism.

It follows that the unthinking persons who condemn commercialism from the pulpit or the rostrum merely expose their own ignorance of the true function and the interdependence of the merchant, the manufacturer, the workman, and the laborer, by whom the modern conditions of society have been evolved. Commerce stands for all that is good in modern society, and in the progress of human welfare so far as human welfare rests upon the supply of physical wants. War stands for all that is brutal and barbarous in modern society, however necessary it may have been in the past in making way for the present commercial age.

Napoleon denounced the English as a nation of shopkeepers, but by the very strength of their commerce they developed the power by which he was beaten and suppressed. Spain, in her day the greatest military power of Europe, tried to conquer Holland, but by the force of their commerce and industries the Dutch developed yet greater power, enabling them to defeat their oppressors.

In every age of recorded history from the time of the Phœnicians to the present date, the states in which commerce has been most fully developed have been those which have excelled not only in

the common welfare of the people, but also in art and literature. The progress of law is indicated by its very name, jurisprudence, the science of rights. The barbarism and brutality of war have been expressed by the common phrase, "Inter arma silent leges." In war the merchant possesses no rights which the commerce destroyer is bound to respect.

Among the nations this country stands almost alone in the freedom of its commerce on a continental scale, with a greater number of civilized people than ever enjoyed its benefits before.

If this is an age in which commercialism rules, we may well be thankful. If the generals of armies will be forced to give way to the captains of industry, if the admiral in the navy has become the subordinate of the engineer, if the line officers of the army have been forced into the ranks with the privates in order to be saved from the sharpshooters, whom skilled mechanics working solely for profit have supplied with guns of which the discharge can neither be seen nor heard, — then we may be well assured that the peaceful forces of commerce will suppress the barbarity of war. May we not also be well assured that as commercialism more and more governs the thought and directs the acts of an intelligent community, a war of tariffs will become as absurd and out of date as a war of weapons has always been brutal and noxious?

It follows that both the preacher and the politician must mend their ways if they are again to become leaders in thought and in social progress. Instead of making an effort to discredit a condition which marks the highest point in the progress of humanity yet reached, and in place of misapprehending the commercialism of the new century, let them direct their thoughts to the dominant power of commerce, joining with men of affairs in developing it, until every man and every nation shall be free to serve another's wants without the perversion of the power of public taxation to

purposes of private gain under the pretext of protection to domestic industry.

It is doubtless true that yet for a short period a naval armament must be maintained upon the sea for the protection of commerce. This necessity will exist so long as there are brutal nations endeavoring to extend their commerce by conquest, and to annex colonies or dependencies without any regard to the rights of their inhabitants. The name of "commerce destroyers" has already become a term of obloquy and of contempt in its application to naval vessels. In respect to armaments upon the land, standing armies are already in disrepute. Volunteers of sufficient intelligence each to fight on his own judgment have proved to be better fighting machines than regulars in any equal contest. Again, volunteers must be men of intelligence who think before they fight, but in regular armies thinking is not consistent with discipline.

It may not be long before other states will follow the good example of the Dominion of Canada, which has no standing army, but which maintains an effective national police, being protected on its long border line and on the Great Lakes by the common interest, and by the commercialism which controls both the government of Canada and of the United States, in spite of the absurd obstruction of tariffs which now stand in the way of the greater mutual service which each might render to the other. Canada is protected upon the Great Lakes by the simple agreement, entered into at the instance of John Quincy Adams after the last war with Great Britain, by President Monroe and the British Cabinet, to the effect that "in order to avoid collision and to save expense" no armed naval force should be permitted by either nation upon these interior waters, over which a commerce vastly greater than that of the Mediterranean Sea or of the Suez Canal now passes peacefully, to the benefit of all and to the injury of none.

When Great Britain and the United States propose to neutralize an ocean ferry-way from port to port in either land, and give notice to other states that their united navies forbid any interference with their commerce in such neutral seas, every other state in Europe will ask to join in the agreement; then "the ships that pass from thy land to that shall be like the shuttle of the loom, weaving the web of concord among the nations."

The first half of the nineteenth century was marked by brutal wars engendered in ignorance of what constitutes the true wealth of nations and in efforts of rulers to suppress commercialism. The privileged rulers, holding power which they used as if the common people of the nations had no rights which rulers were bound to respect, mortgaged the future, and put upon present generations the greater part of an enormous debt, which is now a chief cause of pauperism even in Great Britain; the taxes for interest being diffused and paid by consumers in proportion to their consumption wherever they are first put, taking from the very poorest a part of the product which is necessary to their existence, and paying it over to others who live on the interest of debts incurred for destructive wars.

In the second half of the nineteenth century yet more brutal wars were engendered in "blood and iron" for the purpose of promoting a separation of races and states, establishing artificial boundaries, and enacting tariffs which forbid mutual service. This policy has ended in requiring armies for the maintenance of these tariff barriers which cost more than the amount of the revenue from duties on imports. These wars, engendered in brutality, greed, and ignorance of economic science, have spent their active force, but have so retarded the progress of commercialism as to have brought disease upon multitudes for lack of sufficient food.

The last quarter of the nineteenth

century was marked by little wars of great nations upon weak states, discreditable if not dishonorable to the countries by whom they were permitted.

But the standard of common intelligence has passed or is passing beyond the stage in which the barbarity of war has been tolerated and justified, at least in this country, and we may hope in others. Commercialism has been estab-

lished with greater power and influence in the United States than in any other nation. Under its influence, in spite of the temporary aberration from the works of peace, order, and industry, the United States has become a world power among the nations, and will maintain this power only so far as the people develop commercialism and suppress militarism.

Edward Atkinson.

DEMOCRACY AND THE CHURCH.

ONE would suppose that the Christian church would find itself at home for the first time in the democratic state. The religion which liberated love from the narrow confines of family or personal friends ought to have welcomed with ardent joy the social theory which is merely a secular name for "love in widest commonalty spread." Yet so subtly is a disguising veil woven by the forces of bewilderment that play through history, that when democracy appeared as a political force, the church did not welcome it at all. On the contrary, she turned reproachfully away from the vehement and disturbing newcomer, while extending hands of benediction over those graceful and dignified institutions, a monarchy and an aristocracy. From that precursor of modern democracy, the struggle for political freedom in seventeenth-century England, the organized church stood apart, fervently loyal to the lost cause of the Stuarts. Again, during the revolutionary period in France, she allied herself so thoroughly with the conservative forces that in the minds of friends and foes alike she and the ancien régime were one, and the victory of the people meant the overthrow of faith. All through the heaving unrest of the last century in Europe, the same unnatural fellowship has prevailed. Until to-day, despite the

Christian Socialist movements that have never been wholly lacking, the wanderer in Europe finds the church everywhere regarded as the bulwark of the privileged classes, and the forces of social revolt opposed to organized Christianity as a matter of course. So long and strong has been the alliance of the church with the aristocratic principle, that any approach on the part of her children to a radical position is greeted on all sides with distrust.

That the situation is paradoxical, who can deny? It is not, however, mysterious. Dante's great cry, so nobly echoed by Milton, is the key to the paradox:

"Ahi, Costantin, di quanto mal fu matre,
Non la tua conversion, ma quella dote
Che da te prese il primo ricco patre!"

"Ah, Constantine, of how much ill was cause,
Not thy conversion, but those rich domains
That the first wealthy Pope received of thee!"

The periods of persecution over, the church, in the first glow of her triumph, believing that the world was won for Christ, accepted the protection of the state. It was a natural and noble delusion whereby she trusted that in a world redeemed the spiritual could govern the temporal, not realizing that such nominal control would be a mask under which the temporal would govern the spiritual. Yet ever since that time her

relation to society has changed. So long indeed as she is in any sense true to her Master, she must to a certain degree remain the exponent of democratic principles; and during all the Middle Ages she offered, especially through the religious orders, a home to democratic practice. But the services which, half unconsciously, she rendered to democracy were neither consistent nor complete. Recognized, honored, all but enthroned by the world, she constantly assumed more or less of the world's aspect; till, when her time of test arrived, she ranged herself, to the amazement even then of many among her children, on the side of authority and privilege, rather than on that of liberty and the poor.

No student of history can wholly regret the long connection of spiritual and temporal; one may almost say that it was necessary for the training of the infant nations. Even to this day a national church is undoubtedly in a special and valuable sense a true guardian of national morals. Nevertheless, it is difficult for any one born on American soil to believe in the management of religious affairs by the government. A church which exists on the patronage of the state has given too many hostages to fortune. Dependent, so far as her outward being is concerned, on the stability of things as they are, she will in times of stress have half unconsciously an invincible bias in favor of the established order. A church ought indeed, now and again, to exercise a noble restraint over the restless passions of men, — to stand for law when the never-ceasing pendulum is swinging too far toward license, and the clock of the universe is running out of gear. But her true power, as champion of order no less than as champion of freedom, is forfeited the moment she is open to suspicion of interested motives. If the union between the church and the ancien régime was too strong to be shaken when democracy first appeared; if the

movement toward freedom in modern Europe proceeds with little or no help from the restraining and deepening power of Christianity; if the names of Christ and of Humanity are the watchwords of opposing camps, — we may lament, but we cannot be surprised. This is the Nemesis of the church, this the price she has paid for her alliance, so tempting but so dangerous, with the Powers that Be.

Meanwhile, with us in the United States, the religious situation is less unnatural than in Europe. We have the free church in the free state, and that is much; moreover, no one or two forms of the manifold divisions of Christendom are given artificial advantage. American Christianity, furthermore, was founded in a tradition, which it has not forgotten, of liberty both spiritual and social; and however strongly the forces of irreligion are at work among us, it may well seem to the observer that we are still a more religious people than can easily be found among the leading Continental nations. For reasons also deeper than any of these, the church in our country should escape the dangers of the church in Europe. A long strain is over. The antagonism between her principles of equal fellowship among men and the principles of the aristocratic state whereon she depended need trouble her no longer. In the very theory in which our nation was founded she finds her most powerful ally. The complex interplay of forces shown us in history, wherein friends so often wounded friends in the dark, yields to a blessed simplicity, for the ideal of democracy and that of Christianity on its human side are one.

Under these favoring circumstances, how pure, how triumphant, of how universal an appeal, should be the church in America! Liberated from hampering temporal control, yet strengthened by the secular ideas that encompass her, she might assuredly approach more nearly than ever before to the apostolic

conception. One beholds her in vision, a church not only rich in works of mercy, — this Christianity, even when most trammelled, has always been, — but in the fullest sense the exponent of a spiritual democracy, the champion of the oppressed and the outcast, the natural home of rich and poor meeting in one fellowship of love, and striving all together in earnest harmony toward that society wherein the Beatitudes shall be the rule of life, and the mind of Christ be revealed.

Turning now to the actual, what do we see? Nothing to make us despair, much to make us hope; but much also to make us question and fear. The church in America — and for the present we mean by the church all forms of organized religion that acknowledge Christ as the Master of men — is on a far better footing than in Europe; but it were folly to pretend that she is as yet adequately conformed to a democratic type. Free from dependence on the state, she illustrates an almost more insidious form of subordination to the powers of this world. For a voluntary church almost inevitably enters into dependence upon the classes of privilege. It leans on them for its support, ministers with primary energy to their spiritual needs, — our millionaires, even when their business methods are open to criticism, are often sincerely pious, — puts up the larger number of its buildings in the quarters inhabited by them, provides the type of worship and preaching most grateful to them, and only as an afterthought establishes those numerous mission chapels, Sunday-schools for the poor, etc., whose very existence marks most clearly the tenacity of the aristocratic principle.

It is hard to see how all this could be avoided; and in one sense nobody is to blame for it. Yet so long as this state of things continues, the working people will instinctively regard the church as an appendage of the privileged classes. Religion, to their minds,

will too often appear a luxury of the rich, who, not content with the goods of this world, seek to establish a lien on those of the world to come. As a matter of fact, the alienation of the working classes from organized Christianity is a truism discussed *ad nauseam*. Even the Roman Catholic communion — the most democratic among us, with the possible exception of the Methodists — has its hold mainly on the women; the more intellectualized forms of Christianity, such as Unitarianism, are helpless to reach the poor except on lines of practical benevolence; and the Protestant bodies at large, though of course with many noble and striking exceptions, are struggling more or less ineffectively against odds which they do not understand.

It would be an exaggeration to say that all working people feel antagonistic toward the church. Their general attitude is rather that of indifference. The thinking poor are well enough aware that there is nothing unnatural in the situation, and that if the tables were so turned that worldly advantage shifted to their side, it would probably remain unchanged. At times their feeling, especially toward the clergy, is curiously sympathetic. "Say," remarked a labor leader of vivid mind to the writer, "say, I'm awfully sorry for ministers. Most of them are real good men. They know well enough what Christ meant, and they'd like first rate to preach it, — if they dared. But, Lord, how can they? They've got to draw their salaries; they've got families to support." All this quite without a touch of irony.

Many a misapprehension is involved in those remarks, but how salutary for us to dwell on the picture they suggest, of our institutional Christianity as seen from the angle of the working classes! It is the fashion to ascribe the alienation of these classes from religion to the spread of infidelity, and doubtless the advance of scientific thought and

the sapping of Biblical authority are responsible for much. But we should be quite mistaken to look here for the primary cause of popular irreligion. Simple folk are far less affected by the demonstration of dogma in the abstract — could dogma ever be so demonstrated — than by the revelation of a supernatural power in the life. Here indeed we have the only efficient proof that ever was or will be to the existence of supernatural power at all, — and to this proof people are as sensitive as they were a thousand years ago. Granted a man in whose actions Christian faith has borne its perfect fruit of holiness, and it is extraordinary to note how the phantoms of Doubt flee from his presence. Why not face the truth? It is not the defects of an abstract creed that hold our laboring poor out of sympathy with the religious life of the nation; it is rather the absence of any evidence, accessible and satisfying to them, that Christianity is a vital force in the lives of its adherents; it is their failure to perceive any apparent difference in the methods of business, the standards of luxury, the social practice, of those within and without the churches.

Of course there is nothing new in this contrast of the Christianity of the Sermon on the Mount taken at face value with the Christianity of the church. Wherever we tap history we find it. The only disappointing fact is that it should continue to be as strongly marked in the church developed under the fostering care of a democratic civilization as it was in the church of old, forced to hold her own more or less valiantly against an opposing theory in society and the state. One is tempted to say, indeed, that never was the contrast so striking, never the distinction between the church and the world so nearly invisible as to-day. "The torpor of assurance," which Browning so deprecated, no longer presses on Christian belief; but it rests with heavier weight than ever before upon average Christian con-

duct. "We are suffering," writes that honest and searching thinker, Bishop Gore, "from a diffusion of Christianity at the cost of its intensity." Probably a faith in the brotherhood of man, living enough to effect a radical alteration in the standards and mode of life, found more obvious and widespread expression under distinctively Christian auspices in the thirteenth century than it does, so far, in the twentieth.

What will convince the working people that Christianity is a vital force in the world, making for brotherhood? Not the faithful lives of the many believers whose characters are apostolic in unworldly beauty; owing to the alienation of classes, these lives with few exceptions are lived out of the range of vision of the poor. Not the multiplication of works of mercy; owing to mistakes in the past, these works may be, and, alas, often are, misconstrued, as sops to Cerberus, — opiates thrown with interested motives to lull into inglorious stupor a righteous discontent. We must look elsewhere for the means of making unmistakably evident to our disinherited and to our social sufferers the spiritual devotion and unworldliness, the earnest faith, that beyond a shadow of doubt exist among us. This manifestation we shall not find short of the true socializing of the church; the revelation on her part and the part of her children of that spiritual democracy toward which, in the midst of growing materialism and greed, our people stretch their yearning hands of prayer.

It is a pure intellectual process, free from sentimentality, that has led us to this conclusion. In one way, and only in one, will the working people at large be convinced that our Christianity is genuine, — by the practice, on the part of rich and prosperous folk who claim to live under the Holy Name, of a simplicity of life evidently greater than that of their compeers, and of a social fellowship visibly independent of class divisions. The one practice implies the

other. We of the modern world have experienced a healthy and thorough reaction from that asceticism pursued to the end of personal holiness that marked the Middle Ages. But the true alternative to asceticism is not the enjoyment of as many comforts as one can honestly afford, nor the obliteration of a visible difference between the mode of life of the man of this world and of him whose treasures are elsewhere. Rather, as democracy effects more and more completely its inward transformation, we shall find an irresistible motive impelling us to deliberate simplicity in that love of our fellows which cannot rejoice in abundance while others go hungry. Ours will be, perhaps, a simplicity fine as that which marked private life in the best days of Greece, — no foe to Beauty, but a friend, giving her a larger scope, dedicating her ministry of joy to the common life, not to individual indulgence. Mediæval asceticism drove men into the desert; modern simplicity should be a social impulse, opening the way to widest fellowship. Surely, this ideal needs only to be seen to be followed, so lovely is it, so alluring, so near an approach does it offer to that art of perfect living which blundering humanity seeks in devious experiments through the ages, and which it has never yet attained. That the ideal is difficult is no reason against its acceptance, — when was difficulty a barrier to religious zeal? Always, ardent souls exist who yearn for sacrifice; they exist to-day; they yearn to find clear cause of division between church and world. The cause is here, did they but see; the Christian ideal, now as ever, separates its votaries, outwardly as inwardly, from the votaries of this world, calls on them for sacrifice of comfort, — harder far, of conventionality, — and shapes their lives to a new likeness.

The Christian ideal has always borne to the civilizations in which it found itself a double relation. It has modi-

fied them, it has also set them at defiance. Slowly, subtly, invisibly, it has transformed the life it found, — softening manners, altering institutions, gently raising the standard of purity, mercy, and honor. To achieve its end it has eagerly, and presumably wisely, accepted the sanction of the state and of the public. But, in this process of accommodation, Christianity has itself suffered; it has been driven to present, not so much an image of absolute holiness as a compromise adapted to the approval of the majority; gradually entering the shadows of earth, the radiance of its virtues has suffered a twilight change. Therefore it is well and necessary that every civilization, while undergoing this unconscious influence, should also behold perforce in the lives of actual men and women an example of that uncompromising Christian type which must always find itself more or less out of harmony with the ethical standards accepted by the world at large.

So, in the far-away days when Christianity was first making its way into the noble barbarian hearts of our forefathers, it expressed itself serenely if paradoxically in fiercest fighting terms, and the twelve Apostles, those men of peace, became "heroes under heaven, warriors gloriously blessed." At the same time a Columba, an Aidan, a Cuthbert, suddenly, and as it were by miracle, revealed to the world living images of the Beatitudes. A little later, in feudal times, we find the militant ideal so native to humanity, so unknown to the Gospels, still in control of the world. Christianity, in its heavenly wisdom, utters no useless denunciations, but adopts, modifies, introduces new elements of courtesy and mercy, and produces that most alluring of figures, fascinating by an inward contradiction unknown to the heroes of antiquity, the Christian knight, who lifts an angry sword in the Name of the Sufferer, and slays his foes, often for the mere joy of the slaying, with a prayer to the Victim

of men upon his lips. At the same time, the Middle Ages never forget the Counsel of Perfection; and monk, nun, and friar, especially before the degradation of the religious orders, manifest before men the mystery "that the child is the leader of lions, that forgiveness is force at the height."

The centuries march onward; and wherever we look we see Christianity unconsciously raising the moral standard, eliminating the cruder sins, producing a civilization more and more merciful and just. Yet we see it also never for an instant tolerating a final compromise; ever summoning the children of the spirit to follow an absolute ideal. In our own day the emphasis of the Powers of Evil has changed from sins of violence to sins of greed; the world, that is to say, has become commercial rather than militant. Religion does not falter. She accepts the typical modern leader of men — the merchant — as she accepted the fighter of old. Restrained, modified, the fine type results, so frequent in America during the days of our fathers, and still, one is glad to say, familiar, — the Christian employer, true and fair in all his dealings, albeit chiefly inspired by the wish to make a business success and accumulate large wealth for his children. Meanwhile, it is probable that the level of obvious ethics in the community at large has become higher than ever before. This we note with satisfaction, but can we pause here? Assuredly not. Still we hear the ringing summons, "Be ye perfect;" still there shines beyond us that vision of absolute holiness, which, though one and the same forever, yet varies in emphasis from age to age. The moment is crucial. A more generous theology leads us to turn away from the rigors and terrors of the religion of our fathers, and to replace the image of the awful God they feared by that of a deity, less holy, one is tempted to say, than good-natured. The Protestant bodies, which still hold the balance of influence

among us, have always set the level of general moral compromise higher than has the Roman Catholic communion; at the same time, they have with few exceptions laid less stress on the Counsel of Perfection. The very fact that obvious infractions of the Decalogue are now at a discount leads to an insidious self-satisfaction. For all these reasons the need of those who shall demonstrate the uncompromising nature of the demands of Christianity is not over; rather, it was never more profound. The special aspect assumed by these demands is determined by the special inconsistencies and errors of the democratic and mercantile civilization under which we live. As, in the days when sins of violence were rampant, meekness and non-resistance carried to an extreme were the ideal qualities on which the church laid most stress, so to-day, in these times of peace, when the desire for luxury or at least for material goods all but dominates our common life, and renders fellowship impossible, the chief call of the church invisible is to an unworldliness manifest to all men. And as, in mediæval times, it was probably well and essential that the Christian virtues should be dramatically displayed by religious orders made prominent through separation from ordinary society, so in a democracy our need is not for an order, nor for an individual here or there, set apart by peculiar marks to a special holiness, but for simple folk who in the normal walks of daily life live out to its completion the Christian law.

The Christian church started in an "upper chamber," and Christian homes, consecrated by religious awe, were long its only abiding place. As time went on, the young religion, if theory once current speaks true, adopted for its own the pagan Halls of Justice. The House of Justice and the House of Christ should be indeed forever one and the same; but the more primitive and more certain connection strikes yet deeper. The Christian homes of the land must be the

shrines of that social practice which is but Christianity translated into terms of human relation. Democracy in its advance has liberated sinister forces never foreseen by the earlier apostles of liberty, and that common life which freedom was to have won and the democratic state to have realized is not yet seen. Now in the time of stress, when these separating forces, which the new society, to our surprise, permits if it does not engender, are driving the classes so far apart that they cannot hear each other speak, where if not to the church of Christ shall we look for those other forces that make for unity? We are confronted by a new opposition; no longer that between democracy and aristocracy, but that between democracy the creed of the lover and democracy the creed of the egotist. So great are the demands which the higher conception makes on poor human nature, that only the tremendous reinforcement to social idealism afforded by Christianity can, one is inclined to say, enable us to

satisfy them.¹ "It is by the religious life that the nations subsist," and the church is the soul of the nation. It is not enough to-day for her children to exercise private virtues in the domestic circle, or to conform to the strictest standard of honor that the public demands. They have a great misapprehension, for which the church of the past is responsible, to overcome; they have a special task to fulfill. If on all citizens it is incumbent to promote, so far as they may, the higher aims of our civilization, how much more is this the duty of those who hear the double summons to democratic fellowship uttered by their country and by their Lord! Among those who follow the Carpenter of Nazareth should be found the common life we seek. To the church at least, though all else should fail us, we may look with hope unfaltering for the slow but sure realization of that spiritual democracy of which our fathers dreamed, and in the faith of which our republic was founded.

Vida D. Scudder.

TWO JAPANESE PAINTERS.

I.

YATANI JIRO.

LOOKING into a lotus pond, — gay of a summer eve with tea-house lanterns, — and where Hon Street turns down to the castle of Kameyama, there used to be a fragment of a huge stone wall. Of old, when the historic castle was young in the heyday of *samurai* chivalry, there stood at that very spot the outer gate of the castle.

In the shadow of the gate stood a modest shop. In its many colored interior, seated upon a bit of cotton cushion about as roomy as a hand, Yatani's father, and his grandsire before his fa-

ther, had painted away their life-long days upon cheap umbrellas. It brought rice, not much to be sure, but quite enough to keep their bodies upon the earth, and from the curse of idleness and luxury; also, it brought peace to their families, and the ghosts of their ancestors were pleased with it. Naturally, in the course of ripening years, Yatani was also expected to walk in the worthy steps of his father. And his father, with the traditional patience and devotion of the Nihonese artisan to his work, did the best he could for the son. But none bought the umbrellas which Yatani painted.

"Where can you find these things,

¹ Bryce: Holy Roman Empire.

— the things that you paint upon your umbrella? What are these things, anyway? What do you intend them to be? Oh, the extreme of patience!" his father would say to his son.

The effects of all the wise admonitions, however, were, as a wise proverb would have it, as "the spring wind on the horse's ear!" And, instead of painting upon sun umbrellas ladies and beasts, gods and fools, knights and things, with the democratic brush which is no respecter of persons, and in colors screaming at each other, he went on melting his dreams into colors, and putting at naught all the sane and good advices of his sire, and did not cease, for a moment, laying on bold lines upon cheap umbrellas, — the bold lines which frightened his customers away.

Something worse than woman — for ambition is the strongest and the last love of a man — was at the bottom of his bad ways. He wanted fame, and modestly enough and incidentally to bring the whole artistic world at his feet. It seemed to take days — long days. And the amazingly long patience of his father was not quite long enough.

One fine morning Yatani's father was rubbing his eyes at the mountain which lay between Kameyama and Kioto. He saw no trace of his son there, but spring mists were building purple shelves on its emerald shoulders.

Certain loose-minded streets, crooked as the conscience of a sinner, in a little Bohemia of Kioto artists, for a few years used to grin pathetic sympathy at Yatani as he wandered through them, aimless as Luck and careless as Fate. He watched many a grand procession of Daimyo, and afterward he painted it. But no order from a prince came for his pictures. Temples, flowers, birds, pagodas, spring scenes, cherry blossoms, there they were, — all sketched out with bad ink, the precious wealth of his fancies, upon the sheets of paper which he cheated out of his fellow Bohemians.

When a good meal failed his stomach, then the dreamer fed upon something more spiritual, a cake of mist which came to him glorified with the perfume of the immortal names of masters.

He woke with a start one night. The straws all about him were wet with dew-drops, and within them the moon sparkled like the white souls of stars. He looked up at the eave of the straw roof of a deserted hut and saw the moon peeping curiously at his open-aired privacy. That was what woke him then, the curious moon. He had been tired for some time of straw beds. Moreover, he knew that the good wives of farmers were also tired of feeding him from day to day.

"Suppose I should become a guest of a prince," he told the dewy night. "Many a beggar-artist has been entertained in a palace, — and a palace may be as good as this straw bed, at least for a change!"

Desperation is such a bold thing.

The Prince of Kaga, who, at that time was representing his master, the Shogun, at the court of the "Capital of Flowers," was famous for his hospitality to the artist, — to the man of genius. And those were the goodly days when the men of genius wandered with the winds over the land despising silk and gold for their attire.

At the palace gate of the Prince of Kaga: —

"The august wish of the honorable presence?"

"The humble one is an artist, — a painter," Yatani told the guard at the gate. "Will the honorable presence condescend to acquaint his august prince that the humble one craves to wait upon his pleasure?"

Water for his feet was brought, and Yatani threw away his straw sandals with a bitter humor. For the first time the significance of what he was doing came upon him with the full force. He was playing a game which might cost him his life. To trifle with the art-

judgment of a prince was not considered, in those days, the safest thing in the world. Ah, well! what mattered life to him, — the life, naked of fame and robbed of immortality?

"Condescend to pass into the Hall of Karasu, — this way, honorable presence," and a retainer ushered him.

Dressed in a cotton *kimono* — and you could see the rigorous hand of refined taste upon every inch of it — the famous patron of art received the beggar-artist with the simplicity of a comrade.

"That screen," said the prince, "has been waiting for the coming of a master for nearly four seasons. And whatever Master pleases to bestow upon it, I am sure it will be but too impatient and grateful to receive it from him."

The screen was in a strange contrast to the severe simplicity of the attire of the prince. There was in the centre of it a rectangular piece of white silk, very narrow and very long, and a heavy brocade stretched away from it to the lacquer frame on which a pair of gold dragons were climbing.

Yatani, as you know, had painted often on his sheets of paper; for one small iron coin he could get two of them. To paint on a screen which would cost five hundred pieces of gold was a new experience for him therefore. His eyes staring, he froze in front of the screen. Evidently he mistook the white centre silk for the face of Death. The prince with his own hands arranged the dishes of ink and water.

There was silence — the silence such as you sometimes feel rather than hear falling between prayers. Yatani's face grew white. And one watching him would have said that his bloodshot eyes were trying to discover a viewless picture already traced there upon the silk by a spirit brush. For the first time in his life he believed from the bottom of his heart, with all the sincerity of his soul, in the gods. As a matter of fact he was praying. Slowly and absent-

mindedly he dipped his brush into the black "sea" of the ink-stone.

To the best of his memory, he dreamed — for a certain space of time, he could not tell how long — that he was sitting face to face with a god. Because he could not reach him with his voice he painted his prayer in black and white upon the silk of the screen.

In after days he remembered, as in a vision, the wild gestures of the dignified prince, sprouting all about him like a forest of spirited branches. And "Superb, Master! 'T is superb, Master!" from the prince reached Yatani's ears like a shout from the other world.

If you like, you can see it this very day, in a certain room of the old palace of Kioto, that screen, that picture of Yatani's.

A terrific hurricane is whipping mountain-huge clouds into a whirlpool. Through its nightly coils you catch a glimpse of a heaven-ascending dragon. And when you follow the lightning of his eyes you see through the break of the dense cloud a lone star beckoning the ever aspiring dragon — like the ideal of man, like the smile of a god — from the far away which becomes higher as he mounts.

That is the picture.

II.

A YEDO PAINTER.

Hokudo was descending from the Yedo Castle of the Shogun, from the feast that was held in his honor, in the above-cloud company. Also it was the celebration of the completion of a new palace room, and Hokudo's was the chief brush that gave unto the new room the life that is not of the flower nor of the mortal man.

Coming down the palace steps, escorted by the proud princes and the lords of many castles and provinces, at the

top ladder of his fame, he had a look about him of a man whose joys were a cobweb. The spring of the festive *saké* was cold within his veins. His eyes were far away.

"The honorable work of the Master is altogether above praise; the honorable success, *domo*, is quite beyond our humble congratulations," these and similar words his companions of noble rank were saying to him.

"The humble one has no face-and-eye to accept so high a praise from so high a source," his cold, courteous voice was saying.

He did not quite understand either what his noble companions were saying, or what came out of his own mouth.

I have said that the world had rendered unto him far more than it rendered unto Cæsar, and what this joke, or, if you will a dream, of a life could afford was his. Moreover, he had something of what the gods alone could give, — for was he not blessed with the genius which, in the minds of so many, came very piously close to meriting a shrine? That was not all; it was also his, that happiness which seems to play will-o'-the-wisp with the artist, which is considered to be the greatest of human pleasures, which the wise and the pious cannot always be sure of (witness Socrates and Wesley), and which, more than anything else mortal, according to the testimony of the good, gives man a foretaste of heaven, — I mean, a happy home. He was deeply in love with his wife; as for her, she adored her husband.

And he was unhappy.

"Upon my word, you are the hardest mortal to please," said a very intimate friend of his once, in a confidential and truth-telling moment; "and I am sure that is the opinion of the gods as well."

"Not too fast, my friend," the painter begged his judge; "I do not think that I am so very hard to please, since I ask for only one thing. There are many — and you among others — who

ask of the gods for more than a thousand things."

"And what is that one thing?"

"Since I have not gained it as yet, it is unreasonable for you to ask me about it."

"Of course, — I might have known this; in fact, I know that everything that you, yourself, could think of, the gods have given unto you."

And the painter smiled sadly at his friend.

"And then, look at my white hair!" the painter went on. "I am getting old. You must remember that you are helping me to celebrate my fiftieth birthday, this night."

In the shadow of the Atago Mountains there huddled a little community, which, although much looked down upon by men, still was happy with more than an ordinary share of fresh mountain air, of the big smiling slice of blue sky.

Between this hunters' village and the Kameyama Castle there were many pines, ricefields, thatched roofs, mountain streams, and the clover-scented savanna of the length of twenty-five miles. And Kameyama was the native town of the famous court painter of the day. The town people — and especially the simple men and women and children of the field — were very much bewildered in their attempt at forming a definite idea as to the real greatness of the painter, and in their embarrassment they concluded that the prophet should not be without honor in his own town, and in their magnificent and altogether sublime hero-worshipping enthusiasm they decided in seeing a very little difference between the painter and an every-day god.

The painter, on the other hand, whenever he came back to his home and clan — and he remembered it once every year as regularly as the calendar — insisted that he was the same one, a little bigger now and a little older, of course, nevertheless the same whom, in the now

fabled days of their boyhood, Takano had licked within a rather ticklish distance of death for no other unreason than that the painter (a very timid youth in those days, looking much more like a girl than a man-eating monster, fire-tongued and ever laughing at death, which was the supreme ideal of the boys of those golden days) gave, unasked, and secretly like the gift of a thief, a pat or two upon Takano's dog, half dead, cut, torn, trampled, kicked, and painted all over with its own blood and the mud of the street. Very free and sociable as the painter was, the streets of Kameyama used to miss him suddenly. Where could he go on those mysterious disappearances? None could tell. Not even the imagination of the Kameyama people to whom the sun of the south is so kind and gives much of its poetry.

To the hunters' village under the shadow of the Atago Mountains there came, once upon a snowy day, a singular visitor. The simple hunters of beasts did not know who he was, who he could be. To them, he had much of the looks of a *sen-min*, — one of that marvelous race of philosophers who lived upon meditation and mountain dews.

"A rather deep snow, Mr. Hunter." The singular visitor stopped at the door of one of the huts and talked with its master. When the hunter asked him in, he entered without the slightest embarrassment, in an excellent humor, thoroughly at home and at ease, and sat at the fireplace dug in the ground floor of the hut.

"I see the God of Luck smiled upon you, Mr. Hunter; he has sent many good-looking sons to you; and how is the game of the year? I hear that the deer are making their shadows more and more scarce in these mountains every year."

And their conversations took many a wandering trip into many parts of the mountainous country, into many private corners of a hunter's lonely life, buried deep in the winter snow. Then suddenly the eyes around the hunter's fireplace

became all very large, and those of the children made a brave effort to leap out of their sleep-heavy sockets. The reason of it all was that the strange visitor, in an off-hand way, as a sort of side issue, pulled out of the bosom pocket of his thick winter clothing a roll. When he unrolled it, it was a picture of a wild boar.

"Look at it closely. Have you seen a dead boar, like this?" so saying he handed it to the head of the family. The hunter examined it, and in a short time he lost the look of one gazing at a bit of a beautiful picture. In his eyes — and the visitor was scrutinizing very carefully indeed — entered the light which you see in those of a huntsman who is looking at a game in a great distance. The hunter evidently was no longer thinking of the picture; he was thinking of the boar itself.

"Yes," he said, after a good long look, "yes, it is dead, this boar!"

The visitor rolled the picture back into his breast pocket. A few more words were exchanged, meaningless and very meaninglessly spoken about meaningless commonplaces. And the strange visitor passed on. At the door of another hut he was seen to stop. Inside the second hut, as in the first, one could see him pulling out the roll of the same picture, speaking in much the same manner, asking the identical question, "It is a dead boar, as you see?" And the hunter of the second hut, like he of the first, agreed with the stranger. "Yes, yes, it is dead, — I am certain of it!"

And the third hut and the fourth, tenth and twentieth, and — and all agreed that the boar was dead. Then like a mist, like a lie, the stranger vanished.

And the streets of Kameyama found once more the famous painter, smiling his sad smiles, unhappy, oh, so unreasonably, as ever!

And the hunters of Atago Mountain wondered at the annual visit of the stranger, always with the picture of a dead boar, asking the same question from year to year, asking the same people.

And romances were born by hundreds: "The Master goes into the deep mountain every year to receive the art-secret from the demi-gods Ten-gu," said the prevailing opinion. It was not as easy for the townspeople of Kameyama as it is with us to connect the strange visitor in the hunters' village and the artist in his mystic disappearances.

It was in the depth of the Atago Mountains; it was in the white depth of winter; also, it was in the silent dead of night. Under the tall arm of a very tall pine of the age unknown to men a tall flame was making its dazzling effort to be taller. Around it a group of hunters was laughing and poking the embers, trying to rekindle, in the ashes of past days, the sparks of the ancient memories and the tales told them by their sires. The camp-fire threw upon the snow, over the half-erased outlines of the squatting hunters (which looked like brush and wash study, soft as the tropical twilight), all sorts of golden patterns for the benefit of the studious stars doing their utmost to peep through the envious net of pine needles.

All of a sudden their ears stood watchful sentinels, just like those of the deer. Some one was treading upon the white silence of the winter night; a vague form rose from the sloping path.

"Iya! fair night to you, Masters-of-Hunt."

It was a clear voice. One of the hunters made room for him. When the fire fell upon the face of the newcomer the hunters recognized their old acquaintance. He spoke to the hunters, as of yore, of their affairs; told them a few entertaining tales of far-away Yedo of the Shogun; and sure enough,

just as the hunters were expecting to see, the visitor looked for the roll of picture in his breast pocket.

The hunters did not know that the painter had just finished the picture that very evening by the last fading light upon the snow. And how could they? They did not know that the visitor was a painter at all.

"A picture of a dead boar, as usual!" — that was what the painter said. And the picture started on its silent tour around the fire. He was the third who spoke: —

"But — ei, but this is no dead boar!"

One who had an exacting eye upon the painter would have said that, just then, the painter strangled a sudden thrill within him.

The first and the second hunters who had looked at the picture raised themselves upon their hands and tilted themselves toward the third, who was holding the picture.

"That's — that's what I was thinking; I could see very well that the boar is not dead," said the first. And the second, "No, sir, that thing is n't dead."

And the gray silence upon the snow absorbed the variously worded opinions of the hunters around the fire. A sleeping boar — that was the consensus of the opinions around the fire. The painter rolled the canvas, and burying it carefully in his breast pocket he lifted his face toward the fire. It played upon it curiously, wondering much. Upon it was a light, — it was the reflection of the smile that was blossoming, just then, in the painter's soul, — but how could the fire be expected to know anything about it?

The painter tried, as was his polite custom, to finish off his interview with the hunters with many friendly sentences about the matters which had much interest for them but very little for himself. His lips, however, were empty because his heart was so full.

Beyond cavi, it was in the direction of the studio of her husband, that singular noise. The good lady who had shared the life of struggle and of fame with the painter was opening her ears very wide, full of unquiet curiosity. Her imagination was paralyzed; what on earth could it be? It was not an ugly sound, far from it; in it was something of the laughter of young frolic.

It came again. And the reason that it gave her a little start was because — oh, of course, she, thoroughly ashamed of so outrageous a thought, made haste to erase it with a smile — she thought that she recognized the voice of her illustrious husband in the sound. The greatest painter of his age, at the prime of his artistic powers, he, shouting in the sacred calm of his studio, like a boy of five with his first stolen persimmon! What, indeed, could she be thinking about?

"Oh, ho, ho, ho!" she laughed. At the time she was arranging flowers in the *tokonoma*. And her fingers were returning to a pair of scissors. However, she was a woman. She rose, and smiling, half in the spirit of investigation, half for the joy of taking her husband in a mirthful surprise, and wholly for the fun of the thing, — yes, for fun, — she made her gentle way toward the *shoji* of the studio.

On her way, upon the polished oaken veranda, she stopped all of a sudden, tottered a little; all her skepticism was shattered; there could be no more doubt about the matter; it was her husband, — her dignified, cultured husband; it was the greatest of all the court painters, who was actually cutting up like a pup with a kitten. What could be the matter with him? Feeling very sure, this time, that she was doing something wrong, strangling her breaths in the throat, she stole her way to the

shoji of the studio. And another burst of childish merriment broke upon her nervous ears. She fell in a heap, like a feather, on the veranda outside the *shoji*. She heard the voice within say: —

"Now, then, old chap, — happy, happy old man! Buddha and Rakwan! was there, could there, ever be a man happier than I am now? I, the envy of the gods! and at last — Bosatsu and Buddha! — it was the tedious road, and ye gods! how I did toil and eat my bitter heart in silence, in sadness, despair! Ah, well! but look at this — at last — after — after — let me see, — thirty, well nearly forty years in round numbers! And at last! Ei! Ei! — look at this! So at last I have succeeded in painting the difference, — the nice distinction between sleep and death! Victory, and oh the glory! Ei! Ei! Not a hunter — no, not one — saw a dead boar in this picture! Ha, ha, ha, ha!"

Overwhelmed with anxiety, forgetting altogether the mirth which made her first steps light with the lightness of that of a mischievous child, and perfectly blind to the humor of the famous painter, shouting and laughing like an Indian, she forced the *shoji*, her hand all in a cold tremor. The *shoji* glided open without saying anything.

"Any one can paint the boundary line between life and death, but the sleeping life! What a triumph! You rogue, — the happiest of mortals, you, the envy of the gods, you little rogue! a-ha, ha, ha, ha!"

The good lady saw her husband wild with a picture. "His masterpiece, doubtless; I had never seen him in such a condition in all my life!" she thought, with a black fear creeping into her heart. "And — and — Buddha forbid that it should rob him of his mind, that masterpiece!"

Adachi Kinnosuke.

INTERCOLLEGIATE ATHLETICS.

ONE of the aspects of American life that must impress every foreigner visiting this country for the first time is the attention given to outdoor sports. Athletic meetings and sporting events are regularly reported in the daily newspapers with a wealth of detail exceeding any other single department of news. The rivalry among cities, clubs, and schools is so keen that our main interest outside of business hours seems to be in some form of physical contest. Organized outdoor sports are recent developments which have begun within the memory of men still young. They seem at first glance like a sudden reaction against former neglect of the body, but they are more logically a development of physical exercise into a newer and more artificial form, and under changed conditions.

Up to the close of the Civil War the need of physical training was not felt, and the stimulus to an outdoor life was supplied by the continual exploration of new country. All life was practically out of doors. Our people were scattered over a wide domain, and the centres of population were small. The great West to be explored and settled easily turned the thoughts of a young man to his rifle, and to the adventures to be found in the forest. Sport was a child's occupation by the side of the great game that he played.

Colleges suffered from the effect of this drain of men of strength and initiative, who were more likely to turn away from books to seek their careers in the opening up of new territory and in the business connected with developing natural resources. The improvement in physical appearance of college boys generally is often ascribed to the physical training which is now common; but it might with as good reason be ascribed to the large infusion of the

stronger type. The pale student no longer holds a monopoly in education. He is still with us, surrounded by so many of his sturdy companions that he is no longer typical of college life. The disappearance of the backwoods and the growth of large centres of population have thus created the demand for an artificial outlet; and the games are the natural successors of the youthful activities of a pioneer period. For boys in a large city far removed from open country organized play is almost a necessity.

What a foreigner would observe of the intensity of sports is only one manifestation of the spirit which American people now put into everything. The commercial growth of the past twenty years is probably equal to that of all the preceding years since the discovery of the continent. The energies of the entire nation have been turned into channels of trade and pleasure, and we are passing through a period of surprise and readjustments calculated to upset the nerves of any people. Many arts are being revolutionized. A machine has no time in the United States to wear out, before it is superseded by something thought to be better, and we are constantly hearing of inventions that will wipe out entire industries. Our sudden leap into prominence as a commercial power has affected us like the discovery of a vast gold mine. The majority are engaged in the struggle for wealth, and most things are judged from a material standpoint. This condition was inevitable from the first, and it constitutes only a phase of American development which will pass away as the novelty wears off.

If in the craze for winning our sports exhibit the spirit and method of trade, it is because boys cannot escape from their environment into an atmosphere

more ideal. The only place where we can hope to maintain the higher motive is in colleges and schools. There the young men are collectively under better control, and they are for a season removed from the competition of the outside world. Athletic sports have obtained a strong hold upon them, and the public is entirely familiar with the large number of games among students of different universities and colleges. Much has been said against the contests, and the opinion that they have been allowed to go too far is quite common. In discussing this subject, let us remember that boys and girls will carry to school the impulses and habits learned at home, and that society at large shares the responsibility for degraded sports. Youth is the natural time for play, and it is well to provide some wholesome method of working off superfluous animal spirits. Physical contests are probably the best; at any rate they are far ahead of billiards and horse-play. If, then, disagreeable extremes often spring from them, it does not follow that the ultimate result is not the best that could be attained in the present state of society.

While universities and colleges have become natural centres for athletic contests, scholarship has seemed to lose its proper perspective. The appearance of thirty thousand people to see a football game, and the disappearance of all students from their classrooms during an entire day, would have filled a professor of the old school with despair. He would have looked upon it much as the general public now regard a prize fight or a bull fight. Many professors hold this view to-day, and a very respectable vote could be obtained in most college faculties against the severer forms of intercollegiate contests. It is not intended to imply that teachers are opposed to outdoor sports; but rather to some of the practices that seem to follow in their train. There are evils, and for the good of American students

they ought to be stated without reserve. At the same time the subject should be approached without prejudice, as the adequate treatment of the physical side of college life is perhaps one of the most important questions now before educators.

The old idea of education was that a youth could obtain all the benefits of a college training from books. The value of a sound body was recognized in theory, but in practice no systematic method of obtaining it seemed to be thought necessary. A college simply represented study and books. Education, crystallized along conventional lines, was confined mainly to men entering the professions of law, medicine, and divinity. Now all this is changed. The modern college is obliged to take into account the demands of commerce, and the applications of science to the well-being of man. Many of the professions now require the higher education as a foundation, and the majority of subjects taught have been placed on college catalogues within a few years. The dominating note underlying courses of study for undergraduate students is, before all else, the production of enlightened citizens. Physical vigor has therefore acquired a practical significance which it never had before. It is fast becoming as much a man's duty to take proper care of his body as it is to cultivate his reason. Most colleges have been forced to provide the opportunity for some kind of physical training.

The systematic culture of the body began in this country in a very small way, but its growth has been most rapid. Gymnasiums, such as are now resorted to by many young people, fill a highly useful function. Unfortunately many colleges and universities lose a large part of the benefit accruing from them. Usually there is no recognition of the work done. Competent instructors are provided, and every opportunity is given to the students to benefit by their teaching, but everything is voluntary. Phy-

sical excellence does not in any way affect a student's standing or help him to get his degree. This is a serious handicap to a gymnasium, as the exercises indoors are at best extremely monotonous and dull. It is only natural that a young man should want credit in the shape of marks, as for a course of studies, when he has spent several hours a week during an entire year in manipulating weights for the good of his body. Failing these or any other inducement in the gymnasium, he turns to outdoor sports, wherein success yields an immediate return in the applause of his classmates and friends. This is where college faculties have been slow to recognize their opportunities and duties.

Outdoor sports were for many years left to regulate themselves in the hands of students without experience of life to guide them, and often under the influence of irresponsible persons to whom college contests represented nothing more than the excitement to be found in a horse race or a professional baseball game. It was not sport for sport's sake, but sport for the sake of beating somebody by fair means, or by political intrigue. The inevitable result was an intolerable condition which had to come under the correction of faculties whether they liked to take the time from their lectures or not. Their interference was resented at first by students and athletic graduates, and mutual confidence was practically destroyed. The difficulty was how to improve the contests without entirely prohibiting them. The enthusiastic promoters of the sports were rarely good advisers, and for some years college professors worked alone on a most troublesome problem. The prevailing notion that they belonged to a class living in the clouds did not increase respect for their opinions even when governed by reason and sound sense. In consequence progress has been slow. The spirit of sport is certainly much better as the newness has worn off, but much remains

to be done. The first step was to make rules for the guidance of students in their intercollegiate relations. Committees were necessary to that end, and as a rule representatives of the student body were called into consultation. In most colleges these committees have remained to regulate the sports and to safeguard them against bad practices in the future. The rules commonly in force are similar in spirit, if not in substance, throughout the college world. They are simply records of experience relating to past abuses, as they have invariably been framed to cure some evil or to promote fairness.

There are only three rules that require comment here. The first and most difficult of administration is in the nature of a definition of professionalism. The intention of this rule is to disqualify from participation in college sports all men who have received a money benefit or its equivalent by reason of their previous connection with athletics. It would be foolish to treat this as a moral question, although it does affect the honor of a team. The distinction between an amateur and a professional is one purely in the interest of sport, because the latter has presumably made more or less of an occupation of athletics, and therefore outclasses the former. Hence the contest wherein professionals are set against amateurs is unequal if the facts are known; unfair, if the facts are concealed. In either case the result is bad. A spirit of retaliation, absolutely fatal to friendly contests, is introduced. The rule was made at a time when abuses were common, and some of its provisions now seem too sweeping. The technicalities that arise are often absurd, yet the distinction between the two kinds of players had to be drawn, and the line was not a clear one under the best of circumstances. On the whole, the rule has promoted honorable dealing between college boys, and its influence in the preparatory schools has been far reaching. It should not be modified in

spirit except for very weighty reasons, although a greater latitude in its interpretation might be allowed to committees.

There is no doubt that college boys often dishonor themselves consciously or unconsciously by concealing facts in relation to their standing as amateurs. Even older men are sometimes willing to degrade sports by deception. A letter was received at Harvard several years ago, informing the Athletic Committee that the services of a well-known athlete could be secured as coach, if he could be paid a stated sum in such a way that no evidence could be found against his amateur standing. The most common lapses among students occur in the summer in connection with baseball. Some of the men undoubtedly play on hotel and summer resort nines for a substantial gain. They know that they are cheapening themselves, but the practice continues with concealment of the actual facts. There are various methods of receiving financial benefit without violating the letter of the athletic rules. One of these is exhibited in a letter, by no means unique, received last spring by a first-rate college ball player. A few extracts are given below:—

“I write to ask if you know of a first-class pitcher that can be obtained for the summer, to pitch on the —— team of the —— League, a team that will be made up entirely of fast college players. Such a pitcher would be used most liberally here, — in fact, he could have almost anything he wanted, and he would be protected in the matter of privacy concerning any arrangement made. This is the best summer town on the coast, and clean baseball players will be taken into the best society here. Our players will come from ——, ——, ——, and other colleges. It is possible that you may know of one or two good men on the Harvard team who would like such an outing, which will cost them nothing from the time they leave home until they return there. If

so, I shall consider it a great favor if you will write me about them. We must have a corking team this year and stand willing to plunge on a pitcher. The right man will find seventy-five monthly in his jeans, and he can wonder as much as he likes how it got there. Could n't you be induced to visit some friends who will be provided for you down this way?”

Another rule requires all members of athletic teams to be genuine students of the college which they represent, and to be satisfactory in their studies. A student who is not promoted every year to a higher class, or is on probation for neglect of studies, is not allowed to play on any team. It does not follow from this that athletes as a class are good students. The eager desire to play acts as a spur to many otherwise dull men, and some of them have been thus goaded into mental activity. The games are powerful incentives to some boys, and can be depended upon to keep them straight. In this respect their advantage to mental and physical discipline cannot be denied. Statistics on the scholarship of athletes are not conclusive. Allowance is rarely made for the fact that young men in bad standing are carefully weeded out of the teams, and that therefore comparison with all other students is unfair. It does not stand to reason that a student in intercollegiate athletics can do as much work as one who devotes all his time to study. The athletic season of football, for example, lasts six weeks in the fall, and, so far as classroom work is concerned, the time is practically thrown away. The members of the team attend lectures regularly, they are obliged to; but their minds are on signals and plays for the next game or practice. As a consequence, one fifth of the year is lost, and the players have to do as much work in the remaining four fifths as others do in the five fifths. With average students it will not be done. The physical training which the football men have

gone through cannot under favorable circumstances increase their efficiency enough to make good the difference. Then, as a rule, their participation in athletics has made them natural leaders in the social life of the college, and so they lose still more time. The only point that may be regarded as established by the records is that few students admitted to the teams are subsequently thrown off for poor scholarship. This proves that most athletes can usually do enough work to remain satisfactory in their studies. Of late years a good player has lost caste if he permits himself to be disqualified through any fault of his own.

The question of scholarship should not be approached in a narrow spirit. Do students gain anything in athletics that justifies the time taken from their studies? That is the vital consideration. While a definite and convincing answer cannot be given in all cases, it is safe to say that many do. It is a matter of common observation that athletes as a class have more initiative, and know better how to deal with men, than other students, especially when they first graduate. Whether they really hold their own in a long life is another matter. Much depends upon the individual.

A third rule relates to the procurement of good players from other colleges, by social or money inducements. To discourage this practice no ex-player of a college team is allowed to join the team of another college until after he has been enrolled for one entire year. This has removed one cause of complaint, but a real evil nevertheless remains. There is too much solicitation of boys in the preparatory schools with a view to the strengthening of college teams. Agents are constantly on the lookout for good candidates. Let a boy exhibit any unusual ability as an athlete, and half a dozen colleges will be after him. Inducements are offered in the nature of social advantage or of sin-

ecure positions, which carry with them substantial financial gains. Often good athletes or their friends set a value on their services, and solicit positions. An example of this is shown in the following extract from a letter lately received by the Athletic Committee at Harvard:—

“I should like to call your attention to Mr. —, who is thinking of entering college. We want to place him in some college where his athletic talents will be recognized and will be of use to him.”

Then follows a list of his achievements, with a request to know what the university can do for him. College teams should be made up of men who come to them naturally, and the secondary schoolboys should be freed from all forms of solicitation. They unsettle the judgment of both parents and boys. An extension of the one year rule to include all students from going into the intercollegiate games during their first year in college would be wholesome in its effects.

The three rules mentioned form in the main the backbone of college regulation of athletics. There are other rules intended mainly to keep the contests within bounds, and to promote so far as possible a friendly relation between contestants, but, unhappily, many things cannot be reached by rules. Student tradition and public opinion when rightly directed are of greater value than even regulation, if the players can be made to feel them. Various abuses creep in from an intense desire to win, and every year brings its crop of tricks. One of these is found in coaching a team from outside after the men have gone on the field to play. When eleven young men appear on the football field, it is commonly understood that they are going to win or lose on their merits, and not with the assistance of some one on the side lines. Outside coaching is in this sense entirely wrong, and yet it is often done secretly. In most cases the only justification pleaded by those guilty

of it is that the other side does the same, — just as a corrupt politician would justify buying votes, — and that we have to resort to this method to enable the good to triumph. As a matter of fact, trickery is usually resorted to, not because the other side actually does it, but because some one suspects that the other side is going to do it. In some cases he is wrong, in others he is right. The best that can be said for side line coaching in football, however, is that it belongs to that class of shady practices which lessen the interest in the game.

Intercollegiate athletics seem at times to suffer from a kind of insanity which bids fair to ruin them by destroying the interest of people who like to see fair play. There is no reason why games should not be made to build up character, and to teach patience, grit, and courage; but, unfortunately, winning in these days is put above everything else. This I believe to be a mere fad that we can live down in course of time, for deep in every young man's heart there is a love of fairness which permits him to be led into trickery only under the mistaken idea that it is justified as a last resort. No good business man in America can ever derive satisfaction over success achieved by sharp practice or dishonesty. This is the saving grace of the nation. The principal lessons that rules and tradition can teach are to play the games fairly without whining over the result, and to introduce no element prejudicial to the highest ideal of college life.

There are several claims for intercollegiate sports. First, that they establish the physical vigor necessary to enable the mind to do its most effective work; second, that they stimulate outdoor exercise all over the country; third, that they form an atmosphere of temperance and moderation in living, and thus restrain students from excesses; fourth, that they teach self-control and fairness; fifth, that they bring the grad-

uates and undergraduates of different universities together in bonds of friendship; sixth, that college loyalty is promoted. Let us examine these claims somewhat more in detail.

At present all sports do serve as physical developers to a number of college students, but not equally. Some are better suited to the purpose than others. A moderate game which does not try the powers to the utmost, and which can be entered by any one, is undoubtedly beneficial. Others, which involve a tremendous strain on the system and elaborate preparation continued over long periods, are of doubtful benefit. It is the daily exercise extending over years that builds up the physical strength, and keeps a man up to his highest mental powers. Regular sleep and moderate eating are even more important than exercise. For this reason the military schools are vastly superior to the ordinary colleges in the physical setting up of boys. The teams need very little special training at West Point and Annapolis, for the cadets are always in training. They are kept busy during a four years' course in which the body receives as much daily attention as the mind. Every afternoon has its drill, usually out of doors, and every evening finds the cadet in bed by ten o'clock.

The sports most commonly found in colleges are football, baseball, track athletics, ice hockey, lacrosse, basketball, hand ball, cricket, rowing, tennis, golf, fencing, and swimming. The first six usually end with graduation; the others may be continued through life as opportunity offers. Three of them, football, rowing, and track athletics, demand at times an exhausting strain, which may leave behind it a permanent weakness in some part of the body. Statistics would be difficult to obtain, and the statement should be made with due reservation; nevertheless, it stands to reason that no physical effort that leaves a man in a fainting condition

can be of real benefit. All of us have seen men collapse in a boat, or after a hard foot race. It may be that this is generally due to poor preparation for the contest, and that better methods would remove all danger. Rowing and the track games are so improving and satisfactory to a large number of students that they could not be given up without serious loss. Some modification of the length of the course might make rowing less exhausting. Four miles does not seem any better than three miles in testing two crews, and it is usually the fourth mile that does all the damage.

Football stands in a class by itself. It attracts enormous crowds, and is more spectacular than anything else we have ever had in American colleges. This is considered by many to be one of the chief objections to it. In some respects it is superior to any other sport. The combinations, like those in war, are endless, and the same quality of mind is required to work them out. Then, while the element of the unexpected is not lacking, games are seldom won by a fluke. The best equipped team almost always wins. Yet as at present played, it is doubtful if football ought to have a place on college grounds. The old idea of fun has long since passed away, and although the excitement of a great final contest still remains, the players cannot possibly enjoy the season of drudgery that leads up to it. I have heard students say that they cared little for the ordinary game. One young man told me that he loathed it, and that only the pressure of his friends, and an ambition to share in the glory of a winning team, carried him into it.

There is always the risk of serious injury to the participants. No season passes without many of them being in the doctor's hands for bruises, sprains, and broken or displaced bones. Frequently in the heavy games, players have to be carried off the field, sometimes unconscious. Often in stopping

a play, the side on the defensive take chances with their own lives and with those of their opponents, justified only in certain professions like fire protection, life-saving, sea-faring, and rail-roading. Another aspect of the game is that foul play cannot well be detected by an umpire, and, worse still, it often pays.

It is a fact that modern life demands courage, and that football develops it; nevertheless it is foolish to risk life and limb in a game because it teaches physical courage. There are so many ways of learning courage, which is most often a matter of temperament, that we may well look around for some less dangerous method, unless the roughness of the game can be regulated out of it. This is by no means impossible. The steady improvement in spirit and the great reduction in the number of injuries promise much for the future. It is only fair to add that the advocates of the game seem to be fully warranted in claiming that injuries indicate lack of skill, and that proper training teaches a boy how to take care of himself on the field. The attitude assumed by most colleges that the game has merits which entitle it to further trial is perhaps justifiable; at any rate, it is the most practical. There is a mistaken idea that football is peculiarly fitted to train men for military service, and there is absolutely no evidence to justify it. Quick decision, courage, and ready resource are often called out in a game as in a campaign; but there is much more demanded of a good soldier. The monotonous and regular performance of duty in the long delays between battles, and in the many years that happily intervene between wars, tests a man's moral fibre more than the charge across a bloody field. The bulk of a soldier's or of a sailor's work lies in the preparation for the thing he may be called upon to do, while the principal work of a team, and that for which they entered college, is neglected during the six

weeks of the season. This is the proper point of view in considering the value of a training for war. As to the moral courage which is more frequently the badge of good citizenship than physical courage, that is about evenly distributed throughout the student body, with perhaps a slight advantage to the young man who is working hard for his education.

It is difficult to make a clear case for intercollegiate athletics as a stimulus to outdoor sports. We may be confusing cause and effect, and it may be the craving for an outdoor life which has stimulated college sport. Without doubt, the great intercollegiate games do appeal to the imagination of all small boys, and lead them away from mischief to baseball, football, and the track games. In this respect they are of unqualified good to every community. We see hundreds of boys at their games today where we saw only tens a generation ago.

One of the chief objections to intercollegiate games is that at present they require only a handful of specially qualified men on the big teams, with a very large number of unqualified men sitting on the bleachers to watch them. Now, it is the latter class that most need physical training and that waste much of their time in college. With the present rage for victory at almost any cost, sports cease to be all round developers, and teams are necessarily made up by a weeding process which pays little attention to any who are not physically able to stand the strain of a hard season. The sports cannot, therefore, be considered in a thoroughly healthy condition. Intercollegiate games ought to be the result of a great deal of competition wholly within each university, where every student should be encouraged to go out on the field an hour every day.

No one can associate with the athletes of our large universities without being struck with their general temperance and moderation. They commonly

talk more about their sports than their studies, and they are sometimes too demonstrative; but in the essential things that go to make men of good physique they establish the fashion at college. In this respect alone, outdoor sports and intercollegiate games offset much of the trouble they cause. The presence of a large number of young men who are in training and who keep themselves in good condition has a wholesome effect upon every entering class. The practical disappearance of hazing may be fairly credited to athletics as much as to faculty regulation. The upper class men would find it difficult to haze a possible candidate for a team. Another consideration is the atmosphere of democratic equality that prevails on the athletic fields.

That college sports promote self-control and fairness is quite evident in spite of occasional lapses. There has been a steady improvement in the spirit of the college youth during the past twenty years. After all it is only by experience in the actual conduct of affairs, such as those relating to sports, that young men learn fairness. The majority of them go to college unformed, with experience only in what is proper in the home circle, but with no adequate notion of what is due to their fellow beings in the world at large. From this spring many of the errors into which they fall. A freshman often violates the spirit of ordinary courtesy and fairness in his sports, not because he is bad, but simply because he has never come into contact with other men in such a way as to show him what is really square. The games exert a very wholesome influence in this respect. The cheerfulness with which the average student will suffer a penalty in a game, or will accept exclusion from a game, is proof that athletics teach self-control. When a young man says that he "did not make the team," that is the whole story. There is very little whining about unfairness in the selection of a team or

about the one-sidedness of the coach and captain. It usually comes down to the statement, "I was not good enough to make it." This kind of education is unqualifiedly good. Team play which means that the individual must give way to the needs of the society in which he is placed is a valuable antidote to the spirit of the age, — individual success at almost any cost.

One feature of the games is particularly disagreeable to any one not interested in either side. That is the organized cheering. The home team always has the advantage, if there is any, as their friends are most numerous represented on the seats, and are well prepared to assist them by shouting at critical moments. They always cheer the good plays of their own side, and often the mistakes of the opposing side. Nothing could be more discourteous or unfair to visitors, and yet it seems impossible to make students understand this. The call that is regularly issued, "Come out and help the team," carries with it the implication that they are willing to win by shouting and playing against a team that can only play. The amusing side of this is that students always complain of the organized attempt to rattle their own men when visiting other universities. There is no possible objection to the cheers that spring naturally to a young man's lips over a good play, and enthusiasm is a beautiful sight in a crowd of boys; but let the whole thing be natural and not pumped up.

The friendships and memories associated with one's college days become increasingly attractive as the years pass. A boy of fine temper and strong sympathy is always an influence, and there is no place where his true qualities may be discovered as they can be in a team. It is doubtful, however, if games between two teams ameliorate college courtesies in any great degree. There is at present a prevailing atmosphere of suspicion, and colleges are too

often set at odds with one another by a game. This extends to the graduates and sometimes even to the faculties, and it is shocking to hear what one university will say about another when there is a difference of opinion upon some eligibility question. The newspapers are full of it. As a matter of fact, one athletic dispute can destroy for years the good will of two otherwise friendly colleges. We see so many cases of it, that we may be pardoned some skepticism on the promotion of intercollegiate friendship by intercollegiate games. When students and officers of one university point the finger of scorn at those of another, we may usually be sure that both are wrong, and that their games should be suppressed as common nuisances. We still have much to learn, and the effort to study the subject in conference of representatives from all universities is a movement in the right direction.

The loyalty of college men is without doubt quickened by regular return to the alma mater to see the chief games; but it is not unfair to charge it with being the shouting kind of loyalty which does not yield adequate return. The great gifts to the universities rarely come from men who have been athletes, and not seldom from men who have never been to college. In some institutions, athletic teams are encouraged, and intercollegiate contests are deliberately promoted for advertising purposes. It is doubtful if the resulting gains are of solid advantage. The real value of the athletic system in stimulating loyalty and in fostering the growth of a college is not yet fully tested. It has been in effective operation less than a generation, and ex-members of teams have not had time to earn great wealth. Of the good will of the graduated athlete there is no possible doubt. He always holds his college in affectionate remembrance. He will work for it, and beg for it, but he would not claim to be alone in this.

One aspect of athletics which stands apart from the merits of the games is the large sum of money necessary to run them. At one university, for instance, the expenditure on the teams was over fifty thousand dollars. This seems unduly large, but when we divide the total outlay for all teams by the number of boys who appeared upon the fields, the amount for each one does not appear so out of proportion. There were about two thousand men in rowing, baseball, football, track athletics, tennis, and many other minor sports, and the annual expense was about twenty-five dollars per student. Of course this does not represent the whole case, as most of the money was used to pay the expenses of the university football, baseball, track, and rowing teams on which only a small percentage of the students actually played. There are undoubtedly great wastefulness and extravagance where undergraduates are entrusted with the management of finances. They have not had the experience to safeguard them against loss. A graduate treasurer, or manager, is an absolutely necessary part of the administration. Under the best of conditions, a large part of the income from the sale of tickets for the games goes into expenses that would have been thought wholly unnecessary twenty years ago. The training and equipment for a game are immeasurably more expensive than they were when a young man provided himself with a single garment to use in a boat race, and no trainer was thought of. Nowadays no player is expected to pay any part of the expense beyond what he would have to pay for his board under ordinary circumstances. Everything is provided by the management. This proceeds from two causes; first, the praiseworthy desire to give all students an equal chance for the teams, when otherwise the rich man would have the advantage of the poor one; second, the questionable desire to give every competitor recognition for his participation

in athletics. The young man who makes a team usually looks upon himself as one deserving well of his university, just as a man who has fought for his country expects to hear of it. It is essentially the same spirit that creates a large pension appropriation. As a member of a second eleven once said, "I am working faithfully for the university, and I ought to have some recognition." He was arguing that he ought to be sent with the first eleven to a neighboring city, where he could enjoy a vacation during term time. Not that any of the athletes are paid, but their relation to the management is precisely that of a citizen to the Treasury Department. The money seems to roll in freely, and the average boy does not realize the value of it. This is the real evil of gate money. No student should have his responsibility in money matters destroyed by the undermining and agreeable process of spending unlimited means easily obtained. The correction is found in the graduate treasurer, and in a committee responsible for the collection of money and for the sale of tickets. By holding team captains and undergraduate managers to rules laid down by a committee, and relieving them of all money that comes in, reckless expenditure is at least checked. At the same time, income and expenditure should be reduced by common agreement among colleges.

One of the largest items in the yearly budget is for training, which requires trainers, coaches, physicians, rubbers, and a special diet. The fundamental cause of the employment of doctors is that the men are undergoing preparation for extraordinary effort, and extraordinary risk. The heart has to be examined, and those who develop weakness rejected. Then, too, young men who are nearing the end of a season are said to be "on edge," when the nervous system is on the verge of a breakdown. The services of physicians are most necessary in football.

The trainer is usually a man who supervises the food and the general relation of the students to exercise, very much as a nurse looks after a patient, or as a mother tends a family of children. He is often, especially if good-tempered and straight, a very useful man. On the other hand, if suspicious and jealous of his reputation as a skillful manipulator of muscle, he is likely to set rival teams by the ears, and to exert his influence toward the worst kind of jockeying. He seldom possesses the ideals that should prevail in a college atmosphere. His introduction into sports springs probably from the difficulty of getting practical advice from the doctors. Their experience has usually been with sick men, and with the remedial methods necessary to cure the sick. When confronted with the problem of taking care of well men, they seem to fail. There is no telling what a man's nerves will do under stress of emergency, and a good judgment of character is generally superior to a knowledge of anatomy. That there is much to be learned, however, is shown by the many disastrous failures of overtrained teams. The best training seems to be in a natural and regular life, with common sense applied to the choice of food, and great temperance in the use of alcohol and tobacco.

Another large item of expense is in traveling between colleges. A number of substitutes and advisers are often carried along, as, for instance, in a recent game requiring eleven men about sixty formed the squad whose traveling expenses were paid by the management.

It is like moving a theatre troupe. The engagements are made six months ahead, and scheduled games have to be played on the hour, regardless of expense.

How far intercollegiate sports have demonstrated their permanent value as part of a college education is still a matter of opinion. They must be judged in the end by their effect upon character. If they can be made to teach self-control and manliness to a large number of students without a sacrifice of the regular classroom work, they are worth keeping and assisting. The present evidence is, on the whole, favorable, although there is nothing to show that outdoor games wholly within the confines of each university would not accomplish as much. The intercollegiate feature is the main cause of the great publicity and of the numerous disputes.

There is no doubt of the false perspective which on account of this publicity athletics assume in the eyes of every schoolboy. A boy preparing for college once explained the situation to me. "I must learn baseball and football. It does n't make any difference how poorly I pass the examinations, so long as I get through. That has nothing to do with my career in college. If I can play football I amount to something immediately after I get in. What is the good of the other things, if I don't amount to anything?" This theory of the case will not produce scholars or enlightened citizens, and it is upon this issue that the case must be worked out.

Ira N. Hollis.

MORAL HESITATIONS OF THE NOVELIST.

I WAS reading one of the more brilliant of our recent novels the other day, when I stumbled upon the definition of a typical modern consciousness. Following the hesitations of its hero in his effort at self-recovery, as he tried to break the tie which bound him to the wife of another man, I was conscious all the time that while the situation was old enough, the moral criticism belonged to the present and not to the past. The story concerned itself with the difficulties of passion, but its chief emphasis was on the difficulties of a conscience alive to infinite possibilities of mistaking the right in a moral experience yet unmapped. What are the duties to one's self and what to another in the tragedy of passion? That was the problem of the story. Charlotte Brontë answered the question easily enough, fifty years ago — a simpler problem in *Jane Eyre*, of course, because the woman may always sacrifice the man with less brutality than the man may sacrifice the woman. But simpler, also, I came to think, because for the author of *Jane Eyre* certain moral values held good which have lately themselves been questioned. In fact, this novel seemed to me diagnostic of a mood which is at present producing some of our best literary work, and confirmed certain of its traits in my mind. Readers of modern fiction will at once recognize the traits that I mean. The first is sincerity; not only the sincerity of an upright nature, but the sincerity of which we read in John Fiske's description of Huxley, that lives in a resolute fear of self-deception. The second is a lack of dogmatism, especially dogmatism about the moral life, amounting almost to timidity. The modern novelist is perplexed, not only by the difficulties of conduct, but by the reality of the moral standards themselves.

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Stevenson's *Pulvis et Umbra* is the best known and most complete expression of this modern mood. In fact, Stevenson's greatest hold upon us is not his style, but just the way in which he has given typical and humane expression to the new ideals. They were waiting for a personality so daringly unconventional as his to make them live. "The canting moralist tells us of right and wrong," says Stevenson, "and we look abroad, even on the face of our small earth, and find them change with every climate, and no country where some action is not honored for a virtue and none where it is not branded for a vice; and we look in our experience, and find no vital congruity in the wisest rules, but at best a municipal fitness." And again, in the Christmas Sermon he describes the same predicament, "Somehow or other, though he [man] does not know what goodness is, he must try to be good." My novel puts it more hopefully when it says that with the new ideas "there are so many more ways of being right." In both cases, however, the relativity of our experience is the fact brought home to the moralist. Absolute standards are out of date. Science has changed all that. We are called upon to reconsider all the old undebatable things which formerly put their check upon the will and the imagination. If a man's acts are so many pathological symptoms, how shall we speak of morality at all? Suppose even that what we have denounced as a sin may have in it something of natural virtue? We have lost the old touchstone, and where shall we discover a new?

Stevenson would say that the new aim is larger charity of judgment, that the kindness possible to the new point of view is our compensation for the great loss we have suffered in faith and singleness of purpose. Whatever else we

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moderns are, at least egotism has become for us an impossible sin. We find ourselves and others conditioned alike by facts of birth and of surrounding beyond our own control. The suspended judgment, meekness in the presence of an inscrutable destiny, — this is what the revelations of the modern world have bred in us. And if we have lost on the side of our convictions, at least we have gained greatly in our power to sympathize and to perceive. The exercise of these gifts is our first duty.

Just here Howells and Stevenson agree. No writers are surely further apart in artistic conviction. We are always pitting them one against the other for the sake of argument. But we do not notice the identity of their moral feeling, although here they are both modern, both under the same dispensation. You will remember in *Annie Kilburn* how the minister of the new school cannot "prophesy worth a cent." Neither can Mr. Howells, in those books which seem most characteristic of his quality. He shows us good and evil in a man's life, he lays bare the causes of failure in character or in our imperfect society; but he is shy of judgment, or if he ends in a dogmatism at last, we feel that it is not without some violence to his own nature. Kane's worldly but delicious comment on the dream of social betterment in the *World of Chance* reads like a betrayal of the author himself, unable to dismiss his humorous doubt of the ideal, which has yet won his serious devotion. When it comes to moral judgment of the individual, the same inconclusiveness reigns. What, after all, can we say of Northwick, creature of environment, or of Faulkner, a changeling of disease. Surprised, often sorrowful observers of life we may be, but never prophets and never judges of human conduct. Mr. Barrie's Tommy and Grizel strikes the same note. It is so unlike the author's characteristic good humor that I have sometimes thought the story showed the unfortu-

nate influence of Stevenson upon a man of quite a different genius. But perhaps not. The fatalism of Tommy's end reads, after all, like the fruit of that self-searching which in modern fiction is another name for sincerity. The modern author feels obliged to give account to himself of every motive; and if he stands very near to his experience, the result is a confusion of mind that overwhelms moral judgment. Is Tommy and Grizel the confession of such an acute self-consciousness? The last chapter is not pleasant to read. It is an offense to me, as I hope it is to all good readers. The author is bound to extenuate nothing of the painful record, but he has pushed his scrutiny beyond the limit of his self-control.

The reader never feels so much the refinement of the modern conscience as when he turns from some older literature to the contemporary novel. There are some questions, for instance, that Shakespeare never asks, or never presses too far, in spite of the Elizabethan freedom of speculation, and that special subtlety of intellect which made him so hospitable to all moods and all facts. Beyond a certain range of speculation he does not go. Partly, perhaps, because the world beyond does not exist for the Elizabethan imagination; but partly the man's instinct seems to guard the sanctity of accepted moral experience. 'Tis to consider too curiously. There is something eminently practical in the attitude of even the emancipated Elizabethan toward the moral life. It is the saving grace of Hamlet. Perhaps no modern novelist, with an equally typical modern subtlety, has come so near this moral simplicity as Tourguenieff.

Shall we ever again recover it without a loss of sincerity? Or would a deliberate return to the practical point of view mean a step backward? Emerson stands to our latest generation of thinkers for a very positive mood, which only half represents the man. In fact Stillman was nearer the truth when he said

that Emerson would willingly have gone to the stake, but he would have done so questioning the nature of his own emotions. And this is what the good reader of Emerson comes to feel. His serene independence of vision was a hard-won gift, the fruit of character rather than of temperament. "No sentence will hold the whole truth," this prophet exclaims, "and the only way in which we can be just is by giving ourselves the lie." And again, "I am always insincere, as always knowing there are other moods," — a sentence one might reasonably ascribe to Amiel. Yet, in spite of all this imaginative restlessness, one carries away from Emerson an impression of the singleness of his character, of a moral integrity which I have heard to-day called egotism. Rather we may think it was the final fruit of the man's insight. I have been looking in vain through his essays for a sentence which I remember well enough, in which he counsels the writer to speak as if, for the time, his truth were the one truth in the world. This is certainly a counsel not of arrogance but of self-discipline. The author is sacrificing the complete sincerity, which has so many temptations for the intellect, to what he takes to be the better cause.

Fénelon has made a distinction between simplicity and sincerity; it has a wonderfully modern application. According to Mrs. Craigie's interesting theory, our modern turn for introspection is the heritage of the Roman confessional. If that is so, Fénelon, priest and confessor, had evidently direct acquaintance with our spiritual difficulties in his own day and generation. "Simplicity," he says, "is an uprightness of soul which checks all useless dwelling upon one's self and one's actions. It is different from sincerity, which is a much lower virtue." In other words, there is a rule of abstinence for the intellect which forbids us to analyze motive too far, and which tells us that truth cannot be captured by this elaborate

sincerity that we feel to-day is our painful duty.

Who will say that this word, so true for practical life, is not the last word for art? Simplicity is a higher virtue of style than sincerity, — almost an impossible virtue, one would think to-day, on account of the influences that have confused and suspended judgment. It is only by an effort of character that a man of imagination, a disinterested observer of human nature in the light of all that science has told us of its origin, can arrive at any moral conclusion about life. Yet it is just the lack of these final judgments which seems at the root of our modern pessimism and of the sense of futility that haunts the modern novel. There has been an almost licentious use of the perception. We have understood all sides; we have entered sympathetically into every point of view. But the will that lies at the bottom of all practical morality and all constructive art has been paralyzed by this act of speculation. The modern apologist finds himself in a world far more unreal than any he has tried to escape.

To return to Tommy and Grizel. For all the author strives so violently against self-deception, do we not feel that less truth than moral casuistry went into the invention of Tommy's end; and that in real life nothing of the sort took place? When we are disembarassed of all personal feeling in the matter, we are sure that while Tommy continued to have sentimental lapses, he was yet at bottom a better man for the struggle he had made with himself. We are sure that Grizel, the mother, was not, after all, so unhappy; for of course the woman Grizel bore Tommy children, and in that simple and natural way bound him to herself. The story, so told, would of course be infinitely less clever than now, but nearer to what Thackeray and the old-fashioned novelist would have imagined it. And may not the old-fashioned novelist, with his old-fashioned ideals, have been the truer to life?

Somehow it looks as if the next literary motive was to be a rediscovery of the simpler moral outlook. At least one feels in the work of the very latest school not so much a new method as a new way of feeling life. Tolstoy's case is typical. He was born into the generation of the scientific novel; then by and by came the humanistic revolt, entirely inevitable for a nature so passionate and so imaginative. He found no help for any of his speculative difficulties; yet he took refuge in a life which, whether it could bear the test of scientific analysis or not, had at least more reality for the man. Still, in Tolstoy's case, there remains the great schism between the moral and the scientific instinct. He returned to the old mood with its simpler moral distinctions, his mind still unconvinced. But science itself is preparing the way for the younger writer. Since psychology is becoming humanized and is less and less inclined to confuse its own point of view with practical reality, sooner or later the psychological novelist is bound to confess a change in his own principle. He

will be more inclined to credit the idealism of simple people and to let the will play its part in the story. Perhaps of all forms of imaginative literature the novel is the last to be able to voice a new intellectual inspiration. In the novel, ideas are the very body of experience; and the observer, less easily than the thinker, can change his habit all at once. Whenever a change occurs with him, it must be not merely intellectual; it must be structural. So Howells, Hardy, Tolstoy even, belong to the older generation. But every year new writers are being born into the new set of influences, and the younger men are unconsciously infected. Instinctively they begin to trust the larger and more enthusiastic moods which were crowded down by a conscientious intellectualism. The new prejudice is away from subtlety toward more force and conviction in style. All this means that the author is regaining the courage of his personality, and that the next generation of novelists shall recover a certain hold upon life which those just passing have lost.

Edith Baker Brown.

ELAINE.

THE Damosel, succored at last, stood under her pavilion, which was a blossoming peach tree, sun all round her, gay summer green underfoot, the brown and the flash of the brook in her eyes. And in the open, eager and brave, the Knight battled with the Giant, who, all accounts agree, was as cruel as he was voracious.

Five minutes the combat lasted up and down the little meadow, the Knight flushed and breathless, — though one would swear he fought because he loved it, — the Giant smiling broadly through his growls. Five minutes the two wrestled, locked close, the Knight matching

his quickness against his adversary's strength, until at last — this always happened, you remember, in the old days — the Giant slipped and sprawled. The Knight put his foot on his foe's neck and flourished his arms.

"Where's your sword?" called the Damosel from her place.

"Over there by the brook. Hurry up and get it, Damosel." Then, looking down at the Giant, "Lie still, Major," commanded the Knight.

Something like a spray of blossoms from the peach tree flashed lightly across the grass of the battlefield.

"You run pretty good for a girl,"

said the champion, as he reached out his hand for the sword, "but" —

"Behold Excalibur!" the Damosel said, not heeding. "Now give the Dolorous Stroke."

"The what?" asked the Knight, rather blankly.

"The Dolorous Stroke. Don't you remember? You must n't poke him that way. And then the castle will all tumble down."

"Oh yes. Look out then!"

The Damosel shut her eyes. In the dark she saw the great brand flash all silver, heaved high above the champion's head; she heard it hiss down; and when the Giant yelped a little, as not understanding this part of the play, the Damosel looked up with a cry of delight.

It had been a splendid combat. They sat them down in the shade of the pavilion to rest.

"Now," said the Knight, looking about him, "I'll find a Saracen."

"That does n't come *yet*," the Damosel made answer, very quickly. She picked up a battered little volume from where it lay in the grass beside them, half opened it, made as if reading down a page, then closed it. "The — the book says" —

She waited one tremulous minute, not looking at her companion. The cheek turned toward him glowed warm as the heart of a peach blossom. She plaited tiny folds in the edge of her skirt. A minute long the silence lasted. Perhaps there was that in the summer sunlight, or in the south air, or in the warm scent of the earth, which laid an enchantment on her light and sweet.

"Well, what *do* we do, silly?" inquired the Knight.

"We'd better go back to King Arthur's court, I suppose," she answered after a moment, the smile dying from her eyes.

The Knight scrambled briskly to his feet. "Go ahead," he cried, "I'll give you a start 'n' beat you."

A second time the pink and white whirled over the meadow, the Knight close behind; and the Giant, recalled from hunting, barked wildly as he wallowed alongside. Here was something better than sitting under a tree. Then the whistle of the five o'clock express shrilled up the valley, and with the sound Excalibur became a stick again, and Camelot a pile of fence rails. It was the Knight who first perceived the change.

"Got to go now," he declared. One would guess he had waited the signal.

"Don't let's," urged the Damosel from her perch on Camelot's highest tower. "I don't believe it's time."

The other moved away. "Oh, come on, Jean. We can't stay here *all* day."

The Damosel looked from her champion back across the fair level field of Arthur's realm, to where under the two pines dark Cornwall began, — that dear green land where were adventures for any knight to seek, for gallant ladies perils to undergo and delights to enjoy. She saw her blossoming pavilion, where enchantments were.

"Do you really *want* to go home?" she asked doubtfully.

"Joe said I might help milk if I got in early."

The dull dwellers in the summer village never could rightly call this pair who, clad in mail or in samite, rode a foaming charger and a milk white palfrey at a hand gallop across the fields and through the woods seeking adventures. Knight and Damosel remained unguessed. Just as Arthur's realm seemed a level pasture, so these two looked to be only a handsome twelve year old boy and girl, whose manners were as delightfully formal as their behavior entirely scandalous. For them the country people could find no other name but "the Professor's children."

Perhaps though this was only for the sake of convenience. Perhaps the villagers knew in their hearts that by

rights the titles of chivalry were the youngsters', but were kept in some way from uttering them aloud. They always explained anyhow that they never could remember who the children really were. And, in a way, that was the case in the city too, where everybody called the boy and girl "the Professor's children" even in the very shadow of the university buildings. It was the easiest name to give them, said the world, though the world knew that they did not belong to the Professor at all, — the villagers choosing it because they were at a loss to tell the true names of those whose life seemed in flashes that of the old times, the college folk hearing their little romance from this or that story-teller.

"They're up to the darndest things," said the country folk, bringing to mind some queer bit of mimic pageantry or deed of knight-errantry. "Why" —

"He's the old gentleman's grand-nephew," the gossips explained, with circumstance. "He was left when young Stevenson and the girl he married died down at Caracas somewhere. There was an epidemic or a revolution."

"And the little girl?"

"Poor Avery's."

The conversation at the club would hang suspended at that point always. The elders sighed when they recalled the memory of the dead young scholar, and the juniors wondered soberly if ever their little names would be remembered as this one.

They were not the Professor's children at all. They were fairy folk. They were legacies to him, much like the books he received from time to time, or — to value them at the Professor's own rating, said some with a giggle — they were like the two sheets of early English manuscript which Dr. von Pentz willed him when at last Tübingen air blew out that flame itself had kindled.

The last of all to give the boy and girl their popular name was the Professor himself.

"My charges are very well, thank you," was his invariable answer to any one asking how the children did. He stressed his words lightly, but so as to admit of no misunderstanding. And for five years after they came to him he kept to his formula. He brought them nurses and tasteful clothes and a doctor when they had measles. He asked advice, considerably embarrassed, of this or that house-mother. In the twilight hours he tried to tell them about the dear great God who loved them, and of the bad little devil who sat on their right shoulders to whisper in their ears.

"I will do my duty by them," said the Professor, "conscientiously."

A dweller on a mountain top, he came down every day into the valley of childish things. From his proper place he could look east and west, and talk with the giants and the gods, seeing the world far below him, a friend of lightnings and of the wind from the sea. The swallows visited him up there and the curlews. Though he accomplished it every day, the descent from his throne was not easy. He scarcely knew how to speak the speech of the tiny creatures he found waiting for him below a little in awe. For five years he saw them across wide spaces. Talking with them as they sat round-eyed and very quiet side by side on the high-backed settle, he kept his hand on the book — any book — which would bear him back again, up, up, to the company of the Great Ones. And presently the difficult hour would tick itself out, the mellow voice quiet, the little listeners would look at each other and go back to where Major was waiting. His children? Hardly that, but he took scrupulous care of them.

"My duty," said the Professor one day, as often before, "is plain."

There came to him then a light wind as he sat lonely and very high on his cold throne. The Professor listened carefully, for the breeze was from the

quarter of inspiration. He knew it was apt to speak the truth, for all he could sometimes hardly understand its message.

"It should n't be your duty, sir."

"I am very sorry for them."

"To a logical mind the next step is obvious."

The Professor looked east and west into the cold clouds, then down to the greening earth. "I think," he murmured, getting on his feet, "I will try anyway."

"They are waiting for you," said the breeze, "in the library. They are reading in the *Morte d'Arthur*."

The Professor prepared to descend. "I remember that I used to play Indians," he admitted; "but I should think that Sir Tor, for instance, or" —

"Sir Gareth," the breeze laughed with him.

"And she could play Lynette. I'll show them."

"You can be a horse perhaps, or a dwarf. One must be humble, sir. And you are going to be very happy."

Not remote any longer, making his life part of theirs, — a very sweet relation, people said, — the Professor watched every move of his children, whether at play in Arthur's fairy realm, or listening to the real world. He suffered, was rewarded, was very contented. There were sunny days on the old place in the country, — sheer romance. There were the earnest months from September till June when the hours for work and play were sounded from the college chimes. Jean went away to the famous school, but came back after a few months because all the money was needed for Jerry. The latter began to discover things, and to miss others, for all his cleverness, not guessing at their existence. The Professor continued to meet with the world's greatest. If there entered changes into the life of the two wise men and the girl who knew only her duty, they were but as the slow al-

terations of nature from one beauty to another, — those of a tree or of the daylight, a little of autumn or of night that the leafage and the sun may be the fuller and more beautiful. If it came about after the years that the three followed no longer a single path, at least their ways were not so sundered but that they could call to one another as they walked on. It seemed to make no difference even when the Professor bade his boy further the work he would leave incomplete, for Jerry said he could do nothing unless he felt his guide's hand in his, and the next instant turned in his chair to catch the friend's smile he had learned to look for in Jean's eyes.

"A delightful family!" exclaimed the gossips, watching carefully through the years. "The old man's really like a father to 'em."

"And the children brother and sister."

"Possibly," said the gossips, "but" —

"How do you mean? Are they — does Jean" —

"Of course we don't *know* anything about it," rejoined the gossips quickly.

But that night, when the big new life-plan was talked of, Jean — this quite by chance — was sitting outside the circle of light around the hearth, so that her brother could not see her face. And all through the two hours that followed she said no word, remaining all quiet in her place, though the men's talk was of high things, and though more than once the old or the young would seem, as always, to include her as one who planned with them for all that was to come. They talked of the happy years in Germany, of the long days in the Bodleian or the Museum, of the thrill that comes with power, — all this as Jerry's due, the heritage of him whom Barham called her brother. But when Jean came into the light her lip quivered and her eyes were dulled.

Neither of the men looked at her, however.

"*Ohne Hast, ohne Rast*, boy," the Professor was saying.

"I'm going to try, sir."

"And we're going to help him, eh, *Herzchen*?" The Professor caught her by the arm as she passed. "We'll stay behind, like the old man and weak woman we are, but we'll help. Shall we not? Ah, I am so happy! I feared he might choose some other path."

"You must be." Then came a little pause. "Will Jerry be going away very soon?"

"All in good time, *Liebling*. There is much to be done. He's only beginning. But go he shall some day, and he shall make himself great."

"Of course Jerry will be great!" she cried, as though answering a challenge. Then she came close to the younger man. "Good-by," said Jean, kissing him.

"Good-night," he replied, thinking to answer her.

Theirs was a very sweet relation, Barham said again. It was pleasant to see the old man, spent with long battling, hand his weapons to the youngster and send him forward, pleasant to mark the skill and strength of the new champion. And Jean? Well, college women are a good deal like soldiers' wives after all. If they cannot fight themselves, at least they can hearten those stronger, or bind the wounds of their hurt heroes. It is not much to do, perhaps; but then they are best far from the field. The battle is easier won so.

The working time passed. Once more the little meadow stretched out all green and gold under the sun, along its edge the brown brook sang cheerily, and under the peach tree sat the Damosel all alone. She was reading in a little book, but looked up quickly as a shadow fell across her page.

"Always Malory!" cried the voice of the Knight. "I never saw such a girl!"

"You used to like him, too."

"I do now. All those romances of chivalry. They're very interesting."

"We used to act him out, don't you remember?" the Damosel went on.

"Indeed I do. You were fine at all those games."

"So were you. I remember."

"They've given me the traveling fellowship, Jean."

The Damosel did not answer at once. Watching her, one would say she had not heard, she was looking so far away. But her mouth pinched a little at the corners.

"Yes, we've won out, Jean. Three years sure wherever I want abroad. And it's all your doing, Jean, — yours and the Governor's. If it had n't been that you and he helped so much and told me how" —

"Three years?" she asked swiftly.

"Yes. And" —

"Oh, Jerry, I *am* glad you've won it. Jerry, did I really help you *any*?"

"Of course you did. It's my start in life, Jean. And I *do* thank you for it."

"It's for three whole years?"

"At least. More if I behave."

"You must try to be good, then." She laughed up at him hardily.

The boy laughed too, and turned away; but stopped for a moment and looked up and down the length of the meadow.

"A fine old playground, was n't it, Jean? Do you remember the names we used to call things? I don't believe you do."

The Damosel bent her head. Her fingers were knit tight.

"What was the peach tree then?" he asked lightly.

It was a breathing space before she replied. Then —

"Astolat," said the Damosel, very low.

Emerson Gifford Taylor.

BOOKS NEW AND OLD.

POETRY AND COMMONPLACE.

"ONLY a staff cut from Sophoclean timber will support your lonely dreamer as he makes his way over the marl," wrote Mr. Francis B. Gummere not long ago;¹ "but the common citizen, who does most of the world's work, and who has more to do with the future of poetry than a critic will concede, finds his account in certain smooth, didactic, and mainly cheerful verses which appear in the syndicate newspapers, and will never attain a magazine or an anthology. If singing throngs keep rhythm alive, it is this sort of poets that must both make and mend the paths of genius. . . . If minor poets and obvious, popular poems ever disappear, and if crowds ever go dumb, then better and best poetry itself will be as dead as King Pandion. No Absent-Minded Beggar, no Recessional."

Nobody can suppose that Mr. Gummere is here advancing a new gospel of dloggerel or a defense of the slipshod. Since, according to his habit elsewhere,² he is considering poetry as a scientific fact, as "emotional rhythmic utterance," and striving to emphasize the significance of that utterance in its ruder forms, it is natural that his argument should appear to approach an apology for the commonplace. Indeed, he is frank in accepting the word as applicable to the best poetry, if it is applicable at all. "Commonplace is a poor word," he says. "Horace gives one nothing else." Whatever impatience he manifests toward persons of other minds is due to his sense of the extreme urgency of his theme: that the study of

poetry to be intelligent must attain the rank and method of a science. "Poetry, high or low, as product of a human impulse and as a constant element in the life of man, belongs to that history which has been defined of late as 'concrete sociology;' and it is on this ground, and not in criticism, that the question of the decline of poetry must be answered." Mr. Gummere is indignant with critics for not perceiving this: "They exclude from their study of poetry," he complains, "a good half of the facts of poetry."

This is a sobering charge. One wishes to be sure that there is reason for throwing such overwhelming stress upon the significance of the social element in poetry. When we have admitted that some sort of emotional rhythmic utterance has always been essential to the popular comfort, and when we have determined by the method which Mr. Gummere suggests that the instinct for such utterance is not likely to grow dull with time, shall we have even paved the way for proof that great poetry will continue to be produced? Yet this is precisely the "old case" which Mr. Gummere is considering. However academic the question of the decline of poetry may have been, it has never meant anything else, to those who were disposed to be exercised about it, than the decline of great poetry.

Mr. Gummere further urges the application of the sociological method to concrete criticism. Yet when we have gone the length of historical analysis to prove, according to his suggestion, that "Lycidas, as a poem, is the outcome of emotion in long reaches of social pro-

¹ *The Old Case of Poetry in a New Court.* The Atlantic Monthly, June, 1902.

² *The Beginnings of Poetry.* By FRANCIS B. GUMMERE. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1901.

gress," it is not altogether clear what new truth we shall have discovered about the poem or about the poetic function. Necessarily the great poet conserves and epitomizes and perfects; that is why he is great. And that, since he implies, and acts as spokesman for, a thousand smaller voices heard only by a few and for a day, is why we still find meaning even in "those old hysterics about genius," which Mr. Gummere disdains; and why we find it unnecessary to refer every poem, great or small, to whatever mass of data in "concrete sociology."

In our doubt as to the propriety or usefulness of the neutral definition of poetry which sociology affords, we may profitably recall that merely literary definition which has hitherto served the world comfortably if unscientifically. One turns perhaps to certain well-remembered passages in the Oxford lectures of Mr. W. J. Courthope, one of the greatest modern expositors of classical criticism. "Poetry," he says, "is the art which produces pleasure for the imagination by imitating human actions, thoughts, and passions, in metrical language." It must, however, produce pleasure not for the coterie or the class, or even the people as a whole, but "pleasure which can be felt by what is best in the people as a whole . . . pleasure such as has been produced by one generation of great poets after another whose work still moves in the reader wonder and delight." Naturally, therefore, "the sole authorities in the art of poetry are the great classical poets of the world." This view of poetry by no means ignores its fundamental relation toward society. "As the end of art is to produce pleasure, poets and all other artists must take into account alike the constitution of the human mind and the circumstances of the society which it is their business to please." But this truth, stated without qualification, may easily mislead: "Popular taste has, no doubt, a foundation in Nature. . . .

But the unrefined instinct of the multitude is, as a rule, in favor of what is obvious and superficial: impatient of reflection, it is attracted by the loud colors and the commonplace sentiment which readily strike the senses or the affections. Observe the popular songs in the Music Halls, the pictorial advertisements on the hoardings, the books on the railway stalls, the lists in the circulating libraries; from these may be divined the level to which the public taste is capable of rising by its own untrained perception. That which is natural in such taste is also vulgar; and if vulgar Nature is to be the standard of Art, nothing but a versatile mediocrity of invention is any longer possible." The classical critic, that is, would see no hope for poetry in the mere survival of a popular susceptibility for rhythm. Yet if he does not spare contempt for the commonplace and vulgar, he is at great pains to make clear the importance of the universal element in poetry. "The real superiority of the painter or the poet, if we measure by the work of the highest excellence, lies . . . in the ability to find expression for imaginative ideas of nature floating unexpressed in the general mind." "The secret of enduring poetical life lies in individualizing the universal, not in universalizing the individual."

From this point of view, one reflects, what does Mr. Gummere's "communal song" mean to the critical mind? Taken to include, as seems to be expected, all current attempts at "emotional rhythmic utterance," it means very little; hardly more than the really considerable public inclination for the banjo and the coon-song would mean to the student of music. At its best, with all possible concession to its virtue of spontaneity and its suggestion of a natural prestige for poetry, it represents only the rude attempt at expressing that universal experience which the individualizing hand of genius is able to express adequately. An instinct for utterance

does not in itself constitute or even imply, though it may produce art. There have been nations singularly prone to rhythmic utterance, yet barren of noble poetry. The significance of such a habit of utterance must be little more than sociological. It is, in short, doubtful if any deeply scientific method is likely to affect the general sense that a million failures in poetry (however ingenuous and sincere, however widely listened to even) are of less import to the race than a single success; that to study the mighty poets of the world must be the most probable means of realizing the immense significance of poetry as an element in human life.

II.

Very narrow in range and monotonous in substance is the verse in which many of us common citizens find our account. It is flatly emotional and baldly respectable. It preaches, it pities, it regrets; it is full of the memories of childhood, of innocence, of the old homestead and the song that mother used to sing. At its nadir of quality and perhaps its zenith of influence, one finds it cried over at the vaudeville theatre. It is surprising how sympathetically even a "submerged" audience will listen to that babbling of green fields which it has never seen.

Here in America this sort of communal song appears to have attained a sort of apotheosis. Not to risk the indiscretion of naming Longfellow in the connection, one may cite aloud the work of Whitcomb Riley, a poet of real powers, who has been content to make very common citizens laugh and cry by quite obvious means. The morale of the case is similar to that of a hypothetical painter with a cultivable talent of a high order who should content himself with drawing crayon portraits for country sitting-rooms. Yet it is hard to judge coldly of the fact. So many persons have read Mr. Riley's good verse who would

never have read his or anybody else's better verse, that only determined loyalty to an unbiased standard, the standard of the poet's own possible best, can keep one discontented with the result of his work. Measured by that standard, he is seen to have loitered upon the broad levels of commonplace when he might have dropped his plumb into the depths of universality. It is something to be a virtuoso, even upon the harmonium; but the instrument has fatal limitations.

Now and then Mr. Riley's characteristic mood escapes from the vernacular and finds a voice of much lyric delicacy; as in these verses from *Our Boyhood Haunts*: —

"And then we
Just across the creek shall see
(Hah! the goaty rascal!) Pan
Hoof it o'er the sloping green,
Mad with his own melody:
Aye, and (bless the beastly man!)
Stamping from the grassy soil
Bruised scents of *fleur-de-lis*,
Boneset, mint, and pennyroyal."

It is worthy of remark that during such momentary lapses into English the writer should incline to the employment of classical allusions and literary fashions of speech. That is a form of revenge which the Muse delights to take upon those who wish to ignore her.

If Mr. Riley approaches his best in moments of emancipation from dialect, the reverse is true of Mr. Paul Lawrence Dunbar. In his *Poems of Lowly Life* and its companion volume there is much merely graceful echoing of familiar strains. It is in his negro melodies, with their rich and home-felt sympathy, their projection of a racial contour which is of universal interest, that one feels the presence of the quality with which the world in the end finds its account. If this is communal song, it is also something more; it is poetry.

One is not so sure what to say of the verse of Mr. Edwin Markham, who has taken rank of late as a poet of the people. When he does not remember to

be full-chestedly democratic, he is remarkably pliable to suggestions from classic literature. When he is not talking about toilers and tyrants, he is quite likely to be chanting of naiads and "Norns." One is not sure that *The Man with the Hoe* fails of being a true inspiration. Perhaps one is unfairly prejudiced against the poem by the extraneous fact that the author, after its first success, wrote a magazine article thereon beginning, "I did it!" and proceeding to describe the manner of its doing, with diagrams. At all events, the dogged force which marked that poem does not reappear elsewhere in his work. The bluntness and simplicity of his didactic manner appear artificial in the bulk. There is, for example, rhetoric but not quite poetry to be sure of in his characterization of Lincoln as

"A man that matched the mountains, and compelled
The stars to look our way and honor us."

As poetry it must be felt that many of his conceptions are, to use Mr. Court-hope's phrase, mere "Idols of the Fancy." That is perhaps why one experiences a sudden relief in coming now and again upon a passage from which the didactic spirit is altogether absent, and in which fancy has legitimate play, as in these lines describing a lizard:—

"The slim gray hermit of the rocks,
With bright inquisitive quick eyes,
His life a round of harks and shocks,
A little ripple of surprise."

Surely this is a very delicate touch of poetry, as just as it is unpretentious in conception, and as right as it is simple in expression.

Simple justice must admit that the daily press now and then produces verse which, while it may not possess just the quality to commend it to the magazine or to insure it a place in the anthology, is, in one sense or another, beyond the commonplace. *The Chicago Tribune* is

¹ *Line o' Type Lyrics*. By BERT LESTON TAYLOR. Evanston: William A. Lord. 1902.

to be congratulated upon having originally printed the verses which make up Mr. Taylor's recent volume.¹ They are far better than most newspaper verse; they contain more sense, and, as a whole, more poetry. The trail of the journalist is sometimes too apparent. There are frequent slips in accuracy and not infrequent lapses in taste, jests not quite far enough from vulgarity, and local hits too palpable for the relish of a second reading. But there are several numbers which are more fit to rank with English light verse of the better class than anything American since the day of H. C. Bunner; there are some admirable satirical bits; and there is a Ballade of Spring's Unrest from which the third octave especially deserves to be quoted:

"Ho for the morning I sling
Pack at my back, and with knees
Brushing a thoroughfare fling
Into the green mysteries;
One with the birds and the bees,
One with the squirrel and quail,
Night, and the stream's melodies:—
Ho for the pack and the trail!"

Another volume is at hand whose title confesses its origin,² and which contains verse of the "smooth, didactic, and mainly cheerful" sort in the continued production and popularity of which lies, we are told, hope for the poetry of the future. Here are many such passages as

"Wiser the honest words of a child
Than the scornful scholar's fleers;
Richer a fortnight of crudest faith
Than a score of cynic years."

Or,—

"Let not the sham life of the tinsel city,
Whose false gods all the blazing fires of
folly fan,
Blast the green tendrils of my human pity;
Oh, let me still revere the sacred soul of
man."

This sort of verse is probably as palatable, and even as immediately profitable, to the common citizen as any verse could be. Nobody can possibly wish to

² *Songs of the Press*. By BAILEY MILLARD. San Francisco: Elder & Shepard. 1902.

laugh at it. Unless to the sociological student of poetry, however, it falls short of special significance; not because the feeling expressed is not sincere and sensible and of universal appeal, but because it is imperfectly individualized: loosely grasped and vaguely uttered. One perceives that this is the real status of the trite and the commonplace, and fancies that when Mr. Gummere chooses Horace as an eminent example of the commonplace in poetry, he is holding the weak thread to the light. For there can be nothing less commonplace than the perfect expression by individual genius of the facts of universal experience: nothing less commonplace, that is, than true poetry.

III.

We may turn for a moment to a recent volume of verse¹ in which this feat has been in some manner accomplished; in which simple and common emotions have been turned to poetry in the literary as well as in the sociological sense of the word. The verse of Ethna Carbery is informed with that passionate sense of race to which the work of the Neo-Celtic school owes much of its saliency; a patriotism concerned less with politics than with the conservation of national ideals. It therefore represents the spirit of an ancient folk-poetry, and constitutes the true though fragmentary restoration of one authentic type of communal song. The process is in a sense artificial; but these lyrics, with their tense passion and subtle melancholy, so different from the broader Teutonic pathos and sentiment, evidently utter the poet's temperament as well as that of her race. She employs an extraordinary variety of metrical forms without appearing to be whimsical. Often by trifling irregularities of rhythm she is able to gain a singular effect of

¹ *The Four Winds of Eirinn: Poems by ANNA MACMANUS (ETHNA CARBERY)*. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Co. 1902.

naïve beauty; as in these stanzas from *On an Island*:—

"Weary on ye, sad waves!
Still scourging the lonely shore,
Oh, I am far from my father's door,
And my kindred's graves.

"From day to day, outside
There is nothing but dreary sea;
And at night o'er the dreams of me
The great waters glide.

"If I look to East or West,
Green billows go tipped with foam—
Green woods gird my father's home,
With birds on each nest."

Often, too, the verse moves with the restless lilt, and the expression takes on the curious figures of color, which are unmistakable marks of race:—

"I bared my heart to the winds and my cry
went after you—

A brown west wind blew past and the east my
secret knew,

A red east wind blew far to the lonesome bog-
land's edge,

And the little pools stirred sighing within their
girdling sedge.

"The north wind hurled it south—the black
north wind of grief—

And the white south wind came crooning
through every frozen leaf;

Yet never a woe of mine, blown wide down
starlit space,

Hath quickened the pulse of your heart, or
shadowed your rose-red face."

I do not know how the listener to music like this, however bound by the poetical conventions of his own race, can deny that it possesses the genuine lyric rapture. Apart from its appeal as the upwelling of a true poetic impulse, its root-hold in a tradition of large significance must give it immunity from the stigma of that poetry of coterie which Mr. Courthope shows to be one of the signs of decadence. It is sad that the first collected work of so delicate a poet should have been published posthumously. The recent death of Mrs. MacManus will be felt as a genuine loss by lovers of poetry.

How difficult it is to carry over into

the expression of modern English or American life the free disregard of our established metrical forms which is tolerable in, because in a way indigenous to, the poetry of the Celt is made clear by such work as that of Mr. Bridges.¹ There is something, it seems, in the inimitable leaven of our Teutonic blood which calls for restraint and conformity, and is disinclined, these qualities lacking, to admit that Horace's rule has been followed — that the right form of expression has sprung naturally out of a just mode of conception. For example, the form of expression employed in the two pieces of verse which open the present volume seems almost painfully inadequate. Can one imagine the fitness of addressing a dying friend in these tripping staves? —

"We must part now? Well, here is the hand of a friend;

I will keep you in sight till the road makes its turning

Just over the ridge within reach of the end

Of your arduous toil — the beginning of learning.

"You will call to me once from the mist, on the verge,

'Au revoir!' and 'good night!' while the twilight is creeping

Up luminous peaks, and the pale stars emerge?

Yes, I hear your faint voice: 'This is rest, and like sleeping.'"

Or is it possible to be impressed with the propriety of imputing the measure of "'T was the night before Christmas" to a communication From One Long Dead? —

"I've been dead all these years! and to-night in your heart

There's a stir of emotion, a vision that slips —

It's my face in the moonlight that gives you a start,

It's my name that in joy rushes up to your lips!"

Mr. Bridges tells us in his dedicatory lines that he has found his inspiration in Burns, or one might have suspected

¹ *Bramble Brae*. By ROBERT BRIDGES (DROCH). New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1902.

here a resuscitation of the metrical habit once (but long ago) admired in Thomas Moore. But his forms do not always err upon the side of elaboration:

"I lent him to my country

And he wore the Navy blue;

I bade him do his duty,

And he said he would be true.

It's home they say you're coming,

And it's home you came to me

When you wore your first blue jacket

At the old Academy.

And the neighbors said, 'How handsome!

What a sailor he will be!'

But I only drew him closer

In my coddling mother's joy,

And said, 'Well, what's a sailor?

He's my brave boy!'"

One is tempted to quote the rest of the piece because it illustrates so admirably the kind of verse the study of which is expected to illuminate our understanding of poetry in the large. Of course Mr. Kipling has been setting the pace for this sort of thing, and a great deal of it is to be looked for by a public which has tolerated *The Absent-Minded Beggar*. May it lead, in some mysterious way, to the production of many more poems like *The Recessional*, — a poem, it must be noticed, which owes much of its power to its rich treatment of a simple and conventional metrical form. Mr. Bridges is himself capable of such restraint and such success, as is proved by the charming lines on Stevenson: —

"What a glorious retinue

Made that arduous chase with you!

Half the world stood still to see

Song and Fancy follow free . . .

And now the race

Ends with your averted face;

At full effort you have sped

Through that doorway of the dead."

It is a pity that the talent which produced this should so seldom have exerted itself to such an end.

The verse of Mr. Robert Underwood Johnson,² on the other hand, possesses

² *Poems*. By ROBERT UNDERWOOD JOHNSON. New York: The Century Co. 1902.

remarkable evenness of quality. Its faults are not of exuberance or carelessness or arbitrariness of form, but of occasional stiffness and over-consciousness. These defects, however, belong to the quality of careful workmanship which, allied with the quality of sane imagination, produces most good poetry. Certainly the emotional value of Mr. Johnson's work is seldom compromised by his adroitness as a metrist. He does not invent metres, he employs them, and with exceptional skill. The *Winter Hour*, his longest flight, is cast into a simple measure to which he gives much flexibility and grace: —

"O silent hour that sacred is
To our sincerest reveries! —
When peering Fancy fondly frames
Swift visions in the oak-leaved flames;
When Whim has magic to command
Largess and lore from every land,
And Memory, miser-like, once more
Counts over all her hoarded store."

One imagines how instinctively the poet may have chosen the Heine-like measure of his *Farewell to Italy*, to fit the temper of brooding retrospect, so like Heine, which he has to express: —

"Alas! for the dear remembrance
We chose for an amulet:
The one that is left to keep it —
Ah! how can he forget?"

Nor does it appear that there is anything artificial in the delicate seventeenth-century suggestion which lingers

about the very sweetest and most spirited of his lyrics, *Love in the Calendar*, which it would be a pleasure to quote entire: —

"When chinks in April's windy dome
Let through a day of June,
And foot and thought incline to roam,
And every sound 's a tune;
When Nature fills a fuller cup,
And hides with green the gray, —
Then, lover, pluck your courage up
To try your fate in May."

It is necessary to speak with more reservation of Mr. Johnson's didactic and occasional verses. His *Poems on Public Events*, *Songs of Liberty*, and the like, many of them ring not false but, compared with his other verse, a little thin. The full ardor of his consciousness is bestowed upon conceptions less diffused. He has done more in creating such a phrase as "grass half-robin high" than in writing many poems upon Dewey at Manila or *The Voice of Webster*. But this is in accordance with a law which governs all but the few supreme masters of song; for it is only they who can with equal success touch the stops of various quills; who are able always, in whatever mood or upon whatever plane, to conceive justly and to express rightly; to create, that is, the noble and rare flower of genius which the world will for some time continue to style Poetry.

H. W. Boynton.

GARDENS AND GARDEN-CRAFT.

"A garden in its pride,
Odorous with hint and rapture
Of soft joys no tongue can capture,"

is a delight to which none but the thrushes can give adequate expression, for they are past masters in the "fine careless rapture."

It is this nameless charm with which the poets and the thrushes are so famil-

iar, this sense of green delights and garden blessedness which makes itself felt in two of the most refreshing books of garden-lore that have been published for many a day, *Garden-Craft*, by John D. Sedding, and *Forbes Watson's Flowers and Gardens*, the second edition of a book which endeared itself to plant-lovers of thirty years ago. The books are

written from widely differing stand-points, but each reflects the man: the winsomeness of John Sedding's sunny personality and the rare sweetness and unworldliness of Forbes Watson's character are alike touched with that indefinable grace wherewith the gardens are ever blessing back those who love them aright.

To leave the din and clatter of the streets, the clang of the trolley cars, the cries of the venders, and all the jarring noises of this workaday world, and lose one's self in such a book as that of John Sedding's, is indeed a rest unto the soul: to feel the dreamy charm and half-forgotten fragrance of the old gardens and breathe a Herrick atmosphere

"Of brooks, of blossoms, birds and bowers,"

a book where it is a matter of course to meet Gower and Andrew Marvell, and a surprise to chance upon a bit of Browning; where Sir William Temple dissertates upon "The perfectest figure of a Garden I ever saw, either at Home or Abroad," and Evelyn gives advice on terraces; where Lady Mary Wortley Montagu forgets her neuralgia and her quarrel with Pope, although he is not two chapters off, and discourses amiably of the Giardini Justi, and even crusty Horace Walpole drops his misanthropy for the moment, and does a service which makes the garden-lover always his debtor.

Like these old-time worthies who chat and mingle so congenially in his pages, Sedding was not a gardener by profession: he was an architect, whose work was blest with both originality and artistic quality, an artist with a passionate love for studying flower and leaf. For garden-making is the craft of crafts for the artist-amateur. "Thus, if I make a garden," writes Sedding, "I need not print a line, nor conjure with the painter's tools to prove myself an artist. . . . Whilst in other spheres of labor the greater part of our life's toil and moil will of a surety end, as the wise man predicted,

in vanity and vexation of spirit, here is instant physical refreshment in the work the garden entails, and, in the end, our labor will be crowned with flowers."

"A garden is a place where these two whilom foes — Nature and Man — patch up a peace for the nonce. Outside the garden precincts — in the furrowed field, in the forest, the quarry, the mine, out upon the broad seas — the feud still prevails that began when our first parents found themselves on the wrong side of the gate of Paradise."

"'There be delights,'" quotes Sedding, "'that will fetch the day about from sun to sun and rock the tedious year as in a delightful dream.' . . . For a garden is Arcady brought home. It is man's bit of gaudy make-believe — his well-disguised fiction of an unvexed Paradise . . . a world where gayety knows no eclipse and winter and rough weather are held at bay."

But this first chapter with its page after page of garden rhapsody is by way of invocation. There are quaint designs for formal gardens with their sundials and clipped yew hedges, an admirable historical sketch of English garden-craft, the work of the old masters, Bacon, Evelyn, and Temple; the sad record of the early eighteenth century when Mr. Brown, in the name of landscape gardening and nature, demolished the ancient avenues and pleasure grounds with a completeness which would have made Spenser's Sir Guyon think of his efforts in Acrasia's bower and blush for incompetence: not even Sir Walter Raleigh's garden was spared "unparalleled by anie in these partes," and as an advertising agent blazons his wares on the silent boulders, Mr. Brown's name was writ large for posterity on English gardening. "All in CAPITALS," to quote Dr. Young.

It is the old-fashioned garden, "that piece of hoarded loveliness" as he calls it, which holds Sedding's allegiance: the garden of the men who wrote and wrought when English poetry and Eng-

lish garden-craft were in their spring-time, where contentions had not entered in. He finds excellent poetic backing for his love of confessed art in a garden, intrenching himself behind two such nature-lovers and notable gardeners as Wordsworth and Sir Walter Scott.

Indeed, the kinship between garden-craft and poetry is often overlooked; "we have only to turn to the old poets and note how the texture of the speech — the groundwork of the thought — is saturated through and through with garden imagery," for garden-craft is only another medium of expression for the art of the period: even in the Jacobean garden, "we have much the same quips and cranks, the same quaint power of metrical changes, playful fancy of the poetry of Herbert, Vaughan, Herrick, and Donne."

Perhaps the most potent charm of the book, as of the *Canterbury Pilgrimage*, is in the goodly company and the pleasure of finding, like Chaucer,

"That I was of hir felawshipe anon,"

"to be brought to old Lawson's state of simple ravishment, 'What more delightful than an infinite varietie of sweet-smelling flowers? decking with sundry colors the green mantle of the Earth, coloring not onely the earth, but decking the ayre, and sweetning every breath and spirit;' . . . to be inoculated with old Gerarde of the garden-mania as he bursts forth, 'Go forward in the name of God: graffe, set, plante, nourishe up trees in every corner of your grounde.'"

The landscape architect may look askance at some of Sedding's authorities, not only such garden-masters as Bacon, Temple, Evelyn, or the later gardeners of repute, Gilpin and Repton, or Loudon of the "Gardenesque School," but More, Sir Joshua, Sir Walter, Elia, Tennyson, William Morris, and Wordsworth, who was Sedding's ideal gardener. If, as Ruskin says, an architect should be a painter and a sculptor, a landscape ar-

chitect should be an artist and a poet also, with the poet's imagination and the gift of seeing "the wonders that may be." "To my mind," writes Sedding, "a garden is the outward and visible sign of a man's innate love of loveliness." Now if a man have not this love of loveliness, which is the soul of poetry, his garden-craft profiteth him nothing.

Although it is of English gardening that Mr. Sedding writes, the American landscape architect will find excellent planting hints if he does not object to "precepts wrapped in a pretty metaphor," and there is this catholic advice for the amateur, "Put all the beauty and delightsomeness you can into your garden, get all the beauty and delight you can out of your garden, never minding a little mad want of balance, and think of the proprieties afterwards!" while he turns to the "Other Side," and in his *Plea for Savagery* makes charming excuse for those of us to whom the wilderness is dearer and better than the best of gardens, the sweet and blessed country which, however the title deeds run, belongs by birthright to the shy wood folk.

Very pleasant is the glimpse Mr. Russell gives in his memoir of the man John Sedding, — the sunshiny, helpful presence among the young art students, the ready friendliness which was the outer garment of a deeply religious nature, the earnest work, and after the day's work the delights of gardening, "the happiest of homes and the sweetest of wives," the grave on the sunny slope of the little Kentish churchyard where, under the quiet elms, John Sedding and this "sweetest of wives" are together: —

"'T is fit One Flesh One House should have
One Tombe, One Epitaph, One Grave;
And they that lived and loved either
Should dye, and Lye and sleep together."

Unlike *Garden-Craft*, there is little theory in *Flowers and Gardens*, and the poetry of the book lies in the rarely beautiful flower studies, the chapters on Vegetation and the Withering of Plants, while

the garden papers are rather desultory prose. The author, who died in early manhood, was a physician by profession, a botanist by taste and inheritance, and more than this deeply and intensely a flower-lover, which the botanist does not always nor of necessity include. Did not Karshish, who was botanist enough to notice

“on the margin of a pool
Blue-flowering borage, the Aleppo sort,”

express his astonishment that Lazarus should so love “the very flowers of the field”? Forbes Watson from his youth up was preëminently and passionately a lover of flowers, — not for the lust of the eye, nor for the pride of the collector, not for gracing the house with their “endearing young charms,” nor giving color and fragrance to the gardens, — he loved each for its “own dear loveliness.”

To his mind there was more to be learned of a plant than its physical structure, — there was its expression, its peculiar beauty: “What is the dearest and the deepest in the flower,” he wrote, “is best seen when that flower is observed alone.” It was of this “dearest and deepest” element that Forbes Watson sought to learn, studying with scrupulous care of the smallest detail, with unwearying patience, one and another of the common every-day flowers, until as Shelley says, —

“The soul of its beauty and love lay bare,”

and he found there is no curve of petal, no line of leaf nor touch of color, that has not only its part to play in the physical life, but is essential to the attainment of its individual beauty.

The twelve Studies in Plant Beauty, which comprise the first part of the book, show a rare delicacy of observation, a poetic insight into the

“deeper meanings of what roses say,”

that not even Ruskin exceeded, and are touched beside with that other-worldliness one might look to find in writing

done during an illness which a man knew to be his last.

It would be a pleasure to quote his analysis of the Yellow Crocus with its tiny mirror-like devices for flashing and holding the sunlight, or the Cowslip, or his finely delicate study of the Snowdrop, or the poetic interpretation of the Purple Crocus’s expression; but these are too long to be given in full, and without the complete analysis quotations if not rendered meaningless would be sadly marred, and the studies are too beautiful for such spoiling.

To a man who loved flowers after this manner, dwelt on their beauty with such a lingering tenderness, it is easy to understand that the gardener’s use of them seemed sometimes a desecration; flowers and leaves speckled and spotted whose chief claim to attention was novelty. “Look at that scarlet geranium,” he writes, “whose edges are broadly buttered round with cream color (I can use no other term which will express the vulgarity of the effect); consider first the harshness of the leaf coloring in itself, then its want of relation to the form, and finally, what a degradation this is of the clear, beautiful, and restful contrast which we find in the plain scarlet geranium; and then you ask yourself what this taste can be where this is not only tolerated, but admired.”

It was because of his love of the individual flower that Forbes Watson fought a good fight against the carpet beds that thirty years ago were in their glory, and considered the acme of garden perfection, — the greatest blare of color, the greatest excellence (which suggests the ideal of the Vicar’s family in another art, when Olivia declares admiringly that the Squire can sing “louder than her master”).

“Our flower beds,” he wrote indignantly, “are considered mere masses of color instead of an assemblage of living beings, — the plant is never old, never young, it degenerates into a colored ornament.”

The carpet beds, it is to be hoped, have passed away with that other carpet work of an earlier generation which Mrs. Jameson declared so immoral; still, that popular feminine adornment, the huge bunch of violets is only another form of the same barbarism; nothing could be more utterly alien to the character and individuality of this dear, shadow-loving, poet's flower, and here is a landscape architect whose advertisement in one of the current magazines runs in this fashion: "There is no more useful garden material than the so-called Dutch bulbs, hyacinths, crocuses, narcissi," and the like, none which yield a larger return "for so small an expenditure of time and money!" Alas for the flowers! — the narcissi that Shelley loved — the dainty crocuses that lift their faces to the doubtful sun with such a childlike confidence; they have fallen into the hands of the Philistines; how they must sigh for Content in a Garden of Mrs. Wheeler's making, where the flowers have their preferences consulted, are loved and petted and praised as flowers should be, make room for one another in the garden beds with gracious courtesy, and are given delightful introduction to the world in the charming pages of her little volume where

the sense of green things creeps into the very pages.

"None," Forbes Watson declares, — "none can have a healthy love for flowers unless he loves the wild ones." It is on this study of the wild flowers that he insists, not only for their own sake, although they give ample recompense, but because it is only in this way that the eye may be kept single, that one can know the true beauty from the false, nor go after strange gods and sacrifice for more size and sensuousness the rarer, finer qualities of harmony and purity of form.

If Forbes Watson thought of the hurrying, restless generation, the men and women nerve-distracted, careful and troubled about many things, or wearied with pleasures "daubed with cost," as Bacon says, — the things which make for "state and magnificence, but are nothing to the true pleasure of a garden," — who have eyes, but not for the flowers, he might have felt with the prophet when his servant was anxious and distressed because he saw not the heavenly vision.

"My master how shall we do?" and Elisha prayed unto the Lord and said, "Lord, I pray thee, open his eyes."

Frances Duncan.

WOODBERRY'S HAWTHORNE.

It was no uncertain calling and election which made Mr. George Edward Woodberry the biographer of Hawthorne.¹ Fifteen years ago, in his *Life of Edgar Allan Poe* in the same series, Mr. Woodberry showed himself to be a skillful architect of biography, a just and singularly illuminating critic; but in the present volume there are virtues not conspicuously evident in the treat-

ment of Poe. There is, to be sure, less fruitage here of the painstaking and happily rewarded research so notable in the Poe, but this was scarcely either possible or desirable. There was no melodramatic mystery in Hawthorne's external life; and the journals of himself and his wife, with the ample records which have been composed by many of his friends, by his son-in-law, and

¹ *Nathaniel Hawthorne*. By GEORGE EDWARD WOODBERRY. [American Men of Let-

ters.] Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1902.

by his son, leave few of the objective facts and incidents of his career unknown. Nevertheless, this latest biography has a distinction all its own, arising in part from the firm and incisive critical analysis, but yet more largely the result of a certain racy and indigent sympathy between the moods and minds of men bred upon the same pine-hung, history-haunted shore.

The account of the earlier fortunes of the Hawthorne family in America, and of the parentage and boyhood of the one great Hawthorne, is distinguished by a felicitous use of the significant detail, giving everywhere evidence of that faculty which may not improperly be termed the biographical imagination, whereby the crude actual stuff of diverse dusty records is fused into the lively image of a man. But it is in the chapter upon the Chamber under the Eaves that Mr. Woodberry first impresses the reader with a sense of the intimacy of his understanding of Hawthorne's temperament. The part played in the development of Hawthorne's peculiar genius by his singular sequestration throughout a dozen of his most plastic years has already been noted by many discerning critics. Hawthorne himself wrote: "If ever I should have a biographer, he ought to make great mention of this chamber in my memoirs." Taking this as his text, Mr. Paul Elmer More contributed to the *Atlantic* not long ago¹ a remarkable essay upon *The Solitude of Nathaniel Hawthorne*, wherein the heart of his mystery narrowly escapes the plucking out; but Mr. Woodberry's is perhaps the first formal biography to make sufficiently "great mention" of this quaint, chrysalitic little room.

The color and import of the level years spent in this retirement are excellently stated in the following passage:

"He had no visitors and made no friends; hardly twenty persons in the town, he thought, were aware of his ex-

¹ *The Atlantic Monthly*, November, 1901.

istence; but he brought home hundreds of volumes from the Salem Athenæum, and knew the paths of the woods and pastures and the way along the beaches and rocky points, and he had the stuff of his fantasy with which to occupy himself when nature and books failed to satisfy him. At first there must have been great pleasure in being at home, for he had not really lived a home life since he was fifteen years old, and he was fond of home; and, too, in the young ambition to become a writer and in his efforts to achieve success, if not fame, in fiction, and in the first motions of his creative genius, there was enough to fill his mind, to provide him with active interest and occupation, and to abate the sense of loneliness in his daily circumstances; but as youth passed and manhood came, and yet Fortune lagged with her gifts, this existence became insufficient for him, — it grew burdensome as it showed barren, and depression set in upon him like a chill and obscure fog over the marshes where he walked. This, however, year dragging after year, was a slow process; and the kind of life he led, its gray and deadening monotone, sympathetic though it was with his temperament, was seen by him better in retrospect than in its own time."

Yet it was precisely this brooding, monotonous life — so congruous with that essential tacitness of temperament which was perhaps Hawthorne's chief inheritance from his Puritan ancestry — that determined the true bent and idiosyncrasy of his art. It was here that the high singularity of his nature was intensified, and it was in this creative and populous solitude that he acquired that glance which, on the rare occasions when he descended to meet with his fellows, "comprehended the crowd and penetrated the breast of the solitary man." All this is developed by Mr. Woodberry very fully and effectively. It is well to hold it clearly in mind, for it bears upon an interesting

critical dictum to be noticed hereafter, wherewith many honest readers will surely wish to join issue.

It is hard to conceive a greater change than that which came in the manner of Hawthorne's life after his fortunate union with Sophia Peabody. Mr. Woodberry writes of the Hawthorne home at Concord with discretion and delicacy, — "a home essentially not of an uncommon New England type, where refined qualities and noble behavior flourished close to the soil of homely duties and the daily happiness of natural lives under whatever hardships; a home of friendly ties, of high thoughts within, and of poverty bravely borne."

Except in his genial Italian days, Hawthorne was probably never happier than here. After the cloistered, shadowy years in Salem, with its sombre traditions and peculiar sophisticated provinciality, feeling himself always by contradictory impulses at once an alien and a true-born child of the soil, what must have been the joy deep rooted in Hawthorne's life during those first months of perfect domestic contentment in the green countryside of Concord! Mr. Woodberry is particularly happy in his characterization of the atmosphere of Concord in those years, and in his statement of Hawthorne's relation as an artist to its life: —

"That part of New England was not far from being a Forest of Arden, when Emerson might be met any day with a pail berrying in the pastures, or Margaret Fuller reclining by a brook, or Hawthorne on a high rock throwing stones at his own shadow in the water. There was a Thoreau — there still is — in every New England village, usually inglorious. The lone fisherman of the Isaac Walton type had become, in the New World, the wood-walker, the flower-hunter, the bird-fancier, the berry-picker, and many another variety of the modern ruralist. Hawthorne might easily have found a companion or two of similar wandering habits and half

hermit-like intellectual life, though seldom so fortunate as to be able to give themselves entirely up to vagrancy of mind, like himself. Thoreau is, perhaps, the type on the nature side; and Hawthorne was to village what Thoreau was to the wild wood."

It would be pleasant to dwell longer upon this graceful narrative of Hawthorne's external life, but the details of his later career as a custom-house official, as a consul, as a man of letters, are already so well known to most readers that it is better to advert to the criticism and appreciation of his writings and his genius as an artist, in which, after all, the chief significance of the book lies.

In closing his chapter upon *The Old Manse* Mr. Woodberry takes occasion to summarize critically Hawthorne's work in the form of the short story. The essential character of the narratives in *Twice-Told Tales* and *Mosses from an Old Manse* is set forth with firmness and subtlety. Hawthorne's peculiar use of the symbol of borrowed or attributed life, his preference for the processional in the construction of a story, and the distinctive flavor and effect of the tales are especially well stated. Of them Mr. Woodberry says finely: —

"A charm, a health, even a power, comes to the surface as one gazes, the power of peace in quiet places; and even a cultivated man, if he be not callous with culture, may feel its attractiveness, a sense that the tide of life grows full in the still coves as well as on all the sounding beaches of the world."

But throughout this part of the discussion there is, as has been hinted, one presupposition about which there is room for a very considerable difference of opinion. To put it in the fewest possible words, this is that Hawthorne's art, particularly as it is exhibited in the earlier tales, is rather labored than spontaneous with the spontaneity of genius of the first order. But in reporting the opinion of another, the few-

est words are too often misleading. Mr. Woodberry must speak to his own brief. He says of Hawthorne: —

"The most surprising thing, however, is that his genius is found to be so purely objective; he himself emphasized the objectivity of his art. From the beginning, as has been said, he had no message, no inspiration welling up within him, no inward life of his own that sought expression. He was not even introspective. He was primarily a moralist, an observer of life, which he saw as a thing of the outside, and he was keen in observation, cool, interested. If there was any mystery in his tales, it was in the object, not in the author's breast; he makes no confessions either direct or indirect, — he describes the thing he sees. He maintained that his tales were perfectly intelligible, and he meant this to apply not only to style but to theme. It is best to cite his own testimony. His personal temper is indicated in the fragmentary phrase in the Note-Books; 'not that I have any love of mystery, but because I abhor it,' he writes; and again in the oft-quoted passage, he describes perfectly the way in which his nature coöperated with his art to give the common ground of human sympathy, but without anything peculiar to himself being called into play."

There is truth in all this, cogently stated. No sensitive reader is likely to maintain that there is to be felt beneath the somewhat rigid structure of Hawthorne's tales either the irrepressible welling of inspiration or the large rhythm which he feels in the work of the greatest masters. Still, is it quite just to say that Hawthorne had no inward life of his own which sought expression? One feels that here, perhaps, Mr. Woodberry has carried the delicate affair of rationalizing genius to a dangerous limit. There is, to be sure, small trace of "lyricism" to be found anywhere in Hawthorne's writings. Nevertheless, many readers will con-

tinue to believe that there was a spring of inspiration "in the author's breast," and that the practice of brooding introspection was not unknown to him in the Chamber under the Eaves. Indeed, some people will like to think that there was a queer streak of mystery and supernaturalism in Hawthorne's temperament, — perhaps too fancifully referred to his atrabilious, witch-judging ancestry, — which as much as conscious and elaborate objectivity of method affected his art. This view is sustained by several of his friends who thought that, hidden beneath his shy reserves, broken by moods almost pagan in their sunny geniality, they detected something very like a heart's mystery, "an inward life that sought expression." Indeed, there be some who in reading the very Note-Books which are here put in evidence, wherein Hawthorne himself expounds the externality of his art, will find in the singular supernaturalism or spirituality of the stray, casual jottings of his fantasy, there set down, a hint of the truth. It is true that Hawthorne merely describes the things he sees, but with what eyes shall one behold the dark depths of character and the mysteries of sin in the soul? Is it not, to use a hackneyed but precise "term of art," by apperception? And in such a process is not something more than an author's "human sympathy," something "peculiar to himself," called into play? It may be that all this distorts the natural emphasis of our critic's thought; nevertheless, some such qualification seems not unimportant. For after all how great in biography, as in art and in life, is the import of the indefinable and the vague!

We have paused so long over this chiascoreuro of criticism that we must pass Mr. Woodberry's remarks upon Hawthorne's longer works rather summarily. This is the less to be regretted because of the fact that it is in dealing with the short story that he has best defined Hawthorne's art, showing by a beauti-

ful demonstration how it is universalized by the abstract moral element in it, the chief result alike of Hawthorne's Puritan descent and of his long solitary brooding upon the life of men's souls.

Yet it will not do to overlook one powerful paragraph about the *Scarlet Letter*, which, while it is not at all the usual thing to say about that book, is likely to win a hearty assent from the judicious reader:—

"Its truth, intense, fascinating, terrible as it is, is a half-truth, and the darker half; it is the shadow of which the other half is light; it is the wrath of which the other half is love. A book from which light and love are absent may hold us by its truth to what is dark in life, but in the highest sense it is a false book. It is a chapter in the literature of moral despair, and is perhaps most tolerated as a condemnation of the creed which, through imperfect comprehension, it travesties."

Here is a hint which may throw a ray of light down into that "abyss" in him of which Hawthorne sometimes spoke. By the inherited constitution and the acquired tendency of his mind Hawthorne was prone to ponder upon the great evil of sin; his nature was too true and high to find consolation for such evil in that recognition of its necessity which often is laid, a flattering unction, to lesser souls. Yet by the subtle constraints of his inheritance he seemed precluded from rising to a full realization of the mercy which dissolves evil, which is doubtless in the last analysis the finest justice.

This comment has been so much concerned with the more sombre aspects of Hawthorne's professional character, that the stick needs bending the other way to straighten it. Perhaps the most veracious impression of the essential sweetness of his temperament can be conveyed by quoting Mr. Woodberry's delightful appreciation of his children's books, — a department of his work too often overlooked in critical estimates:

"If to wake and feed the imagination and charm it, and fill the budding mind with the true springtime of the soul's life in beautiful images, noble thoughts, and brooding moods that have in them the infinite suggestion, be success for a writer who would minister to the childish heart, few books can be thought to equal these; and the secret of it lies in the wondering sense which Hawthorne had of the mystical in childhood, of that element of purity in being which is felt also in his reverence for womanhood, and which, whether in child or woman, was typical of the purity of the soul itself, — in a word, the spiritual sense of life. His imagination, living in the child-sphere, pure, primitive, inexperienced, found only sunshine there, the freshness of the early world; nor are there any children's books so dipped in morning dews."

The architectonic of Mr. Woodberry's book is unusual among literary biographies. We miss the customary final attempt at definitive characterization of the subject's personality and the estimation of his "place in literature." Yet the book is doubtless more effective — it certainly is more artistic — as it stands. Any competent reader is sure to derive a just impression from the compactly wrought narrative with its sympathetic, luminously phrased comment, whereas not rarely the set picture leaves even capable readers to deplore

"Ter frustra compressa manus effugit imago."

The true lover of Hawthorne will not care to go beyond Mr. Woodberry's concluding sentence, which follows immediately upon the plain account of Hawthorne's death:—

"His wife survived him a few years and died in London in 1871; perhaps even more than his genius the sweetness of his home life with her, as it is so abundantly shown in his children's memories, lingers in the mind that has dwelt long on the story of his life."

F. G.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

I HAVE no teapot in my soul. If I were a man and a citizen, this would not matter; but, being a woman, it matters vitally.

An After-
noon Griev-
ance.

It means that I have no love for the pantry shelves or the things on them, that I loathe a chafing-dish, and that when my friends drop in, casually, about five o'clock, I have not the power of concocting, in the intervals of light and airy conversation, a cup of amber tea to be served with cheery smiles and a lemon. These things ought not so to be in a Christian country. Having been born in a Christian country, — a privilege to which I am indebted for most of what I am, as I am reminded from time to time in church and prayer-meeting, — I ought to live up to the condition in life to which I have been called. I ought to dote on home, and I ought to be able to evolve a cup of tea and a wafer out of my inner consciousness, at a moment's notice, — which, alas, I cannot. There is a moral tagging along somewhere after this subject. I do not know just what it is; but I know that it strikes deep into the roots of being.

I cannot tell when my unregenerate state set in. I was not always thus. I recall a time when I played dishes on the window-sill and made "Sally Luns" out of a yellow covered receipt book. It was a very disreputable receipt book, printed on thin paper, and full of indigestion, given away at the drug store to wondering schoolchildren and treasured by me for my delectable window-sill. The Sally Luns, I admit, were chosen chiefly for their picturesque name, and for the stimulus it furnished to the higher imagination; they were doubtless of a deadly nature. But the delight I took in them and the airs and graces and flourishes that went to their composition would seem to indicate that I was not, at that period of

my career, at least, an unsexed female. Somewhere, sometime, unawares, the fatal thing crept upon me.

There were signs of it in early maidenhood. I know the signs were there, because I had a sister in whom they were absent. She was always passing things. If an innocent company assembled in our parlor on an evening, this sister would slip quietly away and would presently return bearing in her hands food products, which she distributed to the waiting crowd. Sometimes it was a pan of apples, red and shining, from the cellar, and sometimes cookies; and once, I remember, it was crackers and water. But it seemed to be the idea — the idea of having something passed — that counted. The thing passed was immaterial, a mere device for setting in motion the wheels of conversation; and between nibbles flights of wit were essayed prodigious in their import. Our parties were always a success, thanks to the presence of a born hostess. The teapot on her hearth sang always gently; and not the least and most unimportant member of the company but felt that it was good to be there. One touch of nature makes the world akin. And in the matter of chewing there is small choice of souls. I have seen a lumpish young man, with a look of dressed-up desperation in his face, changed, in the twinkling of an eye, into an intelligent human being, chewing complacently with the best of them. This I have seen. But this, alas, I have not brought to pass myself. It never occurred to me to pass anything. I could only look on with the rest, in dumb admiration of one who did not have to struggle for acts of social grace, one in whose soul they sprang ready born from a simple, gracious wish to please. I did once, out of the depths of my being, in my sister's absence, evolve the idea of pass-

ing something. But my imagination refused to rise higher than crackers, and when I went to look the bag was empty. So I did not pass them. The crucial moment went by. I have sometimes wondered since whether, if there had been but a handful of crackers in that mocking paper bag, things might not have turned out differently. I like to fancy that I too might be a gentle, gracious hostess, permeating my assemblies with the fragrant scent of tea, and moulding public opinion on olives. But it was not to be.

With wondering gaze I saw the apples passed and wit and conversation begin to flow. But I never caught the secret. "They also serve who only stand and wait," perhaps — I have sometimes fancied that *Mrs.* Milton might have given a different version of the affair. I have a suspicion that she had the knack of passing things. That kind of woman is always passing things, with her husband sitting placidly by and composing poems: "Serene I fold my hands and wait," or "They also serve who only stand and wait," and think that they have contributed their share to the sum total of happiness. Perhaps they have. Their wives think so, — gentle creatures, — and give them tea to drink when their arduous work is done.

The teapot soul is not a product of any one land or clime or race. Wherever woman is found it shines serene. There is one who dwells in my mind, a born Frenchwoman, exiled in early life to the shores of Boston, but retaining ever in her soul a delicate fragrance of social grace. Her sons have become distinguished scientists; her daughters have taken to themselves husbands of the land; and the gatherings in Madame's little parlor are unique. It has sometimes been my good fortune to be present at these gatherings, and to watch the tact of Madame in holding together the diverse elements of her household and in permeating the whole with a

sense of well-being and joy. She is not an intellectual woman, and she certainly is not beautiful. Yet stalwart, gray-haired men seek her like a sibyl. Long observation has led me to a conviction — Madame belongs to the Order of the Teapot. There you have the secret. And much good will it do you! For unless you too are born with a teapot in your soul, not all the knowledge of Bryn Mawr nor the beauty of the Gibson girl will avail you. Your parties will be cold; and if men think you clever it will be only to wish that you were not. I have a picture of Madame, on a Sunday afternoon, in old Duxbury, stealing silently around the corner of the house, under her big sun hat, while her sons and her sons-in-law lounged and laughed and smoked on the grass under the elm by the door. When she reappeared she bore in her small hands a plate heaped with cake and pie and doughnuts and cookies, — goodies foraged from the boarding-house pantry. Shouts of joy greeted her, — dinner being exactly one hour past by the clock. She was hailed as a saving angel. Her sons and her sons-in-law fell upon the plate and devoured it to the last crumb. If you want to hear them talk, mention casually in their presence the name of Madame, their mother. Then will springs of eloquence be unlocked. They will tell you of her remarkable powers, and of her infinite tact and patience and sagacity, and of what she has done for them. But they will not speak of the plate of pie and cake and doughnuts and cookies. It is hardly worth mentioning — unless one thinks so.

It is only when the teapot rises to the dignity of an art symbol that its full significance is seen. I have a friend who dotes on cooking as a poet dotes on his lines. Her soul floats in tea as naturally and as gracefully as the swan upon its native lake. There are doubtless other similes that might be used; but these will serve to give a faint picture of my idea. Cooking to her is not

a trade, nor a science, nor a task, but a divine art. Her approach to the pantry is a triumphal progress, and her glance as it sweeps the shelves for possibilities and suggestions is full of shining delight. Everything in sight is doomed. With salad bowl and fork and spoon, with salt and pepper and oil and vinegar, with a few scraps of nothing and an onion, she will concoct a dish for the gods. To the uninitiated these things are not so. One may talk learnedly of salads. The receipt books are filled with lore on the subject. But the true salad maker knows that it can only be mixed — like a poem — under the fine frenzy of inspiration. To me a potato is a potato and a bean is a bean and an onion is an onion, and the sight of these respectable vegetables, reposing each on its separate dish, does not awaken in my soul the divine fire of composition. I have no promptings to make a poem of the potato and the bean and the onion, and serve it on a lettuce leaf, fresh and curly, for the delectation of my friends. Alas and alas, that I have not! I would that it were otherwise. When I think of these things, I would that I had never been born, or that the teapot had never been born, or that other and more gifted women had never been born with the fatal and beautiful and eclipsing teapot shining in their souls.

AN old law book published in 1732 **The Lady's Law.** did not promise much entertainment for a lazy summer afternoon, and *The Lady's Law* would have returned to its dusty compeers in a neglected corner of the library if the following sentence had not caught my eye: "Our old Laws and Customs relating to Women are many of them very merry, though the Makers of them might possibly be grave men."

A lawyer who thought that there was just a possibility — a bare chance — that lawmakers might be serious minded was at least original, and the "very merry" customs proved as irresistible

a temptation to me as my author hoped that they would "to all Practisers of the Law and other Curious Persons."

"All Women," began the preface, "in the eye of the Law, are either married or to be married."

It is worth going back two centuries to hear such an encouraging doctrine, and it is certainly a contrast to that expressed in a recent graduation sermon at a well-known Woman's College, where the senior class were assured that only twenty-five per cent of them might even dream of marriage.

Is it possible, by the way, that this pessimistic axiom accounts for the epidemic of Love-Letters with which the book market is afflicted?

Are the Love-Letters of an Englishwoman, the Love-Letters of a Liar, and the Love-Letters of Balzac, Victor Hugo, the Brownings, and all the rest, only published in the vain hope of soothing that craving in the breast of the seventy-five per cent of college women who are warned that they need never expect to receive a personal love-letter?

The Lady's Law gives many proofs of the extraordinary change which has taken place in the position of women in the last two centuries, and in the popular view of marriage; perhaps none is more striking than the statement that "whoever marries for Beauty, Riches, or other motives than those before mentioned" (the Scriptural reasons) "are said to be guilty of a Crime though it be not expressly disallow'd by our Law."

The position of a married woman was not very enviable in those days; she was subject to her husband absolutely, although he could not beat her except for "reasonable correction and chastisement;" neither could he sell her "Diamond and pearl chain," if she had such a thing, nor her "necessary apparel," but otherwise he had almost unlimited power over her. She might not "Submit to an Award, for the Submission is a free Act, and the will of a Feme Covert

is subject to the Will of her Husband and so is not free." If she was extravagant and borrowed money and "cloaths herself better than doth belong to her Quality, although this comes to the Use of the Baron, because his Feme ought to be cloathed; yet because it is beyond her Degree, he is not chargeable with it." In matters of household bills, however, where women "are allowed by their Husbands to be Housekeepers, and they are used to buy things upon Trust for the Household, the Husband shall be charged for them, for in such respect the Wife is as a Servant."

In the reign of Charles II., Judge Hyde arguing on the subject of a man's liability for his wife's personal expenses said: "It is objected that the Jury is to Judge what is fit for the Wife's Degree, that they are trusted with the Reasonableness of the Price, and are to examine the Value; and also the Necessity of the Things or Apparel. Alas, poor Man! What a Judicature is set up here, to decide the private Difference between Husband and Wife? The Wife will have a Velvet Gown and a Sattin Petticoat, and the Husband thinks Mohair is as Fashionable and fitter for his Quality: The Husband says that a plain Lawn Gorget of 10s. pleaseth him and suits best with his Condition; but the Wife takes up at the Exchange a Flanders Lace or Point handkerchief at £40. A Jury of Mercers, Silkmen, Sempsters and Exchange-men are very excellent and indifferent Judges to decide this Controversy: It is not for their Support to be against the Wife, but to be for her, that they may put off their braided Wares to the Wife upon Trust, at their own Price and then sue the Husband for the Money."

How constant is Human Nature, and to-day how many a husband with an extravagant wife thinks "Mohair is as Fashionable and fitter for his Quality."

The Law was not always consistent

in its defense of a husband's purse against his wife's encroachments. In one case where a man's heirs sue his widow for goods and money purloined from her husband during his lifetime, "Egerton, Chancellor, denied Relief. He said he would not relieve the Husband were he Living, for he sate not there to give Relief to Fools and Buzzards, who could not keep their money from their Wives." Yet, in another case, where the wife of an improvident husband, "by her great frugality," had saved a large sum of money for the good of her children, the money was taken from her as "being dangerous to give a Feme Power to dispose of her Husband's Estate," although it is difficult to see why this husband was less of a Fool and Buzzard than the other.

The Law is liberal enough to secure the "necessary apparel" of a married woman to her even after her husband's death, and goes so far as to pronounce that if a husband has given his wife "a Piece of Cloth to make a garment, and dies, although it was not made up in the Life of the Husband, yet the Wife shall have it." Among a woman's "Bona Paraphernalia," a chain of diamonds and pearls worth £400 has been held "necessary apparel" to an earl's daughter; although a dissenting opinion maintained that they were "not necessary for her, but only convenient."

Breach of promise cases and suits for non-support must have been astonishingly easy in those days if fashionable, for the Law held that: "If a Man say to a Woman, I do promise to marry thee, and if thou be content to marry me, then kiss me or give me thy Hand; and if the other Party do kiss or give her Hand accordingly, Spousals are contracted."

A marriage was even held to have been contracted when no words were said: "A Ring is solemnly delivered and put on the Woman's fourth Finger by the Party himself, and she willingly accepts the same and wears it, the Par-

ties are presumed to have mutually consented to be Man and Wife, and so have contracted Matrimony, altho' they used not any Words."

A nice distinction is made by the Law in regard to presents made before marriage. "When Jewels, etc., are given as a pledge of Future Marriage between two Persons, there is an implied Condition annexed, that if Matrimony do not ensue, the Things may be demanded back and recovered. Though, according to our old Books, if the Man had a Kiss for his Money, then the one Half of what was given could only be recovered, and the other Half was to be the Woman's own Goods; but the Female is more favoured, for what so ever she gave, were there kissing or no kissing in the Case, she may demand and have all again."

The difference of fifty per cent *ad valorem* seems rather a high estimate of the discrepancy in value between a man's kiss and a woman's, and appears to prove conclusively the author's statement that woman is indeed "a Favourite of the Law."

It was during the height of the season, and at the end of a long list of calls, that we suddenly thought of the old friends we had not seen for so long.

"It is a little out of the way, but I think we shall have time," said my companion.

Almost all the carriages on Connecticut Avenue were going in the other direction, and we seemed to be driving out of the world of busy, happy, careless leisure, — the world of painstaking idleness, of conscientious pleasure-seeking, and of obvious advantages! It made one feel a little lonely to be going the other way. It was a very attractive world indeed.

On one of the still unpaved avenues framed in a distant glimpse of woods and hills, we explored slowly for the house. It was at the very end of a pretty little white stone block, aggres-

sively new, and turning a blank stare — in the form of an unsheathed brick wall — upon the neglected field just beyond. The elevation of the street was such that one could look diagonally across the city and see the late afternoon sunlight flash in a glittering rebound from the golden dome of the library.

A maid evidently as new as the house, but not as urban, opened the door for us, and was good-naturedly uncertain whether to let us in or not, as "the Missus is sick, ye know."

But before she had clumped halfway upstairs to see if we should be received, the Squire had heard our voices, and came hurrying down. His grim old face wore a look of welcome that seemed to erase the stern lines, and he shook both of us by the hand at once, long and heartily. "Come right up!" he said. "It'll do her a heap of good to see you."

She was sitting in the front chamber, — a small, fragile figure half hidden in a pink chintz easy-chair, with the most inviting of footstools under her helpless feet. There was a pale pink bow in her dainty cap to match the ribbon at the throat of her white wrapper. The sunlight, flowing through the broad window to ripple placidly on the walls, seemed a very different thing from the blinding dazzle on the library dome, — it was mellow and tranquil, — the golden heart of the sun poured out there to delight and cheer those faded blue eyes.

"I'll take myself off and leave you ladies together," said the Squire. He bustled away with a great assumption of hurried responsibility. We three talked awhile of old friends, happy associations, and beloved places. She forgot a great deal, repeated herself very often, and cried softly from time to time, as she stroked our hands, and told us how glad she was that we had come. We could see how much she had failed since we saw her last, but her wrinkled face was prettier than many a girl's with both beauty of feature and

the immortal loveliness of a gentle nature and a pure, sweet soul.

We had always called her husband "the Squire." The title traveled with him from his own little town when he first came to Congress. He was a rugged old fellow, of pronounced views, — often as narrow as they were positive, — but the man was genuine through and through; there was not an ounce of expediency in his being. When he clung with savage energy to some position which seemed — and probably was — retrogressive to younger, broader men, it was never a matter of cautious policy or a weighing of possible benefits, but the defense of a profound conviction. By and by they did not return him to Congress. That was after his wife began to fail. His career was her glory. He put off telling her again and again. At last the usual time came for them to move to Washington, and she began to wonder at the delay. He made a sudden, desperate resolve, — she should never know at all. The packing began, the journey was taken, and this small house rented on the outskirts of the city. He picked up a little law practice here and there, through interested friends and his real ability. He requested those of us who were likely to see his wife not to mention his defeat before her.

It was slow, hard work for him, but even in his native town, through his long absences, he was no longer in the current of things, and it was perhaps almost as easy to gain a modest income here.

I sat where I could see him filing papers in the next room. With nervous fingers he pored over them, and fastened them carefully into neat packages with the rubber bands which are a *sine qua non* to every man who has once been a Congressman. His eyes wandered from time to time toward the little figure in the front window, and I saw for the first time on that grim face an undisguised look of yearning tenderness. And then

he silently drifted back into our room again, "to put things to rights on the mantel-piece."

A few more moments, and he was standing behind her chair, forgetting that he had ever tried to stay away. She reached a soft wrinkled hand up to him without a word, and he covered it in both of his. Then we all went on quietly talking.

"Ezra had to go up to the house to-day," she said, "and the morning was a whole year long without him. I'm a selfish old woman, for I know the country needs him, and I'm afraid his committee work is getting behind; but it isn't going to be for long, — and I want him so. Ezra, you must n't ever leave me again!" She turned to look back at him, with anxious, clinging, dependent worship in her eyes. He lifted a loop of the little bow on her cap over his finger, and bent to kiss it.

"No, no, wife, never again. We'll let Congress go." He half turned toward us as he spoke, and there was a pleading inquiry in the motion. It said, "You will spare her? — and help me pretend?"

Proud and sensitive, defeated and set aside, he chose to bear it all alone.

"Your husband can afford to stay away awhile now," I said quickly. "He has won his reputation, you know. Don't you remember I happened to be beside you in the gallery the day he was called the best parliamentarian on the floor?" (He had defeated the consideration of a very popular measure which he considered extravagant, by a clever and pertinacious use of points of order.) I have always been so glad I was there that day, for as I spoke, his old back straightened, and the "official" poise came back.

"Ah, yes, yes, I remember that day well," he said, with a gratified ring in his voice. She said nothing, but watched him proudly.

As we went away, he escorted us downstairs, but first he kissed her, and

she clung to him as if he were going from her on a long journey. She called down to us, "Come again soon. Perhaps if you can spend the morning some day I would let Ezra go up to Congress, — but I don't know, — I don't believe they need him as much as I do — just now."

And with smiling, patient bravery, as if she could see him from her chamber, he called back cheerily, "I don't believe they do, wife — just now!"

THE name of Dean Prior, where our friend Herrick says he was of jocund Muse and chaste life, is, like one of his songs, in everybody's memory. It is a hard, gritty little place to get to, however, even at the best season: some miles from any station, and caught in a web of winding roads and equivocating signposts. On the fiercely stormy afternoon when I had my one choice to do it or die, I nearly achieved both ends. Such a savage horizon, with sinister glimpses of the bare tors of Dartmoor; such a clotted, malign sky; such steep, miry, and stony ways, where you were alternately chased or encountered by all the infant floods of England, are not often known, let us hope, in the county of sunshine and clotted cream. At any rate, that critic who bewailed the "abominable tidiness" of the English landscape cannot have been cradled in romantic and whimsical Devon. The whole countryside, allowing for the great decrease in woods, must have looked quite the same in Herrick's time. We think of him, shrewdly, but carelessly, as an Elizabethan; but his grave was dug while Charles II., no longer young, was still chasing moths at Whitehall. Many trees which stand about, many thatched roofs and gables, are much as he knew them. Overhead is the same heaven of intense flamelike blue, a reflection caught, perhaps, from the tropical beauty of a not far-off sea; and on every side are the slanted fields and "cloistered hills," dyed the

most exquisite red in the world: a color so strange and sweet that it sets you thinking of mystical things, and of the *sanguis martyrum* of this Isle of Saints. The letter remaineth; but where are Herrick's merry-makers, his hock-carts, wassails, and stomachers of primroses? From a not too cursory survey of the inhabitants of his parish, I should give them first place in a competition of miserable sinners. A more joyless set of folk I wot not of. The pilgrim, baptismally clean in the spring rain, in the jolly armor of a mackintosh and a decidedly centripetal old hat, longed to shout in passing at each of the dismal female faces at door or window: —

"Come, my Corinna, come! Let's go a-May-ing."

My private conviction is that Parson Herrick's delicious pastoral pages are pure bluff; that there was no Anthea, no Perilla, no flute-playing, no bride-cakes, no goblins, nothing! and that "dull Devon," a phrase which came from his town-loving heart in a personal poem, hit the truth. To prove it, you need but accost the posterity of those Christians to whom that darling pagan ministered. There they are, incapable of Maypoles "to this day."

Dean Prior is a village, pretty as a picture, which lies a mile north of Dean Church. At the latter hamlet you find, as the name implies, the church and vicarage, and a few shy houses among trees. And there, most probably in his own chancel, Herrick sleeps. Though the high ground without is sown with graves, you may look in vain there for Prew, his Maide, and for the other young names of "a short delight," which are deathless in the Hesperides. The church is interesting from its comely situation, but the interior, "restored," of course, has no character. People, you are told, do not always come there for Mr. Herrick. No, indeed! They come for architecture. Wonderful are the ways of People. High up against the north aisle

A Call on
Robert Herrick.

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We think of him, shrewdly, but care-

lessly, as an Elizabethan; but his grave

was dug while Charles II., no longer

young, was still chasing moths at White-

hall. Many trees which stand about,

many thatched roofs and gables, are

much as he knew them. Overhead is

the same heaven of intense flamelike

blue, a reflection caught, perhaps, from

the tropical beauty of a not far-off

sea; and on every side are the slanted

fields and "cloistered hills," dyed the

wall, at the east end, is a tablet to the poet's memory, the wording of which, happily, I have forgotten. I retain, however, only too clear an impression of various items which nobody wants to know: especially that a family of repute in Leicestershire was responsible for the "lyric voice of England," and that some hyphenated member of that family graciously provided his famous kinsman with a stone. Oddly enough, the inscription names Herrick as the author of the Hesperides only. It would have seemed decent, close to his old altar, to have remembered the Noble Numbers, and their genuine, though slightly decorative pieties. One discovery I made which pleased me, and sent me marching back to Totnes, over wet hill and dale, with the lovely stanza in my ears: I saw in Dean Church an epitaph which Herrick must have seen too, and liked, and which had a more immediate pathos for him, inasmuch as he must have known the living three who chose there a nobly humble tomb. The little monument, beautifully preserved in its original coloring, holds the kneeling figures separated, in the usual fashion of the time (that of King James I., judging from the dress), by a faldstool; the wife and mother on one side, the knight and their only son upon the other. It is the latter, represented in little, for convention's sake, whose love speaks in the mural verse cut below, without date or name for any of the dead: —

"No trust to Metal nor to Marble, when
These have their Fate, and wear away, as men.
Times, titles, trophies, may be lost and Spent:
But vertue rears the eternall Monument.
What more than these can tombs or tombstones
pay ?

But here's the Sun-set of a tedious Day.
These two asleep are: I'll but be undrest
And so to Bed. Pray wish us all Good Rest."

Let us summon no local antiquary to dispel for us the exquisite impersonality of those lines, with their plaintive closes marking the transition of religious feeling between a Catholicism,

which asked only a *Requiescat* of the passer-by, and a Protestantism which spent itself on eulogy of the departed and moral precepts directed against the unarmed reader.

There were primroses and wild myrtle in the sodden hedgerows around Herrick's home; lambs were bleating by their mothers in the chilly meadows:

"And all the sweetness of the Long Ago
Sounds in that song the thrush sent through the
rain,"

as the silent custodian closed the door of the church on the "happy spark" which no man can find where it is still glowing. But on the way home, by thought transference or coincidence, I had a bit of humorous and illustrious luck. There in the rough, narrow, muddy lane lay a lumpy whitish stone, and in the stone was Master Robert Herrick! It was a little joke of the gods to reproduce so, in profile, the one known portrait of him, Marshall's print, curly-headed, jovial, draped upon an urn; unbeautiful as that is, only older, with the very biggest of Roman noses, and an artificial eye - twinkle which is a joy forever to the drenched worshiper who pocketed the heaven-sent souvenir, with a grin, on that last day of March, A. D. 1901.

I WONDER if other readers find the *Magna Pars* autobiographic novel as unsatisfactory as I do. Probably but few, if any, to judge by the enormous currency which many books written in that form attain. When I have finished reading one such, however entertaining and engrossing, I lay it by with a certain sense of having been disappointed and half defrauded of the interest and excitement which I felt I had a right to expect from the subject, the epoch, and the circumstances concomitant with the action.

There is no veil of secrecy that can conceal from the reader the conclusion of the autobiographic novel. The spectator in the theatre, witnessing even a standard sensational melodrama, may

always have in reserve his doubts whether the conventional scheme of rehabilitations and retributions may not be changed ultimately into an unexpected tragic plan, and the virtuous hero sink at last a victim into the evil snares which are spread for him according to regulation. But when the hero lives to tell the tale of his own exploits, the reader can have no misgivings as to the outcome of any peril or conflict; the narrator, although disheartened or damaged for the time, must have pulled safely through, or he could not now be recounting his triumphant steps.

True, we still press on from chapter to chapter with a natural interest to learn how many more dangers and difficulties are to present themselves, of just what nature they are to be, and by what hairbreadth escapes safety from them is to be won; but of their actual outcome there can be no question, while also the general tone and temper of the narrative enlighten us as to whether the conclusion of the whole matter was bright, peaceful, and happy, or darkened by permanent regrets and sufferings or irreparable losses and bereavements. For given retrospects would appear different to cheerful and to melancholic souls. And, further, however terrific and exhausting a bout may threaten to be, one loses interest in the most dreadful details when the end is foregone. When one knows that there has been "hippodroming" in a race, a ball game, or a glove fight, what can he really care for the separate heats, innings, or rounds?

To enjoy a story thoroughly, one should be always uncertain not only as to what he will find on the next page, but also as to what the last chapter will contain for him. The true playwright understands this, and resorts to every device he can contrive to elude both reason and suspicion, and to increase as much as possible the element of unexpectedness in his dénouement. Consider for an instant the splendid illustration given in *Much Ado about No-*

thing. Follow the action as closely as we may, estimate every probability at its full value, and give all weight to Beatrice's virtual betrothal of herself to Benedick in the chapel scene, — yet we shall have come to within about thirty lines of the last curtain ere Shakespeare consents to settle the question finally and to show us the lady actually accepting her suitor in the presence of the assembled company; so that the satisfaction of the long perplexed spectator may well range with the joy of the much tantalized wooer.

Suspense and surprise are among the great factors in the construction of a story as well as of a play, and the query may therefore fairly be raised as to whether that novelist does not diminish his power and his command over his readers who adopts the autobiographic manner for a tale meant to thrill and perplex, to enchain and to lead captive and captivated. Undoubtedly, the captiously interrogative will always "want to know" how the impersonal narrator can have become acquainted with the incidents and words that he records; but as relation in the anonymous third person is as old as tradition, ballad, and history, it may continue to be accepted as the standard and most authentic form, and still be excused from explaining how it comes into possession of its facts. And, at any rate, it cannot be accused of drawing the long bow in self-glorification and concentrating attention upon an Ego and his experiences, with disturbing the fit proportions of a whole story, or discounting the aggregate values by "too previous" statement or suggestion. This is in itself an additional advantage, for one does not like to have his admiration for a hero's prowess, or his delight at an unexpected and hardly hoped-for victory or escape, qualified by the apparent boastfulness or bumptiousness of that hero's reiterated "Thus did I," with its savor of Falstaff rather than of Coriolanus.